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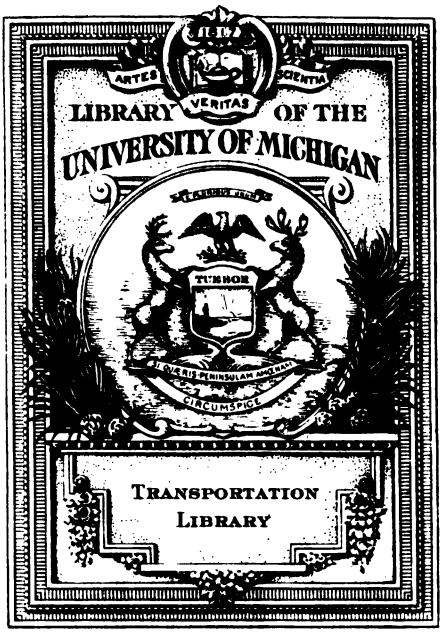
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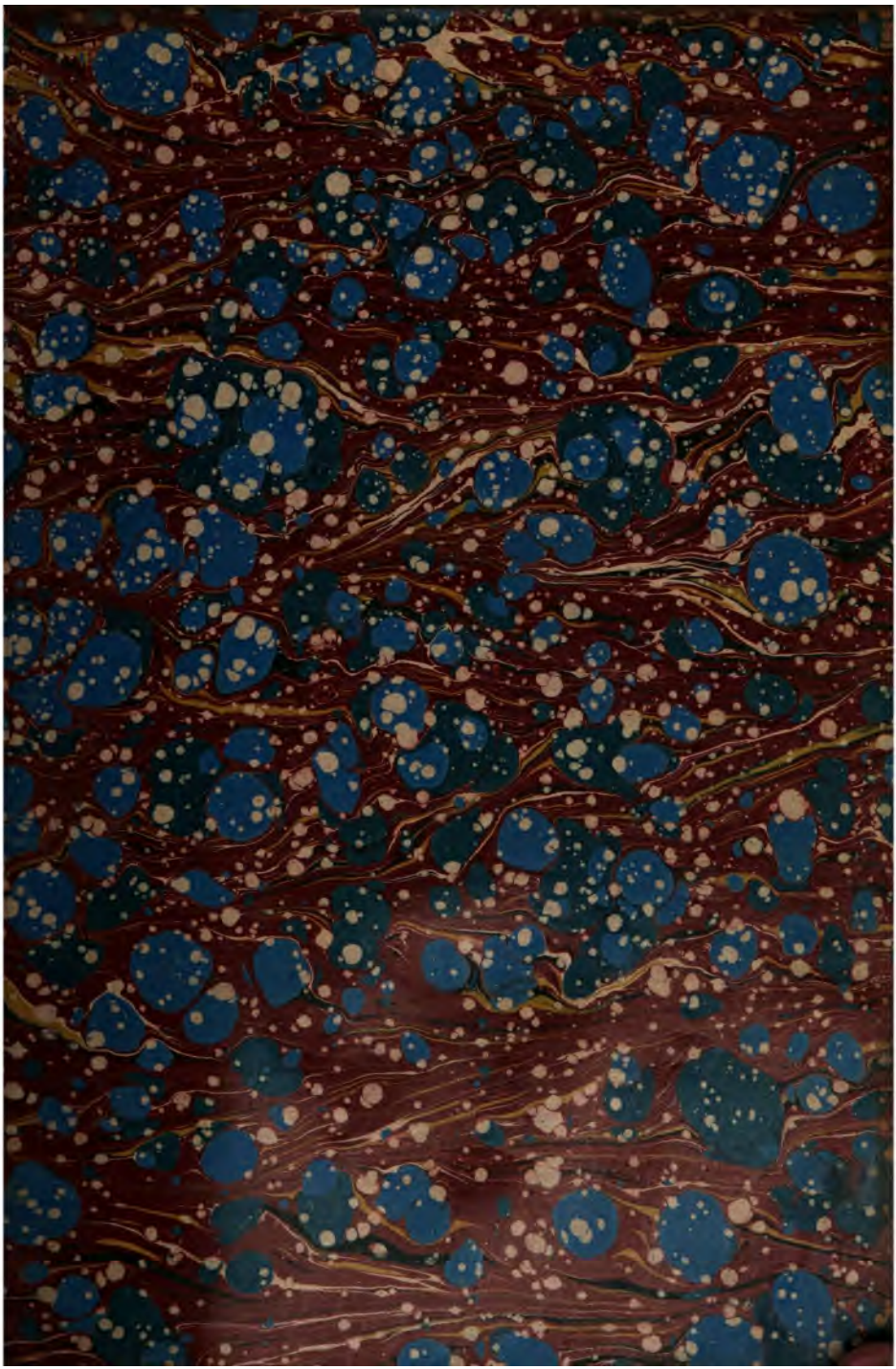

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Chronicle of the Coach

Charing Cross to Ilfracombe

By

John Denison Champlin Jr.

Illustrated by
Edward L Chichester

Chatto and Windus
London
1886

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TO MY FRIEND

ANDREW CARNEGIE,

TO WHOSE

KINDNESS AND COURTESY

I AM INDEBTED FOR ONE OF THE MOST ENJOYABLE

" OUTINGS " OF MY LIFE,

THIS CHRONICLE IS DEDICATED BY

ITINERARY

Miles from London.

MONDAY, JUNE 9, Charing Cross to Guildford —via Putney, Kingston-on-Thames, Esher, Cobham 29

TUESDAY, Guildford to Winchester—via the Hog's Back, Farnham, Alton, New Alresford 64

WEDNESDAY, Winchester to Salisbury — via Hursley, Romsey, Sherfield-English, Alderbury 82

THURSDAY, Excursion to Old Sarum and Stonehenge.

FRIDAY, Salisbury to Sherborne—via Wilton, Burcombe, Compton-Chamberlain, Fovant, Sutton-Mandeville, Shaftesbury, Gillingham, Milborne-Port, Sherborne Park 117

SATURDAY, At Sherborne.

SUNDAY, At Sherborne.

MONDAY, Sherborne to Axminster—via Yeovil, West Coker, East Chinnock, Crewkerne, Ford Abbey..... 147

Miles from London.

TUESDAY, Axminster to Exeter—via Wilmington, Honiton, Fairmile 173

WEDNESDAY, Exeter to Okehampton—via Moreton-Hampstead, Dartmoor, South Tawton, Sticklepath 195

THURSDAY, Okehampton to Bideford—via Hatherleigh, Meeth, Merton, Little Torrington, Ware-Gifford 222

FRIDAY, Bideford to Westward Ho—via Clovelly, Abbotsham 243

SATURDAY, JUNE 21, Westward Ho to Ilfracombe—via Northam, Bideford, Fremington, Bickington, Barnstaple 266

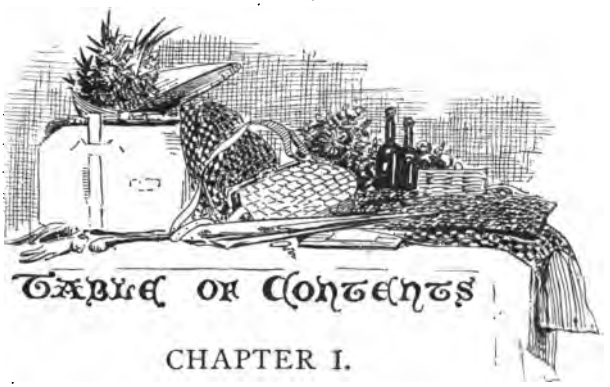


TABLE OF CONTENTS

CHAPTER I.

Charing Cross to Cobham.

PAGE

The Centre of the World—Mæcenas at home—American Four-in-hand—London Weather—Piccadilly on a Bank Holiday—St. James's Street—Historic Memories—Headless Wellington—Putney Heath—Esher and Cardinal Wolsey—Claremont and Royalty . 1

CHAPTER II.

Cobham to Guildford.

Pains Hill—Seer de Cobham—Coach is gone, sir—A Stern Chase—Dramatis Personæ—Reminiscences of Battle of Dorking—Discovery of a Roman Camp—Antiquo on Castra—Balloon Story—Feast at the White Lion 16

CHAPTER III.

Guildford.

Earl Godwin and the Atheling—Guildford Castle—Philosophy of Shopping—Trespassers will be Prose-

PAGE

cuted—Polite Reception—The ancient Keep—Pepys at the Red Lion—Inn Nomenclature—Lions and Boars—Welcome Interruption 30

CHAPTER IV.

Guildford to Winchester.

The Hog's Back—Moor Park and Jonathan Swift—Waverley Abbey—Cæsar's Camp—Hop Gardens of England—Farnham Castle—William Cobbett—Propitiation of Bacchus—Eighty-three last Michaelmas—A renowned Martialist—Tichborne or Orton—Family Legends—Ancient Hostel 43

CHAPTER V.

Winchester.

A City with a History—Alfred the Great—Domesday Book—Cathedral of a Thousand Years—St. Swithin—Greedy Bishop Walkelyn—William of Wykeham—Cardinal Beaufort—Tomb of William Rufus—Royal Bones—Massacre of the Innocents—Tidal Myth—Izaak Walton 59

CHAPTER VI.

Winchester to Hursley.

Wykeham's College—Trusty Servant—Wooden Trenchers and Black Jacks—Scholars and Commoners—Wolvesey Castle—Palace of Charles II.—King Arthur's Round Table—Holy Cross Beer—West Gate—Keble and the Christian Year—Tombs of the Cromwells . 75

CHAPTER VII.

Romsey to Salisbury.

Romsey Abbey—Good Queen Maud—Under Barley Ricks—Banks of the Test—American Pertinacity

PAGE

—Ancient Crucifix—Salisbury Cathedral—Tomb of William Longespée—Boy Bishop—Soldier of Bosworth Field—St. Osmund—Sidney's Sister, Pembroke's Mother—Philosophy of Democritus, Jr. . 88

CHAPTER VIII.

New and Old Sarum.

Salisbury Streets—Constable's Picture—Chippendale and Bric-à-brac—Old Sarum—Cobbett's Description—The Conqueror's Review—Value of Expeditious Prayers—Sword and Gown—A Rotten Borough—Arthur and Merlin—Queen Guinevere—Beggar's Opera—Vespasian's Camp 105

CHAPTER IX.

Stonehenge.

Salisbury Plain—A Shepherd thereof—Them's the Stones—Disappointment—Emerson and Carlyle—Discoveries of the Poets—When Doctors Disagree—Stukeley and his Druids—Cemetery and Temple—Hengist and Aurelius Ambrosius—As it was and as it is—An Insolvable Problem 120

CHAPTER X.

Salisbury to Sherborne.

Terrors of the Camera—Cat-o'-nine-tails—Wilton Carpets—The Arcadia—Demon in the Wood—Gipsy Wagons—Descendant of King Lear—Canute at Edwardstowe—Author of Pharronida—Vale of Blackmore—Waterproof Coat—Acre of Rabbits—Dining Out under Adverse Circumstances . . . 133

CHAPTER XI.

Sherborne.

PAGE

Mournful Procession—Generous Loan—Sherborne Abbey—In a Shower—Laborer's Home—New Arrivals—Gooseberry Tart and Clouted Cream—Sherborne Castle—Soldier and Saint—Osmund's Curse—Raleigh and the Virgin Queen—The New Castle—Story that Ends in Smoke 150

CHAPTER XII.

Sherborne to Axminster.

Yeovil—Donkeys—Cahpuz—Dorset Dialect—A modern Theocritus—Feat of Legerdemain—Ginger Beer vs. Champagne—Crewkerne—More Farewells—Ford Abbey—Axminster—Carpet Manufacture . . 167

CHAPTER XIII.

Axminster to Fairmile.

Ideal Coaching—A May Wreath—Wilmington Hill—Wealth of Wild Flowers—The true Mayflower—Ox-eye Daisy—Oxford's Coaching Lesson—Vale of Honiton—Honiton Lace—Queen Victoria's Wedding-dress—Beastly Inn Signs—Fairmile—Feast of Larks—Tyro at Trout-fishing 180

CHAPTER XIV.

Exeter.

Exeter Towers—Women afield—The Rougemont—Castle Hill—Guildhall—Cathedral—An Organ out of Place—Prescriptive Rights—Ancient Clock—Montaigne's Wisdom—Secrets of Edinburgh Castle—Mary Stuart—Who was James I.? . . . 197

CHAPTER XV.

Exeter to Okehampton.

PAGE

Umbrellas and Water-proofs — Exeter Names—Devonian Rocks — Devonshire Lanes — Disgusted Tramps — Wild Scenery — Moreton-Hampstead—Epitaphs — Dartmoor Prison — The Tors—Lady Well—South Tawton—John Oxenham—Okehampton . 213

CHAPTER XVI.

Okehampton to Bideford.

Charles Kingsley's Grudge—Military Occupation—Jolly Soldiers—A Nightcap—Okehampton Castle—Hatherleigh—John o' Gaunt's Gift—Lunch at Merton—Interviewing a Farmer—Sheep-shearing—A bad Dream—Valley of the Torridge . . 228

CHAPTER XVII.

Bideford.

Bideford and Charles Kingsley—England's Heroic Age—Grenville's Last Fight—Raleigh and America—Mary Sexton's Tomb—Bideford's Cynosure—Celestial Bridges—English and American Languages — Monosyllabic Reform 241

CHAPTER XVIII.

Bideford to Clovelly.

Lost Twain—The Hobby — View of Clovelly—Enoch Arden—Clovelly High Street—Bristol Channel—Salvation Yeo—Coast-guard's Lookout—Limekiln—Clovelly Pool—Wide-awake Sailor—Drifting for Fish—Fuchsias 254

CHAPTER XIX.

Westward Ho to Ilfracombe.

PAGE

Westward Ho—The Burrows—Bideford Bay—Home of Amyas Leigh—Quaint Inns—Hubba the Dane—Barum—English Euphony—Arkansaw or Arkansas—Family Names—Clumsy Carriages—Flock of Bicycles—The Coming Man—Farewell to the Coach. 272

CHAPTER XX.

Ilfracombe.

End of the World—Doing Ilfracombe—The Honest Penn—The Tors—Capstone Hill—Becket's Murderer—Lantern Hill—Dinner sans Mæcenas—Musical Interruption—Salvation Army—Notable Conversion—Fourteen Red-letter Days—Abder-Rahman and his Coach 284

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

		PAGE
1	*Statue of Charles I.—Charing Cross*	*Title-Page.*
2	*The Hobby Drive—Clovelly*	
3	*Ilfracombe—Coast view*	
4	*Itinerary*	v
5	*Table of Contents*	vii
6	*List of Illustrations*	xiii
7	*Initial Letter. The Lion of the Percys—from Punch*	1
8	*St. James's Palace*	9
9	*A Headless Wellington—from Punch*	11
10	*Putney Heath on a Bank Holiday*	13
11	*Initial Letter—poor substitute for a Coach*	16
12	*Home of the Seer*	18
13	*A Stern Chase*	20
14	*Initial Letter—trespassing forbidden*	30
15	*Guildford—High Street and Town Hall*	31
16	*Guildford Castle—the ancient Keep*	37
17	*Initial Letter—indispensable for coaching*	43
18	*Eighty-three last Michaelmas*	51
19	*Winchester City Cross*	57
20	*Initial Letter—Domesday Book*	59
21	*Tomb of William Rufus*	68
22	*Mortuary Chests—Winchester Cathedral*	70
23	*Tomb of Izaak Walton*	73
24	*Initial Letter—King Arthur's Round Table*	75
25	*Gate-way of Winchester College*	76

PAGE

26 *The Trusty Servant* 77
27 *West Gate—Winchester* 84
28 *Initial Letter—Tomb of William Longespée, 1226* 88
29 *Romsey Abbey* 92
30 *Romsey Abbey—The Nun's Door* 93
31 *Salisbury—distant view* 94
32 *Initial Letter—Tomb of William Longespée, 1250* 105
33 *Close Gate—High Street, Salisbury* 106
34 *Old Sarum—distant view* 113
35 *Old Sarum—ground-plan* 115
36 *Old Sarum—cross-section* 115
37 *Initial Letter—Druid Stones* 120
38 *Shepherd of Salisbury Plain* 121
39 *Stonehenge—elevation* 124
40 *Stonehenge—ground-plan* 130
41 *Initial Letter—the enemy that everybody faces* . 133
42 *The White Hart Inn—Salisbury* 134
43 *Fools! a-pickin' weeds!* 139
44 *Bonden Hall* 148
45 *Initial Letter—first prize at the Fisheries* . . 150
46 *Sherborne—Digby Arms and Abbey* 153
47 *Sherborne Castle* 165
48 *Initial Letter—the omnipresent Donkey.* . . . 167
49 *A Load of Cabbages* 168
50 *Ford Abbey* 177
51 *Initial Letter—Honiton Lace, 1614* 180
52 *Wilmington Hill* 182
53 *A very Tyro!* 194
54 *Initial Letter—the head that wears a Crown* . 197
55 *Exeter—distant view* 198

PAGE

56 *Exeter—the Guildhall* 201
57 *Initial Letter—a sudden shower* 213
58 *Disgusted Tramps* 216
59 *Devonshire Mutton* 217
60 *Initial Letter—did not know its mother* . . 228
61 *Okehampton Castle—from Turner's sketch* . . 231
62 *A Bad Dream* 238
63 *Initial Letter—Man-of-War, 16th Century* . . 241
64 *Mary Sexton's Tomb* 245
65 *Bideford Bridge* 247
66 *Initial Letter—Donkey with pannier* . . . 254
67 *Clovelly—the Lookout* 262
68 *Clovelly—the Limekiln* 263
69 *Initial Letter—Westward Ho!* 272
70 *A Flock of Bicyclers* 281
71 *Ilfracombe Hotel* 283
72 *Initial Letter* 284
73 *Ilfracombe—The Tors* 287
74 *Ilfracombe—Capstone Hill* 288
75 *Finis* 298

CHRONICLE OF THE COACH.

CHAPTER I.

Charing Cross to Cobham.

The Centre of the World—Mæcenas at home—American Four-in-hand—London Weather—Piccadilly on a Bank Holiday—St. James's Street—Historic Memories—Headless Wellington—Putney Heath—Esher and Cardinal Wolsey—Claremont and Royalty.

CHARING CROSS is the centre of the world. London—despite the claim of the American Athens—is the great terrestrial nerve-nucleus from which radiate to every part of the globe influences affecting, directly or indirectly, men of every speech and clime. And is there a conscientious London cabby, full of the fear of God and of respect for his own ancient calling, who will deny that Charing Cross is the very centre of that nucleus? You may stand within the shadow of Charles the "Martyr's" effigy, on the site of Queen

Eleanor's last memorial, and look, as it were, upon the intellectual, the commercial, the social, the art, and the money centre of the world's great capital; and if it be a busy hour you will be led to exclaim with Dr. Johnson that "the full tide of human existence is at Charing Cross."

Charing Cross is, then, of all places on earth the best place to start from, for in whatever direction one advances the movement must necessarily be from centre to periphery. When, therefore, Mæcenas asked a favored few to meet him at this time-honored site to participate in the pleasures of a drive with his coach and four, all the invited approved his choice; and when he announced that the advance was to be in a due westerly direction, his wisdom was universally applauded, for even the most thoughtless were struck with the fact—which had doubtless induced that choice—that the providential configuration of the right tight little island would prevent our going on, like the Poet Laureate's brook, "for ever."

It was on Whit-Monday, in the year of grace one thousand eight hundred and eighty-four, when we gathered, a party of a dozen or more, in our host's apartments in the Grand Hotel. The windows commanded a fine view of Trafalgar Square, but its ever-moving panorama had no attractions for the coaching-party, nor for those who had come to speed their departure. The rooms were alive with the hum of preparation, and several brows, both masculine and feminine, wore traces of anxiety as if not quite sure

of the result of so important an undertaking. If the reporter of the *Pall Mall Gazette* had looked in then—instead of after the return, as he did—he would have been convinced that to start a coaching party successfully requires nearly as much seamanship as to get under way an ordinary man-of-war. A tyro would inevitably botch such an enterprise; but our host's exceptional experience was a sufficient guaranty to all who knew him that the chaos which met our eyes was only apparent, and that the appointed hour would see all resolved into order and system.

The arrival of guests and the introduction of the few strangers, the mutual congratulations of those who were to go and regrets of those whom circumstances forced to remain behind, the hurrying to and fro of servants, the giving of last orders and commissions, the posting of letters and despatching of final telegrams filled the brief space before luncheon was announced.

It is a maxim of every true philosopher that all important undertakings should be begun on a full stomach, and as there can be no more important thing in life than a coaching trip (to those invited), it is absolutely essential to its success that a suitable quantity of the substantials—supplemented, of course, by the delicacies of the season—should be provided for the discussion and fortification of those about to adventure life and limb. Nothing else in the world so stimulates digestion as the air breathed on the top of a coach; and he who does

not provide beforehand for an extraordinary run on his physical bank will surely rue his neglect before the next inn be reached.

"Luncheon at one and the coach at two o'clock," was the order, for it is a long drive to Guildford, our projected resting-place for the night; but delays are proverbial, even in the best regulated coaching families, and so it happened that our first *déjeuner en famille* was necessarily more hurried than the delightful *al fresco* entertainments of the succeeding days. Brief as it was, it served the good purpose of wearing off the little restraint which usually attends a first meeting. The Brotherhood of the Coach recognizes no strangers after assembling around the social mahogany. Like the Arab, who swears eternal friendship with those who break bread with him beneath his tent, each member is bound to the rest by the most sacred of ties and registers a mental oath to stand by the coach and all upon it while a trace holds or a wheel is left to turn upon.

It was a little before the appointed hour when the coach and four drew up at the great entrance of the Grand Hotel, on the site of old Northumberland House, on the summit of which the blue lion of the Percys roared with anguish (see *Punch's* picture reproduced at the beginning of this chapter) when Landseer's parvenus took up their position around the base of the Nelson Column below. The coach —the now famous "American Four-in-Hand in Britain"—is much lighter than the ordinary English coach, and therefore far better adapted for a long

journey. It had been put in thorough repair, and looked as spick and span as if just from the maker's hands. The horses, bays and blacks, appeared well fitted for the work in hand, two of them indeed having belonged to the team which made the eight hundred mile drive to Inverness. Jackson, in blue coat and buckskins, with whip in hand and an eye that never wandered from the near leader, sat on the box as erect and as apparently unconscious of everything sublunary as a Horse-Guardsman in front of Whitehall; but Pierce, a mere tyro in coaching compared with the veteran of the whip, could not repress a smile of satisfaction as he stood beside the coach, the centre of a group of admiring street boys.

To stow the luggage was a work of but a few minutes; a few more saw the guests in their allotted seats, and at sharp two, amid the merry notes of the horn, Jackson touched his leaders and we were off, followed by the good-byes of the little knot of friends whom all were sorry to leave behind. It was a charming day, for, though the heavens were overcast at first, the sun soon broke merrily through the clouds and shone as bright (almost) as under more genial transatlantic skies.

It is considered by most writers the proper "thing" to carp at London weather, and to illustrate with stereotyped jokes about pea-soup fogs and ever-drizzling clouds; but the chronicler is fain to acknowledge—and he does so on his honor as a truthful man—that he has seen days in London when it did not rain. A childlike confidence in the reports

of travellers led to an investment in the Briton's *vade mecum*—an umbrella—soon after his arrival, and, though he tempted Jupiter Pluvius on many occasions, he actually carried that "Martin" three weeks before seeing its interior. He sometimes shudders to think, however, what might have happened if he had not been thus provident; so that, after all, such an outlay may be regarded by him who trusts the skies of "perfidious Albion" in the light of an insurance upon one's life.

Our route lay past the tall column on the summit of which England's great sailor stands "like a rat on a pole," as Taine says, and which the dynamiteurs had threatened with their bombs only a few nights before—though probably not from any antipathy to its artistic shortcomings such as actuated the spiteful remark of the irreverent Frenchman—through the Haymarket and down Piccadilly.

It was a bank holiday, which means in London as general a suspension of business as on a Sunday, though the streets wear a holiday appearance in lieu of the traditional solemnity which every Frenchman declares to be characteristic of the British observance of the first day of the week. Piccadilly, the artery through which surges a never-ending tide of humanity, presented a still more varied and crowded appearance, if possible, than on ordinary occasions. One could readily imagine that all London's human substrata—its lower classes and middle classes, its artisans and shopkeepers, the sons and daughters of toil, to whom a holiday is a real bless-

ing—had debouched into the streets and moved with a common impulse toward a common centre in search of a breath of fresh air; and to appreciate what this means to some of the population of the "Great Wen," as Cobbett called it, one must test with lungs and nose some of the crowded lanes of the old city where are walled in the concentrated smells of a thousand years. Fortunate is it for the people of the world's metropolis that she is provided with so many lungs in her parks, where all who list may take in a fresh supply of vitality at will. To them perhaps is attributable, at least in part, London's low death-rate, compared with that of the great continental cities.

Piccadilly is by no means a handsome street, judged by New World standards, but there is something impressive in its dingy palaces, especially when taken in connection with the associations which cluster around them. By rare good fortune one of the guests upon the coach was an authority in such matters—a kind of walking encyclopædia, or rather a Murray and a Baedeker combined—and as we rolled along he was kind enough to call our attention to the places which he deemed would be most interesting, descanting on their history with true antiquarian fervor. He found an appreciative and a grateful audience, for if he sometimes tried the credulity of his transatlantic cousins by drawing an abnormally long bow, he was pardoned in consideration of his contribution to the common stock of amusement. His efforts occasionally drew a

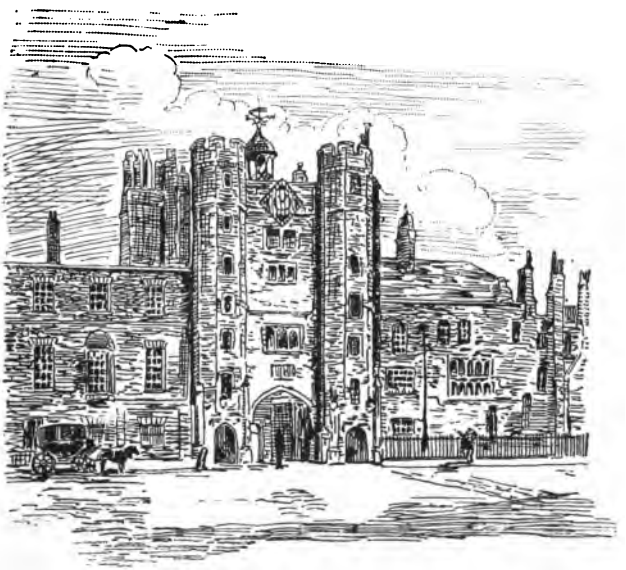
sharp thrust from Mæcenas or a merry rejoinder from some of the ladies, who were by no means disposed to take all his statements without an appropriate measure of salt.

Antiquo, as he was dubbed from the start, pointed out to us the Albany, noted for its bachelor chambers—the home of many a prince of the literary guild —where Byron lived before his marriage and where Macaulay wrote much of his history; and, further on, Burlington House, distinguished for associations with all that is great in English history from the time of the second Charles down to a score of years ago, when it became the established home of art and science. He told us of the glories of St. James's Street, famous for its clubs, the haunt of all the distinguished men of Europe for more than two centuries, and the western limit of the court district of London, according to Theodore Hook, who used to bound the capital proper on the north by Piccadilly, on the south by Pall Mall, on the east by the Haymarket, and on the west by St. James's Street.

"St. James's Street, of classic fame!
The finest people throng it!
St. James's Street? I know the name!
I think I've passed along it!
Why, that's where Sacharissa sighed,
Where Waller read his ditty;
Where Byron lived, and Gibbon died,
And Alvanley was witty."

Down at its foot lies the dingy, dilapidated row of tenements called by euphuism St. James's Palace,

whose external appearance, at least, is little calculated to impress the foreigner with any great degree of respect for the Court which takes its name from it. This proud title, strange to say, is derived from a hospital for "leprous maidens," founded on the site by a worthy citizen of London before the Con-



quest. The property passed to the crown in the reign of Henry VIII., who transformed it into a palace for Anne Boleyn. From the burning of Whitehall to 1761, when Buckingham House was bought and made over into a palace for George III. and Queen Caroline, St. James's was the only London residence of the kings of England, whose housing

was probably the least palatial of any monarch's in Christendom.

> "Her poor to palaces Britannia brings,
> St. James's Hospital may serve for kings."

Mæcenas, whose cynical republicanism is proverbial, could not repress a somewhat malignant jest to the effect that the poet was undoubtedly correct in his estimate of the comparative value of the two estates, adding that the crowned heads would have cost less and have done the country more good if they had always been kept in hospitals. Antiquo, ignoring this aggressive remark, save by a quiet smile, recalled briefly a few of the memories which cluster around the historic pile. Within its walls died Bloody Mary, and there Elizabeth lived when Philip sent the Armada against us: there was born Charles II., and there the first Charles passed his last night on earth, marching thence, on that fateful morning in 1649, to the scaffold before Whitehall.

We passed on our right Devonshire House, now the town residence of the Marquis of Hartington, late of Gladstone's cabinet, where once reigned Georgiana, Duchess of Devonshire, friend of Fox, whose charming face and form have been perpetuated by Gainsborough and by Reynolds; and on our left, the Green Park, famous in olden times for so-called affairs of honor. Looking backward across its lawns we caught glimpses of Stafford and Bridgewater Houses, the city homes respectively of the Duke of Sutherland and of the Earl of Ellesmere, still better known to art lovers as the repositories of

some of the pictorial treasures of the world—relics of the great gallery of the Regent Duc d'Orleans. Further on, among the trees, rose the chimneys of Buckingham Palace, the neglected town residence of royalty, and almost as ugly architecturally as our own White House.

In that house lived the author of "Evelina;" in this, La Belle Hamilton, whose bewitching face looks out from so many of Romney's canvases; there resided the author of "Vathek," and there, in the Marquis of Queensbury's house, Byron passed most of his brief married life. This is old Hertford House, once the Pulteney Hotel, where Alexander of Russia stayed during his visit in 1814; that is Gloucester House, residence of the Duke of Cambridge, and that Apsley House, home of the Iron Duke, whose unfortunate statue long stood on the opposite space—the subject of the gibes of foreigners and the mortification of Englishmen. Workmen were engaged in removing the monstrosity as we passed, and its headless trunk closely resembled the picture of it given in the current number of *Punch*.

Skirting Hyde Park along Knightsbridge past the Albert Gate, we soon turned into the Brompton Road, and passing the South Kensington Museum, drove on through Chelsea, where Carlyle lived in modest Cheyne Row, via the Fulham Road, and across the Thames by Fulham Bridge, the starting-point in the yearly race between Cambridge and Oxford, to Putney. Thence our route lay across Putney Heath, leaving Richmond Park on our right and Wimbledon Common on our left, to Kingston, cutting off the long bend which the Thames makes here around by Richmond and Twickenham.

Putney Heath, one of the greater lungs of London, was formerly a barren heath, noted as a haunt of "gentlemen of the road," and later as a convenient place for duels, reviews and sham fights. In its transformation into a park much of its ancient wildness has been carefully preserved, though it is crossed in many directions by the excellent roads so characteristic of England. There are few trees of size, but its undulating surface of coarse grass is dotted with black patches of gorse and stunted shrubs. As far as we could see, its slopes were alive with people in holiday costume, some passing to and fro, others gathered in groups near the wagon or cart—with the accompanying horse or donkey tethered hard by—in which they had come from the city. Many kinds of out-of-door amusements were going on: shooting at archery butts by men and women together, cricket and bowls by men alone,

and Aunt Sally, quoits, and other rural games by the younger ones.

Here and there tents were pitched, some for the accommodation of family picnics, some for the use of tradesmen, who displayed a tempting variety of eatables and potables to the passers-by. The liquid refreshments had proved too attractive to two of the

Queen's guardians who, resplendent in scarlet coats and gold-laced caps set jauntily over their right eyebrows, in the most approved military style, were reeling along the road, cutting off imaginary heads with the little rattan switches which every man of war in England seems to deem it his duty or privilege to carry.

At Kingston we again approached the Thames, catching frequent glimpses of its waters, spanned there by a fine stone bridge of several arches. We

could only take a flying look at the coronation stone of the Saxon kings, as we passed, and not even the most sceptical among us thought of questioning its authenticity.

After skirting the river a mile or more, almost in sight of Hampton Court Palace on the opposite bank, passing *en route* the engine-houses of the London Water-works, where the Thames water is pumped up into great reservoirs to be filtered for the city's use, we again turned inland and drove to Esher, noted in time past as the place of retirement of Cardinal Wolsey, when he lost favor with the King.

> "Hear the King's pleasure, Cardinal; who commands you
> To render up the great seal presently
> Into our hands; and to confine yourself
> To Esher House—my lord of Winchester's."

Beyond it, on the right of the road, is Claremont, whose famous grounds were laid out by Kent for its original owner, Thomas Holles Pelham, Earl of Clare, afterwards Duke of Newcastle,

> "Where Kent and nature strove for Pelham's love."

It became in time the home of Lord Clive, the conqueror of India, who built the present house, and whose arms are still to be seen above its portico. After various changes it was settled in 1816 on Prince Leopold of Saxe-Coburg, uncle of Queen Victoria, on his marriage with Princess Charlotte, who died the following year. In 1831 Leopold became King of the Belgians and married Princess

Louise, daughter of Louis Philippe of France. Of his children by her, Leopold is the present King of the Belgians, and Marie Charlotte is the unfortunate widow of Maximilian of Austria, late Emperor of Mexico. When the revolution of 1848 made Louis Philippe an exile, he retired to Claremont, and died there two years later. It was afterwards for many years the home of his family, and is now the personal property of Queen Victoria, who, if rumor may be trusted, will give it to the Princess Beatrice, who lately married Prince Battenberg. Thence on along an excellent road shaded with noble oaks, across pleasant patches of heathery common, and over the pretty Mole by a stone bridge, we drove to Cobham Street, where we watered our horses at the White Lion.

CHAPTER II.

Cobham to Guildford.

Pains Hill—Seer de Cobham—Coach is gone, sir—A Stern Chase—Dramatis Personæ—Reminiscences of Battle of Dorking—Discovery of a Roman Camp—Antiquo on Castra—Balloon Story—Feast at the White Lion.

UR objective point in this straggling village was the home of the Seer de Cobham, who had promised with his family to join the coaching party for a few days. The Pains Hill estate, to which his cottage by the roadside is an adjunct, furnished one of the earliest examples of landscape gardening in Surrey, having been laid out in the time of George II. The house stands upon a beautiful slope, overlooking the road and the winding Mole, with velvety lawns in front shaded by magnificent old cedars, well known to London artists. The park contains two or three hundred acres of varied surface, the inequalities of which have been taken advantage of in many interesting ways. A little valley is made into a long artificial lake, with numerous windings between the hills, diversified by wooded islands and crossed here and there by rustic bridges. As it is

considerably above the level of the Mole, it is supplied with water by means of a large wheel, which, turned by the current of the stream, pumps a continuous supply into the canal which feeds it. In one place the ground rises into a considerable hill covered with pines, through which the path winds so as to make the most of natural advantages, now leading over the summit and now down to the water's edge and through an artificial grotto or cave, the roof of which is resplendent with Derbyshire spar. Tradition says that many of the views were modelled after the landscapes of Poussin and of Claude.

Horace Walpole, in his essay on "Modern Gardening," after referring to the Garden of Eden, the gardens of Alcinous, and the hanging gardens of Babylon as representatives of ancient methods, points to Pains Hill as a perfect example of one mode of modern gardening. "All is great and foreign and rude; the walks seem not designed, but cut through the wood of pines; and the style of the whole is so grand, and conducted with so serious an air of wild and uncultivated extent, that, when you look down on this seeming forest, you are amazed to find it contain a very few acres."

But it is not all wild and rude. One hill is crowned by an Ionic temple, which looks as if its presiding divinity still lingered within its walls, or as if Pan and the Dryads might yet be met among its surrounding oaks. In wandering beneath their grateful shade one cannot but feel the truth of Evelyn's remark, that "Paradise itself was but a kind

of nemorous temple or sacred grove." On another slope is an ivy-clad ruin, in which are preserved Roman altars, sepulchral slabs, and other remains excavated in the neighborhood. Thus Nature and Art, the past and the present, are wedded at every step, and we may at one moment imagine ourselves amid the groves and slopes of Baiæ, and the next in the sunshine of an English landscape.

Amid these Arcadian surroundings, in a pretty

cottage, whose miniature lawn, with daisies pied and surrounded by clumps of pink and white hawthorn, looks out upon wider fields and waving woods, lives the Seer whose name is known wherever the English language is spoken. Thither many go to seek him, and in after-time when, like all that is mortal, he shall be gathered to his fathers, pilgrims will visit the place to gaze upon the roof which sheltered him.

While the rest of the party walked on over the hills, Mæcenas and the Chronicler sought the house, where the family were found making busy preparation for departure. We could not refuse a cup of tea on the lawn, and before we knew it the minutes had grown into nearly an hour. At last, becoming sensible of the lapse of time and wondering why the coach was not announced, a messenger was hastily despatched for it to the White Lion. Imagine the consternation of the little group gathered at the gate awaiting it when word came—

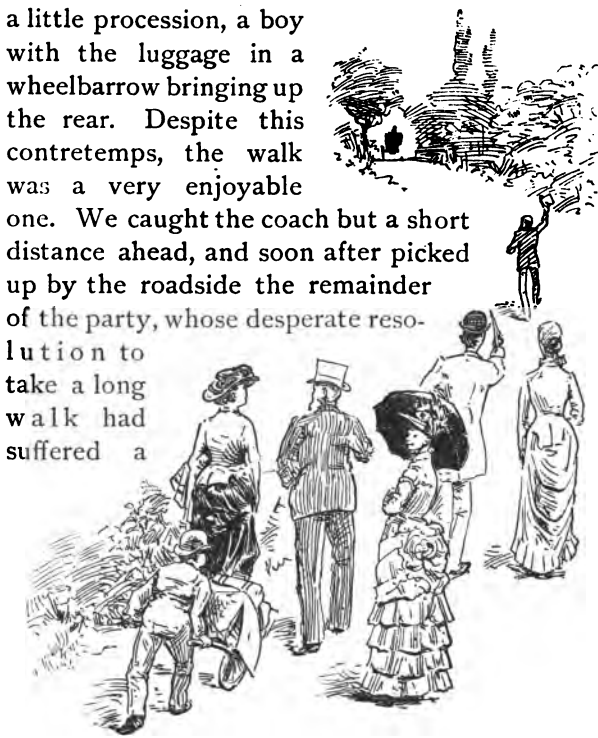
"Coach is gone, sir!"

"Gone! gone where?"

It was easily explained. Jackson, supposing that all the party had walked towards Guildford, had driven on after watering his horses.

Here was a go! as Sam Weller might have said. But we were equal to the emergency, for there were no lame or halt in the party. And here it is well to remark that sound pedals constitute a *sine qua non* in the make-up of a coaching party; for, paradoxical as it may seem to the uninitiated, coaching is largely done on foot. There is no more exhilarating pleasure in the world than jogging along on "Shanks's mare" just behind or immediately in advance of a coach, for one is all the time buoyed up by the thought that he can ride if he wants to. Our situation was rather more disheartening, for a stern chase is proverbially a long chase; but Mæcenas, whose spirits were never known to fail, suggested that Jackson would soon discover our absence and

turn back for us. So, there being nothing else to do, we made the best of it and took the road in a little procession, a boy with the luggage in a wheelbarrow bringing up the rear. Despite this contretemps, the walk was a very enjoyable one. We caught the coach but a short distance ahead, and soon after picked up by the roadside the remainder of the party, whose desperate resolution to take a long walk had suffered a sudden collapse.



With the new acquisitions the coach was now full, every seat being occupied. The horses, refreshed by their brief rest, put their "best foot foremost," and we were soon bowling merrily along on the high road to Guildford, more fortunate than our old friend Samuel Pepys, who tells in his diary how he

and his wife got lost in driving from Cobham to Guildford, and went several miles out of their way.

It is no more than proper, since the curtain has at last fairly risen on the party, that the Chronicler should take the reader in some measure into his confidence, and make him acquainted with the characters represented. But, as on the mimic stage the personality of the actors is often hidden under a pseudonym, so in the present case, though the stage be upon wheels, he feels it his duty to exhibit his actors through the illusion of a veil, penetrable only to the initiated. Immemorial custom, as binding in many instances as the written law itself, must be his excuse for presenting the masculine members first.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MÆCENAS —Who knows everybody and whom everybody knows.

THE SEER DE COBHAM.—"All England, all America join[ed] in his applause."

PHAETON.—Whose "Strange Adventures" have made him famous.

BLEISTIFT.—The artist, who is periodically making his mark.

OSMAN DIGNA.—No relation to El Mahdi's lieutenant, and more favorably known around Charing Cross.

ANTIQUO.—A coaching Dryasdust and Old Mortality combined.

MR. DUMFÓRLAN.—At home where printers' devils most do congregate.

THE CHRONICLER.—Whose innate modesty, etc., etc., etc.

MADAM DE COBHAM.

MISS L. DE COBHAM.

MISS E. DE COBHAM.

MADAM DUMFÓRLAN.

MDLLE. CHAPEAU DE PAILLE.—Otherwise known in literature as La Demoiselle aux Plumes.

MISS PITTSBURGH.

The reader who infers, after introduction to so distinguished and erudite a company, that he is to be treated at once to a moral or philosophical disquisition, will be sadly disappointed to hear that the topics of conversation during the rest of the day were of the most commonplace character. Indeed, the Chronicler is willing to stake his reputation on the opinion that on that sunny never-to-be-forgotten afternoon not one of the party cared twopence whether the universe leaped into being through a special act of creation or whether chaos was resolved into cosmos through a process of evolution or of emanation. Nor did our thoughts turn upon the mysteries of the hereafter; we were satisfied with the substantial present, and all the promised bliss of Nirvana would not have sufficed to woo us from the pleasures which the gods had vouchsafed us. Our route lay through shaded avenues and long quiet roads between hedges of holly and hawthorn, then in full bloom, with here and there a glimpse at smiling pastures dotted with sheep and cattle, and waving woods, and sun-flecked hills, and our hearts went out in thorough enjoyment of the sweet English landscape, in places more like a bit of fairy-land than a portion of mother earth. The road, now dazzlingly white, for we were amid the great chalk formation, led gradually upward until we reached the summit of the hills—the North Downs—whence we had an uninterrupted view of the Weald of Surrey, a broad expanse stretching away in emerald waves until lost in the blue hills on the

southern horizon The Seer, who was familiar with the country, pointed out the various landmarks and objects of interest, inviting special attention to the beautiful Vale of Dorking, watered by the little Mole, which makes its way northward to seek the sea through the Thames, and along whose banks the steeples and towers of several villages lay glinting in the westering sun.

To Osman Digna's query, whether Dorking was noted for anything besides six-toed fowls, answer was made that some of the most charming scenery in England is to be found in its neighborhood, much of which has been enhanced by man's labor, many of the finest sites having been utilized for the erection of costly villas with still more costly pleasure grounds.

"Were not many of the beautiful places destroyed at the time of the great battle?" asked Miss ——.

"What battle?" queried Phaeton, with a puzzled look.

"Why, the battle of Dorking. Wasn't that fought here?"

"Oh!—ah! yes. I had really forgotten. But I was young at the time—too young to take part. Osman doubtless can tell you all about it."

Osman looked as if he would like to resent the imputation on his age; but he could not resist the opportunity for a joke, and pulling his broad-brim over his eyes to hide their sparkle, he replied gravely:

"Yes, though I was quite young, I shall never forget those times. I was down with the volunteers

near Horsham when news came that the enemy had landed at Worthing and were advancing in force. We retired to Leith, but as both Reigate and Aldershot were threatened by separate columns, we had to fall back to the range of chalk hills yonder between Dorking and Guildford."

"Where was it you lost your leg?" asked Bleistift, with all the gravity of a Roman senator.

"Is it cork?" exclaimed Miss ——, gazing in bewildered astonishment at Osman's neatly booted extenuation, which she had seen execute so many gymnastic feats in jumping on and off the coach. This proved too much for human endurance and the party exploded in a roar of laughter loud enough to awaken all the dead of the great battle.

As Dorking was off our direct route the Chronicler did not feel it incumbent upon him to note the details of the Seer's remarks; consequently much that interested us at the time must remain forever sealed to the world, unless indeed Murray, or Baedeker, or Black, or some other mousing guide-book manufacturer has already put it into cold type, which is more than probable.

One discovery, however, the Chronicler feels certain has not yet found its way into any guide-book, and he therefore takes the greater pride in noting it. As we drove along the summit of the chalk ridge, Phaeton, who had been dreamily studying the landscape, suddenly aroused attention by the exclamation:

"There's a Roman camp!"

All eyes were turned in the direction indicated by his finger.

"A what?" chimed several feminine voices, all at once.

"The site of a Roman camp, or castra."

With this he relapsed into silence. Was he in earnest, or was he throwing a bait for gudgeons? *Quien sabe?* as they say on the Pacific coast. Those inscrutable eyes told no tales, but gazed as placidly outward as if their owner were sailing summer seas in his own "White Wings." Whatever his intention was, the incident was sufficient to furnish a text for Antiquo, who was thoroughly "up" in Roman castra, and he at once entered upon a learned disquisition on the subject, pointing out the various parts with his umbrella.

"Yonder," said he, indicating a low earthen ridge across the field, "ran the *agger* or embankment into which the *valli* or palisades were driven. The depression outside indicates the *fossa* and the level space within the *intervallum*."

"Bless me!" cried Mæcenas, "this is very interesting. Jackson, stop the coach!"

A little flutter of expectation ran through the party as the coach drew up at the side of the road, where we had an uninterrupted view over the hawthorn hedge of the adjoining field, which rolled away in a gentle slope into the valley below. Bleistift produced his note-book and pencil and made preparation to sketch.

"On that side," continued Antiquo, in a semi-

official tone, "was undoubtedly the Porta Prætoria, on this the Decumana; there was the Via Principia, here the Via Quintana; there the——"

"Do the guide-books say anything about it?" broke in Mæcenas.

"I find no mention of it," replied Osman Digna solemnly, as he thumbed his Murray.

"It is not laid down in the map," said Mr. Dumfórlan, with his eyes fastened upon the topographical chart spread out upon his knees.

"What an argument in favor of travelling by coach," exclaimed Mæcenas enthusiastically. "If we had not been elevated above the hedges we should never have made this discovery."

"Certainly not," said Antiquo, dogmatically. "Millions of people have passed over this road since the legions of Cæsar threw up these embankments, yet it was reserved for us to detect their true significance."

"I remember a circumstance that illustrates it well," answered Mæcenas. "You have heard, of course, of the wonderful earthworks or mounds which exist in many places throughout the Mississippi Valley. They are of different shapes, circular, square, hexagonal or octagonal, and some are in the form of animals or reptiles. Several years ago an aeronaut, passing in a balloon, was surprised, on looking over the edge of his car, to see what was apparently a huge animal lying stretched out at full length on the prairie below. He was at first so startled that he could scarcely trust the evidence of

his senses. He rubbed his eyes and took another peep. It was, without a doubt, a large animal, but of what species he could not determine. He could plainly distinguish its head, its legs, and its long tail extended on the sward, as it lay apparently asleep. There was nothing on that dead level to compare it with, but he judged from his own elevation that it must be at least half a mile long. On a careful examination with a field-glass he discovered that it was simply one of the mound-builders' relics—an earth embankment thrown up in this fantastic shape, for what object no man knows. Now, this man had often crossed that prairie on foot, yet neither he nor any of the many residents of the neighborhood had ever suspected that the slight elevation in one part of it would resolve itself, when seen from above, into so well-defined a form; and they actually had great difficulty afterward in finding it, when they attempted to explore it. It is more than probable that it would have remained as unknown as this castra appears to have been, had it not been observed from an elevation."

The face of the Seer had gradually broadened during this brief episode, until his customary placid smile had become metamorphosed into a mirth-provoking expression which soon found its counterpart on the faces of the ladies; and the latter presently burst into a hearty laugh as they caught his quiet remark to the one beside him:

"I think, my dear, this is where the volunteers had the sham fight two years ago."

"Ha-ha!" shouted Osman Digna, throwing up his hat in delight. "Another case of 'Bill Stumps, his mark'!"

"Drive on, Jackson," said Mæcenas, casting a quizzical glance at Antiquo and Phaeton, both of whom, absorbed in meditation, apparently heard not a word of the badinage showered upon them. "Drive on, we shall be late for dinner."

And so, beguiling the time with many a merry jest and repartee, we went on till Guildford's steeples came into view. The Chronicler has before remarked on his own modesty, which, it is perhaps superfluous to say, was shared by others of the party. So, before reaching the entrance to the High Street, several, including Mæcenas and Bleistift, dismounted and walked in, feeling that a stroll before dinner would do none of us any harm. We were possibly actuated, too, by the somewhat selfish hope of escaping the hurry and bustle incident to the arrival of so large a company at an inn. The event justified our forethought. When we reached the White Lion the flurry was over, and all we had to do was to seek our allotted rooms and prepare for dinner, which had been made ready in obedience to orders telegraphed from London.

Dick Swiveller says: "There are some people who can be merry and can't be wise, and some who can be wise and can't be merry." If he could have looked in upon the coaching party that night when gathered around the dining-table, in the cheerful room with the great bay-window looking out upon

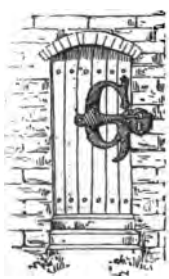
the High Street, he would have come to the conclusion that there are also some people who can be both wise and merry—wise enough to accept the good things of earth in whatever shape they are presented, and merry enough to enjoy them thoroughly. Each guest seemed to feel it incumbent upon himself to contribute something to the amusement of the others. Mæcenas told some of his best stories. Phaeton related moving adventures by field and flood, several of which, Antiquo whispered, had an apocryphal smack. Bleistift and Osman Digna essayed many a pun, and Dumfórlan wedged in a sly joke as opportunity offered. Even the Seer unbent for the time, and added flavor to the conversation by an occasional jest or sprinkle of Attic salt. The ladies—of course the ladies contributed their full share to the general fund of pleasure, but the Chronicler is under special bonds to keep silence in regard to their clever speeches, and he is obliged to observe the strict letter of the law, although he feels conscious that it will be at the expense of the readers of this true chronicle.

Only one thing marred the perfect enjoyment of the evening, and that was the knowledge that we had to lose one of our companions. Mr. Dumfórlan, called home by business, had to leave by train immediately after dinner. Good travellers are always philosophical, and travellers by coach are no exception to the rule. So we drank his health in a bumper and bade him God-speed as the "bus" door slammed to behind him.

CHAPTER III.

Guildford.

Earl Godwin and the Atheling—Guildford Castle—Philosophy of Shopping—Trespassers will be Prosecuted—Polite Reception—The ancient Keep—Pepys at the Red Lion—Inn Nomenclature—Lions and Boars—Welcome Interruption.



GUILDFORD is a quaint old town, with one principal street, in which the most conspicuous object is the Town Hall, with its clock protruding its face into the middle of the highway, at the end of a beam supported by iron straps, as a sort of perpetual reminder to passers-by of the flight of time. Perhaps such a monitor is a necessity there, for though the town is credited with a population of ten thousand, an American would scarcely call it a "live" place. With a history extending back to the days of King Alfred, its chronicles are comparatively barren, though several sovereigns resided in it, and a royal demesne existed there down to the reign of James I. Perhaps the most interesting event in its history is the murder, at the instigation, it is said, of the

celebrated Earl Godwin, of the Norman followers of Alfred the Atheling, who was himself soon after barbarously tortured to death at Ely. This cruel act was in the interest of Harold Harefoot, who had succeeded Canute, and who hoped to rid himself of both Alfred, the rightful heir, and his younger

brother Edward at one blow; but the latter escaped into Flanders, and lived to reign as Edward the Confessor. Alfred and Edward were the sons of King Ethelred and of Emma, daughter of Duke Richard of Normandy, and this treacherous deed of Earl Godwin's at Guildford was one of the principal links in the chain of events which ultimately led to the conquest of England and the death of his own

son Harold at Hastings. Thus does time bring about its revenges.

The modern town lies on the declivity of a chalk hill, on the east bank of the Wey, which is crossed on the main street by a stone bridge of five arches. Its name is supposed to be derived from some Saxon gild or guild-merchant, a fraternity for trading purposes established there at an early period, and the ford across the Wey, which existed below the site of the bridge before the channel of the stream was deepened. When the name was transplanted to New England the middle *d* was dropped, and the Connecticut town has masqueraded for more than two centuries as Guilford, a form in which the derivation is lost. In a similar way the interpolation of the *t* in the Connecticut Litchfield has destroyed the meaning so patent in the original Lichfield. The castle, the remains of which occupy the summit of the hill sloping down to the river, was probably erected to guard this ford, an important one on the route from London to Winchester. Though some think that a defensive work may have existed on the site at an earlier period, there seems to be no reason for giving the present structure a greater antiquity than the reign of William the Conqueror. It was once an important building, its walls and outworks covering nearly all the site of the present town, the original village having been, it is supposed, on the west side of the river. The question of security, an important one in troublous times, brought the inhabitants gradually to the east side,

where they built their houses under the walls of the castle. In time its precincts were encroached upon, and so it happens that some of the houses to-day stand over cellars which once did duty as dungeons or subterranean passages of the old fortification. But few traces of its outer walls and works are left, and its scant remains are so shut in by modern erections as to be invisible save from an occasional point of vantage.

After dinner at the White Lion, the coaching party hastened to improve the twilight. Some went in search of photographs and guide-books, others of old furniture and bric-à-brac; several started for the castle, and two or three of the ladies actually went shopping, notwithstanding they had left London only a half-dozen hours before.

Now the Chronicler is not given to inflicting senseless conundrums for the amusement of the groundlings, nor to raising profound philosophical inquiries for the mystification of the curious, but he feels it incumbent upon him to propound one question, partly because a satisfactory answer would serve as a salve to his own curiosity, and partly because he believes that its just solution would be in the interest of science. Why do women go shopping when they are absolutely in need of nothing? For obvious reasons the Chronicler did not raise this question at Guildford; and even now, though writing these notes three thousand miles away from a suspicion of possible retribution, he cannot help feeling a certain sense of insecurity which warns him

that he is treading on dangerous ground. He therefore leaves its solution to those who, in more senses than one, may come after him.

The members of the party who had sought the castle returned with sad countenances and the sadder report that the grounds were walled in and closed to visitors. This news was generally received as final, especially as it was confirmed by the pretty barmaid at the inn; but the Chronicler, whose bump of incredulity is large—and particularly so since his English experiences have taught him that anything can be seen for a commensurate consideration—went to bed with a firm resolve to try his luck in the morning, notwithstanding the adverse report. Go to Guildford and not see its chief curiosity! That would be ridiculous.

The morning sun accordingly found him ascending a steep hill through a narrow lane shut in by whitewashed houses, whose projecting gables and diamond-paned windows gave them a certain flavor of antiquity. Few people were abroad at that early hour, the only persons seen being a peripatetic milkman, a boy driving a donkey, and here and there a woman taking down the shutters from the windows of the frequent beer and tobacco shops. A steady climb of ten or twelve minutes brought him to a stile commanding an extensive view of the town and surrounding country; but what was his surprise to see the castle below him. It was evident that he had ascended the wrong hill, so, taking the bearings as accurately as he could, he retraced his steps and

in a few minutes reached the modern brick wall enclosing all of the castle grounds now left unoccupied. How to get in, was the question. It was at least ten feet high and could not be scaled. A short search brought into view a narrow door, approached by several steps. But what is this, posted above in conspicuous characters?

TRESPASSERS WILL BE PROSECUTED
ACCORDING TO LAW.

This was like a wet blanket on the Chronicler's enthusiasm. Having been brought up to the law himself in his youth, and still imbued with a certain degree of respect for its forms and prescriptions, to do anything forbidden by it did not occur to him. There could be no harm, however, in just trying the door. He might get at least a peep within, and that would be more satisfactory than to go away utterly defeated.

"D'ye want to goo in?" said a voice just behind him.

Conscience smitten at being thus caught red-handed, apparently in the very act of transgressing the law, the Chronicler turned quickly and saw a woman of goodly avoirdupois standing at the foot of the steps.

"If ye want to goo in, put a steck through the hool and lift the latch."

The Chronicler thanked her and followed this sensible advice, and—open, sesame!—the door swung inward and disclosed a well-kept garden, with beds

of flowering plants and trim shrubs. At the left, upon a high mound, towering above everything, rose the ragged ivy-clad keep of the old castle, standing like a sentinel of the past amidst the flower-decked present. A path led invitingly up the slope, but the Chronicler, seeing the necessity of interviewing the *genius loci*, followed a broad gravelled walk into "the bowels of the land." A turn of the path brought him into the presence of a gentleman who, he gathered from the conversation which followed, was the brother of the proprietor, and who, when the intruder presented his card, and informed him that he was an American come all the way from New York to see Guildford Castle, received him with the utmost affability and placed the grounds at his disposal. Thus it happened that the Chronicler explored Guildford Castle alone, while the rest of the party were sleeping.

The polite reception accorded him under the somewhat peculiar circumstances above related prompts the Chronicler to mention, once for all, that in the many varied relations in which he was brought into contact with our traditionally surly cousin John Bull, he always met with uniform courtesy and affability; and he is half inclined to believe that those who have had a different experience have been themselves largely to blame for it.

Few traces of the once extensive outworks of Guildford Castle are now left, even their stones having been used for modern edifices. In one corner of the present enclosure stand the crumbling walls of the

palace, wherein many of the kings of England have lodged, and near it are the remains of one of the gates, with still visible marks in the stones of the ancient portcullis. The keep, the best preserved part, stands apart on a grassy mound,

partly natural and partly artificial, beneath which are large and as yet imperfectly explored subterranean passages. It is a massive structure, nearly forty-five feet square at the base and rising, even in its present ruinous state, to a height of at least seventy feet. The walls, built of flints laid in very hard mortar, with here and there courses of ragstone laid herring-bone fashion and occasional Roman bricks, are at least ten feet thick

at the base. Originally the ground-floor had no openings, not even loopholes, the present entrance having been cut, probably for convenience' sake, through the solid masonry. The ancient entrance, an arched doorway in the second story, is still visible in the west front, a considerable height from the ground, and was probably reached by a staircase on the outside. There were also large windows on each side of the upper stories, but some of the present openings are said to be modern breaches.

In the interior, traces of two floors are still to be seen, and of passages within the walls. The stone staircase which gave access to the upper apartments is gone, but the Chronicler found a rickety ladder and climbed up to an opening in the wall which proved to be the entrance to what had evidently been a little chapel, constructed in the very heart of the masonry. It was not more than four or five feet wide by nine or ten long, with a vaulted stone roof about eight feet above the floor. On its walls were several rude figures and inscriptions, perhaps the work of some poor captive, for it is said that state prisoners were confined there in time past.

The ladder proving insufficient for further exploration, the Chronicler was obliged to forego a most natural desire to climb to the summit, from which there must needs be a most charming view, as it probably overlooks a good part of the valley of the Wey. So bidding farewell to the ancient keep, whose rugged walls, half-hidden with clinging ivy and embowering plane trees, re-echoed the cries of

the noisy rooks which circled around their summits, he left the garden by the same gate through which he had entered, and wended his way back to the White Lion, well satisfied to have accomplished his purpose.

The attentive reader will have noticed that the two inns to which he has been introduced thus far have both borne the name of the White Lion. There are also in Guildford, among other hostels, a Red Lion and a White Hart, the former of which Pepys found so crowded with a wedding party, on his visit there in 1668, that the landlord had to provide him with lodging outside. But Guildford is by no means singular in giving beastly titles to its houses of entertainment, for there are few large towns in England whose inns, if they can boast any antiquity at all, are not named after some beast, bird, or fabulous animal, colored apparently according to the pleasure of their originators. He who jumps to the conclusion, however, that these colors are a mere caprice will find himself far astray, for each of these varicolored animals has a specific meaning, once understood by all, in which is preserved the record of some important historical event.

As the Chronicler turned the corner just before reaching the White Lion he fell in with Antiquo, who at once button-holed him and began to describe a vault under a neighboring building, which he had been exploring, and which, he was convinced, had some subterranean connection with the castle. The Chronicler was too intent just then on zoölogical

heraldry to care whether this particular cellar ran upward or downward, so, after a little skilful word-fencing, he diverted the current of the worthy man's thoughts into the same channel in which his own were flowing. He soon had abundant cause to regret his rashness. The cellar would have furnished material for a comparatively short dissertation ; but when the red lions, the blue boars, the white harts, and all the other vari-colored beasts came crowding along the capacious avenue of Antiquo's memory, it seemed as if the interminable procession would never end.

" Previous to the thirteenth century," he began, " the lion was almost the only armorial bearing, and it is therefore the most common blazon in coats-of-arms. One would think that the golden lion, derived from the royal arms, would be the most popular emblem for inn signs, but it is not so; in many of the counties the red lion occurs most frequently. There is good historic reason for this, for it originated from the escutcheon of John of Gaunt, who, on his marriage with Constance, daughter of Pedro the Cruel, assumed the red lion rampant of Castile to represent his claims to the throne of that country."

" Red Lion inns must have prevailed then to a fearful extent in the northern counties," observed the Chronicler.

" They did, and still do," replied Antiquo. " A report of twenty years ago gives eighty Red Lion inns to Lancashire and one hundred and five to Yorkshire, the adjoining county. There were also

in Yorkshire forty-seven Golden Lions, sixteen Black Lions, and two Blue Lions."

"May not some of these rubicund lions have been derived from the arms of Scotland?"

"A few, possibly; but most of them tell of the popularity of time-honored Lancaster, just as the white lion or lion argent does of that of Edward IV., one of whose badges it was. The lion azure, or blue lion, is the cognizance of the Percy family, Dukes of Northumberland, though some blue lions may date from the marriage of James I. with Anne of Denmark. The black lion is probably a reminiscence of the marriage of Edward III. with Philippa of Hainault, though it was also the badge of Anne of Cleves, wife of Henry VIII., and was borne by Owen Glendower as Prince of Powys.

Next after the lion the boar takes precedence of other beasts on inn signs. The boar was the cognizance of the House of York. The badge of Richard III. was a boar passant argent, and on his coronation thirteen thousand white boars wrought upon fustian were provided. This badge, the 'bloody and usurping boar,' as Shakespeare calls it, gave rise to the rhyme which cost William Collingborne his life:

> "'The Cat, the Rat, and Lovell the Dogge
> Rule all England under an Hogge.'

"In Richard's time, White Boar Inns were plentiful, but after his tragic death they went out of fashion, and all the white boars were painted blue, in honor of the family symbol of De Vere, Earl of

Oxford, chief of the party of the Red Rose, who led the van on Bosworth Field."

"So it appears," said the Chronicler, "that the heraldic beast, unlike the leopard in a state of nature. may change not only his spots but his entire hide, and suit his color to please the whim of the sovereign or family which happens to be in the ascendant at the time."

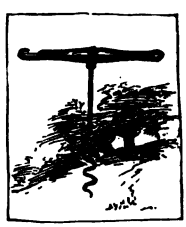
"True. The white hart is a curious illustration of——"

The Chronicler did not wait to hear what the white hart illustrates, for just then a voice from above informed us that breakfast was nearly over, and looking upward we saw Phaeton peering from the window with a look of quiet satisfaction on his ruddy face, as he calmly puffed his morning cigar.

CHAPTER IV.

Guildford to Winchester.

The Hog's Back—Moor Park and Jonathan Swift—Waverley Abbey—Cæsar's Camp—Hop Gardens of England—Farnham Castle—William Cobbett—Propitiation of Bacchus—Eighty-three last Michaelmas—A renowned Martialist—Tichborne or Orton—Family Legends—Ancient Hostel.



THOUGH the coaching party had been but one short day on the road, it had already become thoroughly organized. Tacitly and without any special understanding it had resolved itself into several committees, each of which attended to its duties without reference to the others. Thus, one took charge of the guide-books and the maps of the Ordnance Survey, of which we were provided with a full set of the several counties to be traversed, and studied out the route for the succeeding day, noting the objects of special interest to be observed. Another took upon himself the difficult task of selecting in advance the inns to be stopped at, appointing the hours for meals, and telegraphing ahead for rooms. The ladies,

acting in some sort as a committee of the whole, saw that the hampers were properly filled with eatables and drinkables, for the luncheon in the open air was one of the principal events of the day and required more forethought even than the dinner at night, which was generally left to the discretion of the landlord, subject to the sole condition that it should be the best his house afforded. The baskets were furnished with a full set of table furniture—crockery, glass, cutlery, and linen—for a dozen guests, and these were put in order each night by the servants at the inn, so that the ladies had little to do but to select what their appetites suggested.

Our route on Tuesday was from Guildford to Winchester, via Farnham, Alton, and Alresford, a distance of thirty-seven miles. After crossing the Wey we drove up St. Catherine's Hill, and thence along the sharp ridge called from its peculiar shape the Hog's Back—an upheaval of the chalk through the primitive formation. In its highest part this ridge, which is a continuation of the North Downs, is about five hundred feet above the surrounding country and it is nowhere more than half a mile in width, so that it gives on both sides an uninterrupted series of beautiful views. On either hand, stretching away for miles until lost in the blue hills beyond, lies a smiling valley, interspersed with meadows, grain-fields, and patches of woodland, with here and there the gables of a farm or manor house or the tower of some village church. Occasional glimpses are caught of the railway on the

right, while on the left the meanderings of the Wey may be followed for miles. At one place the road widens into a broad stretch of green sward called Guildown, where the treacherous Earl Godwin is said to have met the Atheling and his followers to escort them to their death in Guildford streets. Looking back from one of the highest points we caught a last view of the city, with its steeples and the ruined keep of its castle peeping out from amongst the sycamore trees, and far back, over Trinity Church, the glistening roof of the Crystal Palace at Sydenham.

The Seer pointed out, as we drove along, the spire of Puttenham Church, on the south side of the ridge, about half way between Guildford and Farnham; Crooksbury Hill clothed with pines, and beyond it the trees of Moor Park, the home of Sir William Temple, ambassador of Charles II. to the Hague, and author of the famous triple alliance between England, Holland, and Sweden. During the last ten years of Sir William's life he employed as secretary a distant relative, a young Irishman from Trinity College, Dublin, whom the revolution of 1689 had driven to England—Jonathan Swift, in after-time the famous Dean of St. Patrick's, in Dublin. At Moor Park Swift wrote the "Battle of the Books" and probably the "Tale of a Tub." It was there, too, that he lost his heart to Esther Johnson, daughter of Sir William's steward and attendant upon Lady Giffard, Sir William's sister, but known to all the reading world as Stella.

Hard by Moor Park are the ruins of Waverley Abbey, the original house of the Cistercians in England, founded in 1128, the published records of which undoubtedly suggested to Walter Scott the title of his first romance.

On the north side of the Hog's Back stretches Aldershot Heath, with the town of Aldershot and the long rows of huts forming the military camp, which covers an area of about seven square miles, and has accommodations for twenty thousand men. On the steep height, in the background, are ancient intrenchments popularly called Cæsar's Camp, where Roman coins have been found. Before reaching Farnham there is a gradual descent from the Downs, and we soon entered a valley where the road was bordered with hop plantations, reminding us of Cecil Lawson's pretty picture.

Every available patch of ground in the neighborhood is set with long rows of poles ten feet high, up which the plants climb to hang their tendril-like stems downward as best they can. The hop-vine is one of the most graceful of plants, but it loses much of its prettiness when curbed by cultivation, for plants tied up to stiff poles set at uniform distances over many acres are anything but picturesque. But this is a matter which does not trouble the consciences of the good people of Farnham, for their hops are said to command a higher price in market than those of any other parish in England.

Farnham (Fern-home, what a pretty name?) which is mentioned before Alfred's time, is a strag-

gling town, built along an avenue extending east and west more than a mile, with a few narrow cross streets. One of these, Castle Street, leads northward to the castle, on a high hill commanding the town. It is said to have been built by Henry de Blois, brother of King Stephen and Bishop of Winchester, on the site of a manor which had belonged to the See of Winchester since the middle of the ninth century. These lordly bishops enjoyed three principal residences, each in its day stately enough for royalty itself.

> "'Twas our good lord of Winchester, lord of the castles three:
> Of Farnham brave, and Merton old, and goodly Wolvesey."

Merton is now a scarcely distinguishable pile of ruins, and goodly Wolvesey is little more than a memory. Farnham only of the three brave castles is habitable, and it is still the residence of the Bishop of Winchester, who has no palace in his episcopal city.

In the churchyard at Farnham is a large tomb to the memory of William Cobbett, erected in 1856 by his son over the grave which had previously been marked only by a simple slab. William Cobbett's father was the keeper of the Jolly Farmer, a little inn near the present railway station, and here the son lived and worked on an adjoining farm until he became of age, when he went to London and began the career which in time made him the best known man of his day among English-speaking peoples.

Cobbett's account of his visit to Farnham after

his return from America in 1800, and the impressions made by the scenes of his childhood upon his mind enlarged by experience among grander surroundings, is curious and instructive:

"It made me laugh to hear little gutters, that I could jump over, called rivers! The Thames was but a 'creek'! But when I went to Farnham, the place of my birth, what was my surprise? Everything was become so pitifully small! I had to cross, in my postchaise, the long and dreary heath of Bagshot. Then, at the end of it, to mount a hill called Hungry Hill; and from that hill I knew that I should look down into the beautiful and fertile vale of Farnham. My heart fluttered with impatience, mixed with a sort of fear, to see all the scenes of my childhood; for I learned before the death of my father and mother. There is a hill not far from the town called Crooksbury Hill, which rises up out of a flat in form of a cone, and is planted with Scotch fir-trees. Here I used to take the eggs and young ones of crows and magpies. This Hill was a famous object in the neighborhood. It served as the superlative degree of height. 'As high as Crooksbury Hill' meant, with us, the utmost degree of height. Therefore, the first object that my eyes sought was this hill. I could not believe my eyes! Literally speaking, I for a moment thought the famous hill removed, and a little heap put in its stead; for I had seen in New Brunswick a single rock, or hill of solid rock, ten times as big, and four or five times as high! The post-boy, going down hill, and not a

bad road, whisked me in a few minutes to the Bush Inn, from the garden of which I could see the prodigious sand-hill where I had begun my gardening works. What a nothing! But now came rushing into my mind all at once my pretty little garden, my little blue smock-frock, my little nailed shoes, my pretty pigeons that I used to feed out of my hands, the last kind words and tears of my gentle and tender-hearted and affectionate mother! I hastened back into the room. If I had looked a moment longer I should have dropped."

How pretty a picture is this, and in what terse and idiomatic English it is presented? Every boy who has left humble scenes in early life and gone out into the great world to battle with fortune will recognize its truthfulness. It is only by comparison that we are enabled to appreciate truly the value of our surroundings. The man whose world is bounded by a small horizon must inevitably be narrow-minded. To the vale of Farnham belongs the credit of Cobbett's birth only; to the great world, for which he deserted the plough, is due his development and his power—for, whatever we may think of his vacillation, his inconsistency, and what some would call his unscrupulousness, we must acknowledge that he was a power, and that he exercised in his day an influence among the masses which few other men attained.

About a mile beyond Farnham a halt was made for luncheon—our first luncheon in the open air. This was an important occasion, and the Chronicler imagined that he could detect in the countenances

of several of the ladies—especially of Madam Dumfórlan and Mdlle. Chapeau, who had bestowed much care on the preparation of the hampers—a slight trace of anxiety, as if they dreaded to have their endeavors subjected to the crucial test of appetite. But if they had reflected a moment they would have seen that such appetites as we had were not likely to stop for criticism, even if there had been material for it, which, of course, all felt to be impossible. Indeed, the Chronicler is confident from observations made at the luncheon (after the cravings of his own stomach had been in some measure appeased) that that particular coaching party would at that time have accepted an invitation to any kind of a feast—saving always a Barmecide spread.

The site was not exactly an ideal one, but no more fitting place could be found, and all were fain to make the best of it. The cloth was spread on the velvety turf behind a hawthorn hedge, and the rubber blankets arranged around it with the travelling rugs rolled up for seats. A few premonitory drops of rain indicating a possible drizzle, the umbrellas were stacked close at hand; but it proved a false alarm, and though the clouds were lowering the rest of the day no rain fell. There was a chill however in the air which was not dissipated until Bacchus had been duly propitiated by copious libations. By a unanimous vote Phaeton was chosen to superintend this rite, not because he was more familiar with its proper observances than any of the

others, but rather because he was the fortunate possessor of an excellent corkscrew. It is but justice to him to record that during the time in which he graced this ancient and honorable calling—rather more than the fifty-second portion of a year—no member of the party was ever heard to complain of thirst.

We had nearly finished luncheon when a man, followed by a sorry-looking dog, who had been in sight for several minutes coming across the field, approached slowly and took off his hat in answer to our salutation. His hair was white but his form was unbent, and he scarcely leaned upon the stout staff which he carried. He accepted gratefully a glass of beer and some luncheon, while doggie was made

glad with the debris of the feast. Mæcenas, who never neglected an opportunity to sow sedition, as Phaeton declared, lost no time in informing him that we were from the Great Republic on the other side of the Atlantic, where all men are born free and

equal, and kings and queens and privileged classes are unknown.

O yes, he knew all about that. He had a cousin who had been there, and if he were only younger he should go there, too.

"But you are not very old," said Mæcenas. "A man at sixty is just in the prime of life."

The old man straightened himself up and, with a sly twinkle in his eye, asked:

"Will ye gie me a penny for every year I'm over sixty?"

"Yes, I 'll give you twopence."

A ghastly grin spread over his face, as he chuckled:

"I was eighty-three last Michaelmas."

Mæcenas had the laugh against him that time, the old man joining in it, as he pocketed his money, as heartily as any of the others.

Ten miles further on we came to Alton, in Hampshire, a little village on the banks of the Wey, whose antiquity reaches back, like that of Farnham, more than ten centuries. Like Farnham, too, it is a hop centre, and Alton ale is famous in London.

Alton Church was the scene during the Civil War of the death of the "Renowned Martialist Richard Boles, of the Right Worshipful Family of the Bolses in Linkhorneshire, Collonell of a Ridgment of Foot of 1300, who for his gracious King Charles the First did wounders at the Battle of Edge-hill." Colonel Boles was surprised at Alton by Sir William Waller, who, while besieging Farnham Castle in 1643, sud-

denly marched to Alton with six thousand men and surrounded the town. Boles, who appears to have been a thorough soldier, took possession of the church with about eighty men in the hope of holding it until he could receive aid from Lord Hopton, the Royalist leader at Winchester, seventeen miles distant. But after a stubborn fight of six or seven hours the doors were forced by the Parliamentarians and Boles and sixty of his men fell under their weapons. A monumental brass was erected to his memory in 1689 in Winchester Cathedral, where on the day after our visit to Alton, we read the story of his brave deed, together with the following poetic tribute:

"Alton will tell you of that famous Fight
Which this Man made and bade this world good night;
His virtuous Life feared not Mortality—
His Body must, his Virtues cannot die.
Because his blood was there so nobly spent:
This is his Tombe, that Church his Monument."

Thence another ten miles brought us to New Alresford (ford by the alders), a village eight miles from Winchester, which existed before the Conquest. The highway leads by Alresford Pond, a sheet of water covering fifty or sixty acres, but once much larger, constructed in the reign of King John as a reservoir to feed the canal which follows the course of the little river Itchin past Winchester to Southampton. This canal is now navigable only to Winchester. The northern embankment of the pond is a causeway, said to be part of the old Roman

road leading east and west through this part of Britain. New Alresford, Phaeton informed us, was the birthplace of Mary Russell Mitford.

Beyond Alresford our route took us past Tichborne Park, whose broad meadow, wood, and corn lands looked inviting enough to tempt the cupidity of any claimant, whether he be Arthur Orton or not Arthur Orton. Phaeton recalled to us the *jeu d'esprit*, said to have been written by the Hon. A. E. Gathorne Hardy, which went the rounds in Westminster Hall at the time of the great trial:

> "We'll prove, say Baxter, Rose and Norton,
> The Claimant isn't Arthur Orton;
> They've only proved, what's less important,
> That he has done what Arthur oughtn't."

The family, which derives its name from the Tich or Ticce burn or stream, which is mentioned in the eighth century, was settled there in the twelfth century, and, according to family tradition, before the Conquest, but the name of the place probably antedates that of the family. It is very difficult, in investigating family history, which is really the foundation of all history, to separate the grain of truth from the chaff of tradition, the latter having in many cases been invented to account for some otherwise apparently inexplicable fact. The legend of "The Crawls," a piece of land belonging to the manor of Tichbourne, is a good illustration of this. As the story goes, Isabel, wife of Sir Roger Tichbourne (temp. Henry II.), having begged of her husband, when on her death-bed, to bestow a dole upon the

poor, he promised to give forever in charity the annual value of as much land as she could *crawl* around before a torch which he held in his hand should burn out. From that time onward there was an annual distribution to the poor on Lady Day of a certain number of loaves of bread of the value of the piece of land thus circumscribed by the dying woman, and it was currently reported that the prosperity of the house of Tichbourne depended upon the keeping up of this custom. But the annual congregation of paupers became in time a nuisance to the neighborhood, and in the last century a distribution of money to the poor of the parish was substituted for the dole of bread. Similar legends are told of many another ancient family, whose prosperity or existence is popularly believed to depend upon the possession of some relic or on the performance of some eleemosynary act. The famous green glass goblet called the Luck of Edenhall, in the possession of the Musgrave family of Eden Hall in Cumberland, will at once recur to the reader, familiar with the story either through the Duke of Wharton's ballad, or through Longfellow's translation of Uhland's pretty poem.

> "This glass of flashing crystal tall
> Gave to my sires the Fountain Sprite;
> She wrote in it: If this glass doth fall,
> Farewell, then, O Luck of Edenhall!"

All these poetic legends are gradually fading away in the light of modern criticism, and passing from the domain of history to the realm of poetry and

romance. The Luck of Edenhall, which probably served once as a chalice, may be smashed by the Musgraves without fear of the apocryphal Fountain Sprite, who would have shuddered to even touch it if she had known of its previous sacred use; and the Tichbourne Crawls may be devoted to any useful purpose or even alienated by the family without fear of sudden judgment of heaven, for it probably derived its name from the crows (Saxon, crawan), which are still to be seen by thousands along the roads.

About two miles from Winchester we passed over Magdalen Hill, so called from a chapel dedicated to Mary Magdalen which once stood there. It is sometimes called also Morning Hill, probably a corruption of its original name. From its highest point we had an extensive view over many miles of country, from the Isle of Wight on the one hand to the Berkshire hills on the other, while before us lay the green valley of the Itchen, with a fringe of wooded heights dotted with farm-houses along its borders. This beautiful valley begins at Ropley Dean, between Alton and Alresford, and extends about twenty-five miles to near Southampton, being shut in on each side by low chalk hills. At the site of Winchester, two of the largest of these hills jut forward, so as to narrow it perceptibly, and the city is built mostly on the slope of the one on the right bank of the stream, though a portion of it is on the opposite slope across the river. In going into the city, therefore, either from the east or west, it is

necessary to descend a long hill. Against modern engines of war the site is wholly indefensible, but those who selected it as a royal seat did not anticipate the invention of gunpowder.

After descending into the valley a short drive

through the suburbs brought us across the river and into the High Street, a quaint old avenue still bearing traces of antiquity in many gabled buildings and overhanging houses, past the new Town Hall and renovated ancient Market Cross, to the George

Inn, a hostelry not quite as old as the city, but boasting at least four centuries of usefulness, and looking as if it were good for as many more. Thanks to the telegraph, our coming was expected, and we were welcomed by the host with a cordiality which made us feel at home at once.

CHAPTER V.

Winchester.

A City with a History—Alfred the Great—Domesday Book —Cathedral of a thousand Years—St. Swithin—Greedy Bishop Walkelyn—William of Wykeham—Cardinal Beaufort—Tomb of William Rufus—Royal Bones—Massacre of the Innocents—Tidal Myth—Izaak Walton.

WINCHESTER is in many respects the most interesting city of England, its beginnings reaching far back into the shadowy past, before England had a history or even a name. Setting aside the stories of the monkish chroniclers as not proven, even when not intrinsically improbable, it seems pretty certain that the city was brought under subjection to Rome by Vespasian in the first century of the Christian era. The conquerors, who found it in possession of a tribe of the Belgæ, called it Venta Belgarum, Venta of the Belgæ, to distinguish it from other Ventas. The Saxons made this into Wintanceaster (Venta Castra), which has gradually softened into its present form. In mediæval times it was Latinized into Wincestria and Wintonia, of which the familiar Winton is an abbreviation.

The city has been the scene of so many important events that its annals are in some degree an epitome of the history of England. Passing over the Roman domination, of which but little is known, we find that in the sixth century of our era it fell into the hands of Cerdic the Saxon, whose blood has coursed in the veins of nearly every sovereign of England down to Queen Victoria; that in the seventh century it was the capital of the kings of Wessex; and that in its Minster, in 827, Egbert, King of Wessex, who united the Saxon heptarchy, was crowned monarch of the Englishmen. There ruled his successors Ethelwulf and his four sons, last and best of whom was Alfred, one of the few whom the world has chosen to call great, the real cementer of the kingdom which his grandfather had united, who gave England laws, a parliament, education; who left her as a legacy the noble sentiment, "It is just that the English should forever remain as free as their own thoughts," yet whose resting-place is unmarked by even a lettered stone, while every wretched Stuart is commemorated in bronze and marble. All that is mortal of him lies buried somewhere under the ruins of Hyde Abbey, in the meadows near the city, the walls of which form part of a stable-yard.

In Winchester, too, ruled the Saxon successors of Alfred, and later the Danish kings, among them Canute and Hardicanute. There in 1043 Edward the Confessor was crowned, and there, ten years later, died the great Earl Godwin, choked, it is said,

while feasting with the king at Easter. Edgitha, relict of Edward the Confessor, who held Winchester by his royal gift, submitted to William the Norman after Hastings, and William was crowned a second time in the cathedral. Here he established the chief mint, the treasury, and public archives, and here were deposited in 1086 the two great volumes of the Rotulus Wintoniensis, the Book of Winchester or Domesday Book, the survey of all England.

Under the Norman kings London gradually took precedence as the royal capital, but Winchester long retained its place as a favorite residence where the monarchs sought relaxation from cares of state. Its beautiful site in a fertile valley watered by translucent streams, within easy reach of great forests where thrived the red deer which, says the Saxon chronicler, William "loved as if he had been their father," made it a very paradise for the Conqueror and his family, who spent many months of the year there in the great palace. Two of his sons, Richard and William, met their death in the New Forest while hunting, and their bones still rest in the cathedral.

When Richard Cœur de Lion returned from the Holy Land and from captivity in Germany, he caused himself to be crowned a second time in Winchester Cathedral. Many of the other Norman kings were connected with the city in various ways. Henry III. was born there, and was therefore called Henry of Winchester; Henry IV. was married there

to Joan of Brittany; there bluff King Hal entertained the Emperor Charles V. for a week; there Bloody Mary was married to Philip of Spain, and there, in later times, Charles II., who equalled the Norman kings in his love for Winchester, planned a great palace which was to eclipse the splendors of Versailles.

Of course our first visit was to the Cathedral, which, with the exception of Westminster Abbey, is richer in associations with the past than any other ecclesiastical structure in England. Passing over its legendary history, of which the local guide-books are full, there can be little doubt that a Christian church existed on its site as early as the seventh century, or more than a thousand years ago. This was succeeded by a new cathedral, built and dedicated in 980 by Bishop Athelwold, the greatest ecclesiastical architect of England up to his time.

It was Athelwold who removed the relics of St. Swithin from their original resting-place without the cathedral, and provided a shrine for them within the new church. St. Swithin, the reputed tutor of Alfred the Great, was as humble as he was good, and, instead of building a splendid chapel within the cathedral to hold his mortal remains, as did many proud bishops after him, ordered his poor clay to be buried outside the walls. This humility met its due reward, for the shrine prepared by Athelwold is said to have been a magnificent structure of "plate, silver and gilt, garnished with precious stones." Athelwold doubtless thought he was doing God's service

in thus honoring Winchester's great patron, but the good saint himself, though he had been under the sod more than a hundred years, soon gave evidence that he had strenuous objections to the proposed change of residence, and delayed the removal of his bones by sending torrents of rain, lasting as many days as the original Flood, which gave rise to the saying:

> "St. Swithin's Day, if thou dost rain,
> For forty days it will remain,"

which Gay has put more elegantly in his "Trivia:"

> "How, if on Swithin's feast the welkin lours,
> And every penthouse streams with hasty showers,
> Twice twenty days shall clouds their fleeces drain,
> And wash the pavement with incessant rain."

Thus did St. Swithin become the pluvial saint of the English calendar. What a godsend his bones would be in a dry country! Unfortunately, like his famous shrine, which went into the melting-pots of that "Defender of the Faith," Henry VIII., his holy relics are forever lost—scattered to the winds of heaven by those godless men, the soldiers of the Parliament.

The third rebuilding of the cathedral took place in 1079–1093 under Bishop Walkelyn, who reconstructed it from its foundations. The oldest portions of the present building are attributable to him, and are therefore Norman and not Saxon, as some have claimed.

The Church annals relate how King William gave

Bishop Walkelyn permission to take for the construction of his cathedral all the timber he could cut in four days and nights in Hempage Wood, and how the good man collected an army of wood-cutters and removed the entire forest within the specified time. The monarch is said to have been very wroth when he heard how he had been overreached, but Bishop Walkelyn, like most prelates of his time, knew how to be humble when necessary, and mitigated his royal master's anger by a proper show of contrition.

Walkelyn's structure was enlarged and repaired by different incumbents of the See, but the most extensive alterations were made under the celebrated William of Wykeham, Lord High Chancellor of England under Edward III., whose exceptional architectural skill is still exemplified in Windsor Castle, reconstructed by him, and in the colleges which he founded at Oxford and at Winchester. Under his direction the greater part of the cathedral was transformed from the Norman to the Perpendicular style, and made much as we see it to-day.

The cathedral with its close, and the Episcopal Palace and its grounds, occupy nearly thirty-five acres. The north part of the precinct, commonly called Cathedral Yard, is a cemetery filled with moss-covered stones and slabs, through which is a fine avenue shaded by noble elms and limes. Externally, the cathedral is not very prepossessing, on account of its low square tower which rises only about thirty feet above the roof at the junction of the nave and transepts, and the long west roof which is unbroken

by pinnacle or turret. Its nave is longer than that of any other cathedral in England, its exterior length being five hundred and fifty-six feet, or twenty-six feet longer than York Minster.

The best view is obtained from the north-west, including the west front and the north side of the nave, which is not so plain as the south side, the latter having once been covered by cloisters, now removed. The west front, or main entrance, has a central door-way with a smaller one on each side, and above them a window filling the whole end of the nave, with a square-headed window in the pediment. The nave is flanked by two octagonal towers, supported by buttresses, and terminating in pinnacles; and above the gable is a third pinnacle containing a niche with a statue of William of Wykeham, said to have supplanted one of St. Swithin.

On entering at the west end, the view of the interior is very impressive, the eye taking in the whole of the nave as far as the east window, which is seen above the choir-screen and reredos. The height is enhanced by the fact that the great clustered columns rise directly from the floor unbroken by bands or rings. At first sight the architecture appears to be wholly Perpendicular, but the transepts are Norman, and intermediate styles are seen here and there. Both the nave and the transepts have aisles, the latter having also terminal aisles. The choir is under the tower, and back of it are the presbytery and the sacrarium with its splendid reredos, an elaborate specimen of Perpendicular work,

carved in a fine white stone. Over the high altar is Benjamin West's Raising of Lazarus, a sight of which is sufficient to cause his American brethren to wish that their countryman had been a better painter.

It would require a volume to describe the many chapels, chantries, and tombs of this most interesting of cathedrals, which seems to contain in sculptured stone something of nearly every century of England's history. And when we read of its greater splendor before it was despoiled of its riches by Henry VIII.—the gold and jewels of its high altar, its silver screens, its shrines and reliquaries garnished with precious stones, the gifts of kings and prelates through many centuries—and its later spoliation by the soldiers of the Parliament, who stripped it even of bronzes and funereal brasses, we are lost in wonder and admiration.

The most stately of the monuments are the chantries or mortuary chapels erected in memory of the great prelates who ministered in the cathedral. The one which attracted us most was that of William of Wykeham, in the south aisle of the nave, which is kept in repair by the two colleges which he founded. It is an open-work chapel of Perpendicular architecture, its pinnacles rising almost to the arch above. Within, upon a panelled altar tomb, lies the marble effigy of the bishop, with three kneeling monks at his feet.

As we looked upon his pallid face, we could not help thinking that the character of the man was well

illustrated in his ingenious answer to Edward III., who, priding himself on the magnificent restoration of Windsor Castle, his birthplace, was angry when it was reported to him that Wykeham had cut upon its walls, "Hoc fecit Wykeham." The wily priest, who had superintended the works at a weekly salary of seven shillings with three shillings for his clerk, replied that the inscription did not mean that he had made Windsor, but that Windsor had made him. This explanation seems to have satisfied the king, for the inscription was suffered to remain and is to be seen to this day on the Winchester Tower.

The chantry of Cardinal Beaufort, Wykeham's successor, who was the son of John of Gaunt and Catharine Swinford, and therefore brother to Henry IV., is another magnificent work, looking more like carved ivory than sculptured marble. This able and ambitious man, high in state as well as in church, the popular estimate of whose character is given by Shakespeare in "King Henry VI.," died in 1447.

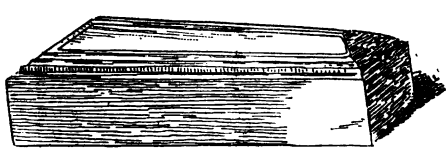
William Waynflete, his successor, founder of Magdalen College, Oxford, reposes under a still more magnificent canopy of marble, enriched with numerous pinnacles, niches, and sculptured details, on the opposite side of the retro-choir. His effigy, lying upon an altar tomb, represents him in full canonicals holding his heart between his hands.

The chantry of Bishop Fox, founder of Corpus Christi College, Oxford, and long prime minister of England, is also a splendid monument, with elaborate carving and tracery; but that of Stephen Gar-

diner, whose name will be remembered in the annals of persecution, is not so handsome. Back of the altar in the latter are emblematic figures, said to represent Justice and Mercy, looking down upon him who knew neither.

Between the Beaufort and Waynflete chantries is the tomb of Sir Arnald de Gaveston, who died in 1302. Upon it lies his marble effigy in surcoat and ringed armor, with a pointed shield, charged with his arms, suspended from his neck. The head lies upon a cushion, the right hand grasps the hilt of his sword, and the legs are crossed, the feet resting against a crouching lion.

Hard by it a slab of gray marble, raised about two feet above the floor, without inscription or ornament, marks the resting-place of William Rufus, son and successor of the Conqueror, the last English monarch buried in the cathedral. He was slain, August 1, 1100, while hunting in the New Forest, by an arrow said to have been shot by Walter Tyrrel, Lord of Foix, but whether by chance or design has never been decided. Charles Kingsley, in his "Red King," tells the story thus:



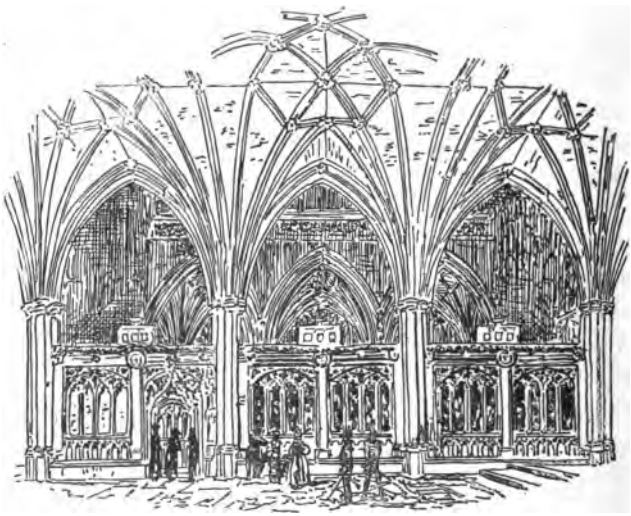
"Tyrrel he shot full light, God wot;
But whether the saints they swerved the shot,
Or whether by treason, men knowen not,
But under the arm, in a secret part,
The iron fled through the kinges heart.

The turf it squelched where the Red King fell;
And the fiends they carried his soul to hell,
Quod, 'His master's name it hath sped him well.'"

At Stoney Cross, not far from Lyndhurst, is still to be seen a monument called the Rufus Stone, erected in the last century by the first Earl of Delawarr, great-great-grandson of Baron Delawarr, Governor-General of Virginia and founder of our State of Delaware, on the site of the oak from which tradition says the arrow glanced. According to the common story, the body was carried into Winchester in a charcoal-burner's cart, and was interred under the great tower of Winchester Cathedral, "many looking on and few grieving." Seven years afterward, this tower, which had been built by Bishop Walkelyn, fell, an event regarded by all good people at the time as a judgment for burying in a sacred precinct the body of so profane a person as the Red King, who had died too unshriven. Notwithstanding this, the tomb was suffered to remain, the great tower being built above it on massive foundations, until 1868, when it was removed to its present site. The examination made at the time, which brought to light portions of a human skeleton with pieces of cloth of gold and other relics, left little doubt that it was really the tomb of the Conqueror's son and successor.

The verger called our attention to six mortuary chests, standing on the top of the side-screens around the presbytery, three on each side, which are said to contain the bones of several monarchs, the earli-

est being King Cynegils, who died in 641. Another, according to its inscription, holds the relics of Canute, of his Queen Emma, and of several bishops. These chests are said to have been violated in 1644 by the soldiers of the Parliament, who, having lost faith in royalty, scattered the bones and precious dust around the cathedral; but the local



guide-books, taking a praiseworthy pride in the integrity of the relics, make no mention of such profanation. One of them tells us, however, that the chest inscribed Edmund really contains five skulls and three or four thigh-bones, while the chest of Canute and Emma is full of thigh and leg bones, but has no skull at all. We are therefore forced to the conclusion either that Edmund had more than

the normal number of heads and that Canute and his queen had not even one head between them, or that the royalties in Winchester Cathedral, like most of the royal families of the present, have become very much "mixed." The chest inscribed with the names of Cynegils and Adulphus, however, are said to contain the proper number of skulls and leg-bones. What is still more satisfactory, a measurement of them show that these early Saxon kings were about the size of ordinary men of the present day. It is a consolation to know that, if we are blessed with fewer heads and legs than our ancestors, we have at least not retrograded in stature.

Mæcenas, who had listened with a critical air to the verger's account of the mortuary chests, remarked that it reminded him of a little story.

"A friend of mine," said he, "travelling in the Holy Land, was shown at Bethlehem a large heap of skulls and bones which a monk in charge gravely informed him were the relics of the children slain by Herod. The gentleman, who, though not as orthodox as some, had a considerable bump of curiosity, drew the monk aside and inquired earnestly,

"'Where did you get so many skulls?'

"The father turned his great eyes upon him with a look of surprise, and replied with some coolness in his tones,

"'I said, sir, they are the bones of the children slain by King Herod.'

"'O yes, we understand all that! But where did you get them?'

"The monk's face flushed red and muttering 'Heretic!' he turned upon his heel and abruptly left him. My friend's curiosity was never satisfied."

Some of the party laughed, but the verger only smiled sadly and pointed out the tomb of Hardicanute at the bottom of the screen, inviting our attention to the figure of a ship sculptured upon it.

"But this Canute," said one of the ladies, pointing to the name on the mortuary chest above, "was he really the monarch who sat on the beach and dared the sea to wet his feet?"

"The same," said the verger, his face brightening. "That took place down at Southampton, only twelve miles from here. When the king returned he 'ung his crown over the great gold crucifix studded with jewels which used to stand on the 'igh altar, where Mr. West's picture now 'angs."

"Do you really believe that story?" asked Phaeton, gravely.

"About the king settin' on the beach, sir? W'y not?"

"Dear me!" exclaimed Phaeton, rolling up his eyes in mock surprise. "To think of finding anybody in these days who does not recognize in this story of Canute a tidal myth similar to the solar myth which is still made to do duty in Switzerland as the story of Tell."

Antiquo, who had come up just in time to hear this, gave vent to his astonishment in a low whistle, but catching Phaeton's eye desisted from making any remark.

"Perhaps you are a Hamerican, sir, and don't like kings?" queried the verger with a puzzled look.

"Heaven forefend!" cried Phaeton. "'Take any shape but that!' There are several Americans here, but this gentleman" (pointing to Mæcenas) "is the only Simon Pure one."

"And one not ashamed to say that he does not like kings," replied Mæcenas. "Is there not, in all this assemblage of the dead, the resting-place of some good man who had to go to heaven to win his crown—some man of the people who deserved well of his fellow-men?"

"Perhaps," said the verger after a moment's reflection, "you would like to see the tomb of Izaak Walton."

"Izaak Walton! Did I forget that the prince of anglers and king of good fellows was buried in Winchester Church? If I had neglected to do homage at this tomb I should never have forgiven myself."

The verger silently led the way to the south transept, where, within a small apartment called

Prior Silkstede's Chapel, he pointed to a plain stone slab in the floor.

The prince of fishermen lies alone in this little chapel, where he has usurped the place of Prior Silkstede, whose remains, removed at some unknown time, now lie in the retro-choir, near the tomb of Sir Arnald de Gaveston. He who loved quiet and retirement in life has not been denied it in death.

We gathered around his tomb reverently, and read in silence the well-known inscription:

Here resteth the body of
Mr. Izaak Walton,
Who dyed the 15th of December,
1683.

Alas! He's gone before,
Gone, to returne noe more.
Our panting Breasts aspire,
After their aged Sire,
Whose well-spent life did last
Full ninety years and past.
But now he hath begun
That which will nere be done,
Crown'd with eternall Blisse,
We wish our Souls with his.
Votis modestis sic flerunt liberi.

CHAPTER VI.

Winchester to Hursley.

Wykeham's College—Trusty Servant—Wooden Trenchers and Black Jacks—Scholars and Commoners—Wolvesey Castle—Palace of Charles II.—King Arthur's Round Table—Holy Cross Beer—West Gate—Keble and the Christian Year—Tombs of the Cromwells.

ON Wednesday morning the Seer invited us to accompany him in a visit to Winchester College, or, more properly, the College of St. Mary Winton, the oldest foundation school in England. To visit this famous seat of learning under such auspices was an opportunity not to be missed, although we were obliged to forego in consequence the pleasure of inspecting several other places of historical interest, in which Winchester is so rich. The Seer, who, as well as his father, the famous Master of Rugby, was a Wykehamist, and therefore familiar with every inch of the ground, rapidly led us by the most direct course to the main entrance in College Street.

The buildings are substantially as they were left by their great founder, who laid the first stone just five hundred years ago (1387). They are arranged

around a quadrangle of about a hundred and fifteen feet square, with an outer court sixty feet square between them and the street on the north. The few alterations of the original structure have been rendered necessary by the changes in domestic economy since Wykeham's time.

The outer court is entered through a pointed archway, immediately opposite which is a similar archway, with niches above containing figures of the Virgin, the Angel Gabriel, and William of Wykeham, giving access to the quadrangle. Around three sides of this are two-story buildings with square-headed windows, and on the other or south side is the chapel, adjoining which are cloisters and an oratory, the latter of more modern construction. On the west side are the kitchen and other domestic

offices, in the entrance to which is the well-known portrait of The Trusty Servant. The picture, which, though bearing evidences of repainting, probably dates from at least the middle of the sixteenth century, represents a figure in a close-buttoned blue vest, with the head of a pig, the ears of an ass, and the feet of a deer · his mouth fastened with a pad-

lock, his right hand held up open, his left hand filled with kitchen utensils, a shield on his left arm, and a sword by his side. Underneath is an inscription in Latin, with an English translation as follows:

"A trusty servant's portrait would you see,
This emblematic figure well survey.
The porker's snout not nice in diet shows ;
The padlock shut, no secret he'll disclose ;
Patient, the ass, his master's rage will bear ;
Swiftness in errand the stag's feet declare ;
Loaden, his left hand apt to labour saith ;
The vest, his neatness, open hand, his faith ;
Girt with his sword, his shield upon his arm,
Himself and master he'll protect from harm."

Near the kitchen is a pump marking the site of the ancient lavatory, where the boys used to wash themselves in all seasons, but washing accommodations are now provided in the chambers. The latter, once simple stone cells with bundles of straw for beds, are now floored and well though simply furnished, each boy having a bed to himself.

The great refectory, reached by a stone stairway, is a noble stone hall, about sixty by thirty feet, wainscoted with oak, and with a groined oak ceiling. It is lighted by Perpendicular windows with stained glass, and has at its upper end a raised dais, for the use of the wardens, masters, and other privileged persons on great occasions. The massive oak tables, at which the boys sit on long benches, are ranged on each side, lengthwise. At the lower end is the buttery, separated by a screen, in front of which is a receptacle, called the "tub," into which is thrown broken meat for the poor. The Seer called our attention to the flat trenchers of beech wood, about eight inches square and an inch thick, used as plates from Wykeham's time until lately, when crockery was substituted, and the great leathern black jacks, each of about a gallon's capacity, in which the beer was served.

From the refectory we went to the chapel, a fine Perpendicular structure, ninety by thirty feet, with a vaulted ceiling sixty feet high, lighted by beautiful stained-glass windows. A spiral stair on the north side leads up to the muniment-room, where, in oaken presses, are preserved the ancient rolls and

charters belonging to the college and relics of the founder. In the ante-chapel, separated from the west end of the chapel proper by a screen, are many brasses and mural monuments, among which a brass in memory of John Morys, the first warden, who died in 1413, is conspicuous. Of the monuments the most striking is that erected to the graduates of the college who fell in the Crimean War.

The cloisters, which adjoin the chapel on the south, also contain many interesting brasses and monuments, not a few of them of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. In the middle of the cloisters is the library, in what was formerly a chapel. Though small it possesses many literary treasures, such as rare Saxon manuscripts and priceless incunabula, and historical relics, among them Wykeham's finger-ring and a curious roll of his household expenses.

The school-room, the last visited, is a comparatively modern brick building west of the cloisters, erected in 1687. Over the door is a bronze statue of William of Wykeham, by the sculptor Cibber, father of the better-known Colley Cibber. Though the school was in session, we were received with great affability by the masters, who recognized in the Seer a Wykehamist whom the college is proud to own.

The great hall is about ninety by thirty-six feet, wainscoted half way up its walls, and lighted by six large windows on the north side, in the middle of which is also the entrance. Opposite the entrance

is a book-case, with the seat of the head master on the right and that of the second master on the left. The lower masters are seated on the north side. Four rows of benches extend the whole length of the room, except in front of the entrance.

South of the school-room is the college meadow or playground, and west of it is a second meadow in which is the infirmary. There are other modern buildings connected with the college, such as the quadrangles called Commoners, containing the residence of the head master and of scholars not on the foundation, who have a separate playground, but they were of too late a date to offer attractions to us, who were not yet so surfeited with antiquity as to see anything to admire in structures less than five centuries old.

St. Mary's College was intended by Wykeham as a preparatory school for New College, Oxford, which he had founded in 1386. The society originally consisted of a warden and ten priests as fellows, representing the Apostles (Judas being omitted); a head master, a second master, and seventy scholars representing the seventy-two disciples (according to the Vulgate); three chaplains and three clerks, for the six faithful deacons, and sixteen choristers, for the four greater and twelve minor prophets. Under a statute passed by Parliament in 1857 the government, which up to that time had been in as strict conformity to Wykeham's rules as was possible with the change of religion, was modified in some respects, the fellows being reduced to six and the

scholars increased to one hundred. Scholars are admissible between the ages of ten and fourteen, on an examination in elementary religious knowledge, English dictation, arithmetic, Latin composition, and construing and parsing Greek and Latin. They are divided into six classes, and rise from one to another according to their proficiency. The commoners pursue a similar course, but they are not subject to such strict regulations as the scholars.

East of the Cathedral Close is Wolvesey, where formerly stood the Bishop's Palace, of which but a wing remains. The ruins of Wolvesey Castle, built by Bishop Henry de Blois in 1138, out of materials from an earlier palace erected on the site by William the Conqueror, are picturesque, the walls of the keep and part of the outer walls being still nearly perfect.

This must not be confounded with the ancient castle of the Norman kings which stood in the south-west angle of the city, on the site now occupied by the great building called the Barracks, formerly known as the King's House. Even in the time of Elizabeth this had so fallen to decay that it was little more than a great mound covered with ruined walls and towers. In 1682, the Corporation of Winchester conveyed the site to Charles II., who formed, under the direction of Sir Christopher Wren, a plan for the erection of a magnificent palace to eclipse that at Versailles. The monarch lived to complete only the central part, which, after various vicissitudes, was converted in 1796 into barracks.

Of the original Norman castle there remains only the great hall, a noble room a hundred and eleven feet long by fifty-six feet wide, divided into a nave and aisles by two rows of clustered columns, four on each side. The hall is now occupied by the County Courts, and beneath are cells for prisoners. Suspended against the east wall, beneath the window, is the famous King Arthur's Round Table, whose claims to a venerable antiquity every Winchester man feels bound to uphold. It is a massive circle made of stout oak plank eighteen feet in diameter, painted in its present style in 1522, when Henry VIII. entertained at Winchester the Emperor Charles V. In the centre is a red and white Tudor rose, from which radiate twenty-five compartments painted alternately green and white, and bearing at the end of each the name of one of the Knights of the Round Table. In the uppermost of these compartments is painted a canopied niche, in which sits the "blameless king," bearing the orb and sword, as shown in the illustration at the beginning of the chapter. According to Milnor, the table is perforated with many bullets shot by Cromwell's soldiers.

As our drive for Wednesday, from Winchester to Salisbury, via Hursley and Romsey, was a short stage of but eighteen miles, it was suggested that we make a detour to visit the famous Hospital of Holy Cross, which has existed on its present site since the twelfth century. Founded by Bishop Henry de Blois, it was originally intended for the reception of "thirteen poor impotent men," who were to be clothed

and properly cared for forever, another being taken in as soon as one of the number had sufficiently recovered his strength as to be "dismissed with decency and respect." In addition, a hundred other poor men were to be fed every day at dinner, and a dole of bread and beer was to be given to all wayfarers who might demand it. Although some changes necessarily have been made in the centuries which have passed, the charity is managed substantially as its generous founder intended. The thirteen brethren, clad in long black gowns with a silver cross on the left shoulder, of which each receives a new one at Christmas, still sit in the shade of the ancient walls, and the bread and beer are still doled out to all who demand it.

Our intentions to test the brewage of Holy Cross were, through a misapprehension of its site, unfortunately frustrated, to the great regret of all of us and to none more than to the Chronicler, who holds with Polydore Vergil that beer is on occasion a "*potus tum salubris tum jucundus*"—a beverage as healthful as it is pleasant. However, it could not be helped, for we had passed through the West Gate and were half way up the steep hill on the road to Hursley before we discovered our error.

The West Gate, at the west end of High Street, the principal thoroughfare of Winchester, is the only one of the four gates of the old city which has been preserved. It is supposed to date from the time of Henry III., but it probably occupies the site of a much older structure. It is a square Norman tower,

pierced by two arches, a central one for carriages and a narrower one on the north side for pedestrians. The gate has long since disappeared, but the grooves of the portcullis are still to be seen. Half way up

are two square panels, in which are emblazoned the arms of England and of Winchester.

A drive of five miles brought us to Hursley—anciently Merton or Merdon and the site of Merdon Castle, built by Henry de Blois, of which but scant

remains are left. We were chiefly interested in the exquisite parish church, which, embowered in trees and surrounded by the tombs of centuries of worshippers, stands close by the roadside in this peaceful English village. It was a labor of love of the Rev. John Keble, its late vicar, for many years professor of poetry at Oxford, but best known to the Christian world as author of "The Christian Year," a work which, though published at first anonymously, met with a phenomenal success. Within twenty-five years more than one hundred thousand copies had been printed, and shortly after his death in 1866, the hundredth edition was reached, with a total circulation of more than half a million copies. Keble retained the copyright and with the proceeds of the sales replaced in 1848 the ancient brick church by the present stone edifice, said to be one of the most beautiful in the kingdom.

The Seer, who visited this place with feelings somewhat akin to those of the pilgrim to some holy shrine, for he too has wooed the Muse of Poetry and has sat in the same seat at Oxford so long occupied by Keble, led us to his tomb. He and his wife lie side by side in the ancient churchyard, not far from the gate-way leading to a walled enclosure behind the church, where, surrounded by the greenest of well-trimmed lawns and embowered in shrubbery, stands the many-gabled vicarage, so long his home. A place more conducive to poetic thought or saintly meditation could scarcely be imagined; but the silence of its shaded walks was oppressive,

and we were glad to get into the sunshine once more.

Within the church there is also a brass to Keble's memory. A mural monument, dated 1559, marks the resting-place of "Worthy Sternhold's Wife." Thomas Sternhold, who died ten years previous, was Groom of the Robes to Henry VIII. and Edward VI., but is best known by his metrical translation of the Psalms, first printed under the title: "All such Psalms of David as Thomas Sternholde, late Groom of the Kinges Majestyes Robes, did in his lyfe-tyme drawe into Englyshe Metre." This, afterwards reprinted with additions by John Hopkins and known as Sternhold and Hopkins version, was annexed to the Book of Common Prayer and used in the churches until superseded by the version of Tate and Brady, published in 1696. Sternhold himself was buried at Slackstead, two miles west of Hursley, whither his wife came through a second marriage.

In the chancel is a marble tablet "erected to the memory of Mrs. Elizabeth Cromwell, Spinster (by Mr. Richard Cromwell and Thomas Cromwell, her Executors). She died ye 8th Day of April, 1731, in ye 82d year of her Age, and lyes Interred near this Place: She was ye Daughter of Richard Cromwell, Esq., by Dorothy his Wife, who was ye daughter of Richard Major, Esqr. And the following Account of her Family (all of whom, except Mrs. Ann Gibson, lye in this Chancel) is given according to her desire."

Then follows an account of the burials of Richard Cromwell, his wife and children, and several members of the Major family, in all thirteen persons.

Hursley House, in a beautiful wooded park near the church, stands on the site of the old manor house, the home of Richard Cromwell, son and successor of Oliver, which was pulled down, it is said, by the present possessors for the not very commendable reason that the "house which had sheltered a Cromwell was no fit habitation for an honest man." Richard Cromwell obtained the estate in 1649, the year of the king's execution, by marriage with Dorothy, heiress of the Major family. His wife died and was buried there in 1676, and he also was buried there in 1712, his body being taken thither from St. Theobalds, where he died. It is interesting to note that in the church register he is called at the time of his marriage "the right worshipfull Richard Cromwell, Esq."; in 1653, in the record of the birth of his daughter Mary, "the right hon^{ble} the Lord Richard Cromwell"; in 1659, in the record of the birth of his daughter Anne, "His Highness Richard, Lord Protector of the Commonwealth of England, Scotland, and Ireland"; and in 1712, when his remains were interred beside those of his numerous family, plain "Richard Cromwell, Esq."

CHAPTER VII.

Romsey to Salisbury.

Romsey Abbey—Good Queen Maud—Under Barley Ricks—Banks of the Test—American Pertinacity—Ancient Crucifix—Salisbury Cathedral—Tomb of William Longespée—Boy Bishop—Soldier of Bosworth Field—St. Osmund—Sidney's Sister, Pembroke's Mother—Philosophy of Democritus, Jr.

IN driving from Hursley to Romsey we passed through a flat but picturesque country, diversified with woods and beautiful hedges. The little church at Amfield occupies a very pretty site, surrounded, like that at Hursley, by a cemetery. Romsey, which we reached soon after, lies among green meadows on the banks of the Test. The town is probably much older than the Conquest, but it is best known as the site of Romsey Abbey, founded, it is said, by King Edward the Elder in the tenth century, for Benedictine nuns. The first abbesses, if the early chroniclers tell the truth, were of royal lineage, which, as they were also of unexceptionable piety and morals, won for them the aureole of saintship when they resigned their trust. Most noted among the inmates was

Matilda, or Maud, daughter of Malcolm, King of Scots, who is said to have assumed the nun's habit to escape the importunities of suitors; but, like many another of her sex, she changed her mind when the right man appeared, and doffed the monastic garb to put on royal robes as queen to Henry I. Though she died eighteen years after ward, she lived long enough to win the title of Good Queen Maud.

But all the nuns of Romsey were not as spotless in character as she, and more than once did the bishop of the diocese find it necessary to inquire into their improprieties. In the beginning of the fourteenth century one of the abbesses was removed by poison, and in the beginning of the sixteenth the lives of the inmates had become so lax morally as to provoke the censure of Bishop Fox. When the last abbess surrendered the property to the royal commissioners in 1539, it sufficed for the maintenance of a hundred nuns. The king granted the abbey lands to favorites and the church was sold for the use of the people of Romsey. The buildings gradually fell into ruin, and now few remains, save the conventual church and fragments of walls, are left to tell of the abbey's ancient splendor.

We drove on through the town and past the church, though with no intention of leaving so interesting and venerable a structure unvisited, in search of a suitable place for our open-air luncheon, which we had already begun to look forward to each day with pleasurable anticipations. A short half

mile brought us to an ideal site, in a meadow beside a brook. Under the shade of some barley ricks, beside a beautiful pink hawthorn which hung its clusters over the water, the ladies spread the table, Bleistift and Osman decorating it with fresh plucked flowers, while Phaeton, in his capacity of butler, sought an appropriate place in the brook to cool the bottles, or rather what was in them. Meanwhile the coach went back to seek the nearest inn where the horses could be baited, and Mæcenas, the Seer, and the Chronicler, settled themselves on the fragrant straw, awaiting the summons to break their fast. The alacrity with which all sprang to their seats around the cloth when the preparations were at last brought to an end and luncheon was announced was wonderful. The cool bracing air of the morning had more than sharpened the appetites of the party and there were few fragments left to give away when the feast was ended. That was one of the most enjoyable of all the luncheons of the trip. Each guest seemed in good humor with himself and with all the world, and a merry hour was passed enlivened with story, jest, and repartee, to say nothing of an occasional snatch of song contributed by one whose spirits were overflowing. The Seer took good naturedly some sharp raillery concerning his opinion of American Philistinism, but when he was begged to tell what he knew about Obermann, he threw up his hands in deprecation, amid the merry shouts of the whole party, and proposed a walk across the fields.

Following the course of the brook through a clover field we found that it lost itself, but a few hundred yards away, in the Test, one of the prettiest rivers in England, and famous, like the Itchin, for its trout. Its banks have been a favorite haunt of Izaak Walton, of Cotton, and all the great army of anglers who have thrown the fly since their time.

Just as we reached the river-bank a man was passing up stream in a row-boat. To our inquiry whether we could reach the Abbey Church by following the bank of the river, he replied that we could do so were it not for several thick hedges which separated the fields. If we were on the opposite bank we could easily follow that side down, and if we wished to cross his boat was at our disposal. The other bank was green and shady and looked very inviting, but as the ladies had been left behind at the luncheon place the offer was politely declined. The man informed us that the part of the Test where we happened to be was controlled by a company owning a paper mill below, but that above, at Broadlands, the seat of the late Lord Palmerston, it was private property and the fishing preserved. Broadlands, which was once part of the Abbey property, is now owned by the Right Hon. W. Cowper-Temple.

Notwithstanding the adverse report, Mæcenas and Bleistift, with true American pertinacity, determined to brave the hedges even at the risk of tearing their clothes; and Phaeton, who declared that he would never be outdone by either a Star-Spangled Scotch-

man or a Yankee, girded up his loins to follow them. The Seer and the Chronicler, deeming discretion the better part of valor in such a case, turned their backs upon the adventurous trio and returned for the ladies, who were found with Osman awaiting us to go to the town. A pleasant walk of a half mile brought us to the venerable Abbey Church, which

has been restored of late years to an extent surprising to some of the party, who had expected to see a crumbling ruin.

On entering its portal the first sight which greeted our eyes was the lost triad calmly listening to the remarks of a verger who was expatiating with considerable volubility on the beauties of the church and especially of the great family pew where Lord

Palmerston used to sit. To our anxious inquiries concerning the condition of their garments after crossing so many thorn hedges, they replied that they had seen no hedges worth speaking of.

"What, then, did the man mean by telling such a story?" inquired Osman.

"Go propound that conundrum to him," replied Mæcenas sententiously.

Romsey Abbey Church is one of the finest examples of Norman architecture extant in England, though portions of it, of later date than the original structure, are in Transition, Early English, and other styles. Its plan is a Latin cross, with a low tower rising from the intersection of the nave and transept. We noticed a few old tombs, memorials of the abbesses interred here, and a stone commemorative of Sir William Petty, ancestor of the Marquis of Lansdowne, who has lately supplemented it by an elaborate altar tomb. On the outer wall of the south transept, near the nun's door, is a curious sculptured crucifix in bass-relief. Cloisters are supposed to have extended formerly from this door to the nun's apartments in the rear of the church, but no traces of them are left.

From Romsey we drove due west through a well-cultivated country, via the little parish of Sherfield-English and Alderbury, where was held in 1164 the famous council which passed the Constitution of Clarendon—so celebrated in the struggle between Henry II. and Thomas à Becket. About a mile west of it is Longford Castle, the seat of the Earl of Radnor, especially noted for its valuable picture gallery. A short distance beyond Alderbury the graceful spire of Salisbury Cathedral came into view, rising high above the great elms which conceal its roof, and we kept it in sight nearly all the way until

we drove up to the hospitable door of the White Hart Inn.

Could we resist a hurried visit to the Cathedral before dinner? What we *might* have done if we had tried must remain forever unknown, for in less than thirty minutes after arrival the whole party, slipping out of the inn by twos and threes, had congregated under the great elms of the close, tracing with delighted eyes the graceful lines of nave and transept, of buttress, turret, and pinnacle, to their culmination in the unequalled spire whose cross rises more than four hundred feet above the pavement. How beautiful it looked; rising like a vision of the

past out of the very heart of the city, connecting the present with that far-off feudal time when its walls echoed to the clang of steel-clad knights who came to register their vows before going to fight for cross and sepulchre in Holy Land. Save the stately spire, the work of a few years later, it presents very nearly the same appearance to-day as when its last stone was laid in 1266, its lines a little rounded, its colors a little toned down by the sympathetic hand of Time, working through six centuries of storm and of sunshine, of winter's frost and summer's heat, one of the grandest, if not the grandest, legacy left us by the honest builders of old. Has any modern architect raised a monument to his fame comparable with it as a work of art—a work which will endure the criticism of six centuries hence as successfully as this best example of the Early English has done through its existence?

Unlike most of the other cathedrals of England, Salisbury has an accurate and connected historical record. It is remarkable, too, in being the construction of one age, a masterwork built after a regular and well-concerted design, instead of a conglomerate of dissimilar styles, the accretion of different periods. All its parts have a uniformity and a consistency which go to make up one harmonious whole in which, though the trained architectural eye may affect to detect a few shortcomings, the ordinary visitor can see nothing but grandeur and sublimity. The coaching party, at least, had only admiration for it as they walked around the close, viewing its

beauties from various points of vantage, and wishing they had more time to study it critically. But the lengthening shadows of the elms told us that the sun was far in the west, and as the gray and brown tints of the ancient structure grew mellower in the fading light, it suddenly occurred to some one of them that the Cathedral had an interior as well as an exterior which it might be worth our while to look at.

"Ah, yes," said the Seer with a sigh, as if sorry to have the spell broken. "We must hasten, or the doors will be closed."

An immediate assault was made on the main entrance, the great west door, but it resisted all our efforts. The side doors were no less inhospitable, and then it dawned upon us that we were actually shut out. The doors had been locked for the night.

"Shut up at six," said a ruddy-cheeked boy who went whistling through the close. "Much as half-past now."

It was too true. We had spent a good half-hour wandering round the exterior when we ought to have been inside.

"Where does the verger live?" asked Mæcenas of the urchin.

"Over there somewhere," pointing with his stubby brown finger to the row of stone buildings along one side of the close. "But he won't open it again."

This seemed a damper to further efforts, but all followed Mæcenas who led the way across the green

to a pretty vine-covered cottage. His summons brought to the door a pale gentlemanly-looking man, whom some of the party took for a vicar at least and whisperingly suggested the impropriety of offering a fee to such a person. He had evidently just left the supper-table, but he responded with alacrity to the suggestion that he should show the cathedral, and in a few minutes he had procured the keys and admitted us within the hallowed precincts.

Our visit at that hour of the day was well worth paying for. The golden slanting rays of the setting sun lent a dim religious light to the interior, which rendered it far more solemn than it could possibly be under the glare of day. The great clustered columns of Purbeck marble were in deep shadow on one side, while on the other their polished surfaces and the beautiful triforium above them were flooded with the mellow beams from the lancet windows of the clerestory. In the olden time, when all the windows now filled with plain glass possessed the additional attraction of painted glass, offering strong contrasts of color with the subdued tints of the freestone and marble, it is not difficult to imagine that this grand nave was yet grander than it is to-day.

The Reformers have the credit or discredit of the destruction of much of the ancient stained glass, but it is pretty certain that far more damage was done by the so-called restorations of the architect James Wyatt, who seems to have had carte blanche to work his own sweet will in the building about the end of the last century. A judicious restoration

has been made since 1863, after the designs of the late Sir G. Gilbert Scott, who fortunately was able to undo much of Wyatt's work, and to restore to their former places the altar, screens, and tombs which his mistaken judgment, or rather want of judgment, had displaced. The discolored whitewash which had long disfigured walls and vaults has been removed, the thirteenth century paintings of the ceilings carefully reproduced, the marble shafts and piers repaired and polished, the pavements relaid with encaustic tiles and varied marbles, the ancient stalls renovated—and indeed everything done to rehabilitate as far as possible the former glories of the edifice. More than £70,000 have been expended upon this work, and Salisbury Cathedral may now vie in splendor with any similar structure in England, and is, let us hope, good for another six centuries of existence.

The verger called our attention to the fact that some of the piers were out of plumb, especially on the south side, and showed us where perpendicular arches had been inserted in the transepts as a counter-thrust against the pressure of the central tower. This tower and its superincumbent spire is supported on four pillars "like a table on its four legs," as Sir Christopher Wren said. He noted in 1668 that the western piers had sunk a little, and calculated that the tower and spire had declined 27½ inches south and 17½ west. In 1737 another examination showed the inclination to be 22⅜ inches to the south-west. A third investigation, made in 1858,

on the six hundredth anniversary of the dedication of the building, proved that there has been no further declination, so that this noble spire may be regarded as safe under all ordinary conditions.

Salisbury Cathedral has been described so many times by more competent hands that the Chronicler will not presume to add to the long list. Suffice it to say that the coaching party passed a delightful hour in wandering through nave and aisles and transepts, through choir and lady chapel, and finally into the cloisters, whose beautiful arcades look out through double arches upon the bright green of the cloister-garth, where two darker-tinted cedars shade the tomb of Bishop Denison, who died ere the grand work of restoration, which he inaugurated, was fairly begun. Opening from the cloisters on the east is the Chapter House, an octagonal structure, its roof supported by a single pillar, whence springs the groining of the ceiling. This, too, has been thoroughly restored, and is now a faithful reproduction of the splendors of mediæval art.

Salisbury is not so rich in sepulchral art as some of the older cathedrals, but it contains a few monuments which merit a passing notice. One of the most interesting is the tomb of William Longespée, son of King Henry II. and Fair Rosamond Clifford, who became Earl of Salisbury through his marriage with the Countess Ela, daughter and inheritrix of William de Montacute, Earl of Salisbury, a union brought about by his half-brother Richard I., Cœur de Lion. Upon it, sculptured in gray marble, lies

his effigy, in chain mail and surcoat, a sword by his side, and on his left arm a shield bearing six lions rampant, a blazon first assumed by his grandfather, Geoffrey Plantagenet, Count of Anjou, and extremely interesting as one of the earliest of heraldic bearings. (See initial letter, Chapter VII.) This "son, brother, and uncle of kings," who was prominent in the troubled reigns of John and of Henry III., died at his castle of Sarum in 1226, and was duly borne for burial to the new cathedral, one of the foundation-stones of which he had himself laid but six years before. He departed in the full odor of sanctity, we learn from Matthew Paris, who tells us that, though the body was carried the long mile from the castle to the church through showers of rain and storms of wind, the wax candles remained miraculously lighted, manifesting that the Earl was then "numbered with the sons of light."

Not far from the tomb of the good Earl of Salisbury, on the opposite side of the nave, lies another mailed effigy in marble, supposed to be that of William Longespée, his son, who, though commonly called also Earl of Salisbury, could not legally bear the title, which was vested, according to feudal law, in his mother, the Countess Ela. He was one of the most famous of the Crusaders and took part in two expeditions to Palestine, in the last of which he was slain with the Comte d'Artois and many other brave nobles at the storming of Mansoura in Egypt, where St. Louis fell into the hands of the Saracens. His remains were afterward recovered and buried in

the Church of the Holy Cross at Acre, so that the memorial at Salisbury, if his, is only a cenotaph. The effigy is in chain mail, with a surcoat and shield; his hand is on the hilt of a broadsword, and his legs are crossed, as usual in effigies of Crusaders. (See initial letter, Chapter VIII.)

Next to it is a curious monument commonly called that of the Boy Bishop. It is apparently the effigy of a child, about three feet long, in the robes and mitre of a bishop, the pastoral staff in the left hand and the right raised in benediction. It receives its name from the custom which once prevailed of children educated by the church choosing on St. Nicholas's Day a bishop from their number, who acted in mock ceremony and performed in the church the functions of the actual bishop. But it is a question with antiquaries whether it may not be the memorial of a real bishop, like that of Athelmar at Winchester, which is equally diminutive and was erected to show where his heart had been interred. However this may be, it is an object of great curiosity, and has been covered with an iron grating, presumably for protection against relic hunters.

Beyond it is the tomb of Sir John de Montacute or Montague (Mons acutus and Mont aigu being synonymous appellations), a soldier of Cressy. He was a younger son of William de Montacute, first Earl of Salisbury of that name. His effigy is in mail and chain armor with highly ornamented girdle and gauntlets, the head resting on a helmet and the feet on a lion. Opposite is the monument of

Robert, Lord Hungerford, who died peacefully in 1459 after long service in the wars in France, with his effigy in alabaster in complete plate armor of the fifteenth century.

Another interesting military tomb is that of Sir John Cheyney, standard-bearer of Henry of Richmond at Bosworth Field. In the final rush of the battle, Sir John was unhorsed by King Richard, who was soon after overpowered by numbers and slain. The effigy of the knight, who is said to have been of great stature, is carved in alabaster and has around the neck a collar of SS with the portcullis badge of Henry VII. appended to it. He recovered from the effects of King Richard's blow and lived nearly a quarter of a century afterward, throughout the reign of him whom he aided to make king. When Wyatt removed the tomb from the Beauchamp Chapel to its present site, his skeleton, which was found entire, justified the tradition of his great size and strength. His thigh-bone measured twenty-one inches, or nearly three inches longer than the ordinary standard.

In the Lady Chapel is a fractured slab, bearing the date MXCIX in Roman numerals, which is supposed to have covered the tomb of Osmund, nephew of William the Conqueror, soldier, bishop, and saint, whose remains were brought from the cathedral at Old Sarum, which he had built, and deposited in the new cathedral soon after its foundation.

Many other godly bishops and goodly knights, men of peace and men of war, men of the pen and

men of the sword, nobles and commoners, saints and sinners, are gathered together under this magnificent roof, the resting-places of some decorated with all the splendor of the sculptor's art, of others marked simply by lettered brass or tablet. Strange to say, among those undistinguished by any sculptured memorial are about a dozen earls and countesses of Pembroke, not the least of whom is "Sidney's sister, Pembroke's mother." Nor should we forget to mention, in this connection, a slab to the memory of Richard Hooker, who was a prebendary of this cathedral, and whose life was written by our old friend Izaak Walton.

We lingered in the cathedral aisles until the twilight had nearly darkened into night, when we went back through the silent streets to the inn. The White Hart was aglow with gas-light as we entered, and none of us were sorry to hear that dinner was waiting. Will any of the company ever forget that dinner—the last dinner of the original coaching party? The announcement that the Seer and the ladies de Cobham, recalled to London by social duties, would be obliged to leave on the ten o'clock train was saddening enough to afflict us all with melancholia; and it did affect several of the gentlemen more seriously than they were willing to acknowledge. Phaeton was observed to wipe his spectacles furtively more than once. Bleistift's rotund countenance gradually lengthened as he began to realize what the news really meant for him, and when some simple mementos of the journey were

presented to each at the close of the festivities by one of the departing guests, he fairly broke down when his was handed to him and buried his face in his sketch-book to hide his emotion. Mæcenas, who never "wears his heart upon his sleeve," was the only one who had sufficient command of himself to make a reply fitting the occasion. As he spoke in feeling terms of those about to leave us he alluded gracefully to those who had come to take their places, and we all drank a bumper to our new associates, Saxon and Saxona, who were thus duly initiated into the coaching mysteries.

"Many and sundry are the means," saith Democritus, Junior, "which philosophers and physicians have prescribed to exhilarate a sorrowful heart, * * * * but in my judgment none so present, none so powerful, none so apposite as a cup of strong drink, mirth, music, and merry company." To this judgment the Chronicler is fain to accede, provided that the strong drink be effervescent wine of champagne. If that be provided, *quantum suf.*, the mirth, music, and merry company are pretty sure to follow. And so it happened on the evening in question. The bumper which welcomed the new-comers dissipated the melancholy which had settled upon us like a pall on the departure of our earlier friends, and we were soon as merry as ever. Even Bleistift gradually forgot his heartache, and in an hour no one would have read in his beaming countenance that his life had ever been overshadowed by the black goddess.

CHAPTER VIII.

New and Old Sarum.

Salisbury Streets—Constable's Picture—Chippendale and Bric-à-brac—Old Sarum—Cobbett's Description—The Conqueror's Review—Value of Expeditious Prayers—Sword and Gown—A Rotten Borough—Arthur and Merlin—Queen Guinevere—Beggar's Opera—Vespasian's Camp.

THE unwelcome news that one of the horses had fallen ill during the night brought about a change in our plans and delayed a projected visit to Old Sarum and Stonehenge, which had been set down for the morning of Thursday. As it was necessary to give the animal a rest, a conveyance was hired to take us to those places in the afternoon, and the morning was devoted to sight-seeing in Salisbury. Divided into parties of twos and threes as chance or inclination prompted we went, as dear old Pepys did two hundred years before us, "up and down the town," and if we did not, like him, "find it a very brave place," we certainly found much to amuse and interest us. The old "George Inne," where he "lay in a silk bed and very good diet," but

found the charges so exorbitant that he was "mad," is still pointed out. The Poultry Cross, long used as a poultry and vegetable market, which dates from the fourteenth century but "restored" of late years almost beyond recognition, and the more ancient churches of St. Thomas, dedicated to St. Thomas à Becket, and St. Edmund are well worth a visit.

After "doing" the town with the thoroughness of old travellers, Mæcenas and the Chronicler found themselves drawn once more through the arched gateway into the Cathedral Close. Shut in by high stone walls, the spoil of Old Sarum, its lawns and gravelled paths overshadowed by great elms, offer a secure retreat from the noise and bustle of the city.

How quiet and peaceful it looked that bright June morning! Beautiful as the Cathedral had appeared in the twilight it was still more beautiful in the sunlight, which sought out and revealed its tier upon tier of pointed windows, its fretted pinnacles and delicate sculptures. We strolled up and down the shaded walks a good half-hour, viewing the spire from every point of vantage and watching the rooks as they circled it in noisy flight, and then walked down the street and across the stone bridge into the fields in search of the place chosen by Constable for his exquisite picture, where the brook is shown in the foreground. We had some little difficulty in selecting the site as the growth of the trees, to say nothing of man's encroachments along the banks of the stream, has materially changed the landscape. Whether we found the exact place whence he made his sketch is uncertain, but we were amply repaid by the new views obtained.

On looking into the Cathedral again on our return, we were surprised to find that all the others had preceded us—a striking illustration of the unanimity of the coaching party. The power which had attracted them the night before had again drawn them together to take a last look. As we walked thence to the White Hart to luncheon the several parties exchanged experiences, relating what had befallen each during the morning's stroll. Could the good people of Salisbury have listened to the comments of the strangers on their time-honored city, they would have derived from them consider-

able amusement if not instruction; but as they were not taken into confidence at the time the Chronicler does not feel it incumbent upon him at this late day to enlighten them. There can be no harm in saying, however, that, in the opinion of Phaeton and Bleistift, few other places in England can compare with it as an antiquarian storehouse; and the accounts which those two gentlemen gave of the number of pieces of Chippendale furniture, old china, and other bric-à-brac which they had ordered sent to London proved either that their estimate was a correct one or that their enthusiasm had led them into making many questionable purchases.

After an early luncheon we set out in a wagonette for Stonehenge, via Old Sarum and Amesbury. Old Sarum, the parent of Salisbury, lies about two miles north-west of the city, on the direct road to Amesbury. It is described in the guide-books as a "huge conical knoll," but to eyes accustomed to American scenery it is scarcely huge and it certainly bears now little resemblance to a cone. Cobbett's homely description of it is perhaps as good as any. "It was originally a hill in an irregular sort of sugar-loaf shape; but it was so altered by the Romans, or by somebody, that the upper three-quarter parts of the hill now, when seen from a distance, somewhat resemble three cheeses, laid one upon another; the bottom one a great deal broader than the next, and the top one like a Stilton cheese in proportion to a Gloucester one." This appearance is more striking from the valley of the Avon, on the north-west side,

where the hill, which geologically is a knoll of the lower flint-bearing chalk series, looks like a circular mound cut into three terraces, one above another.

As far back into the past as history can penetrate Old Sarum was a fortress, but what people first utilized its heights for purposes of defence is unknown. Some suppose it to have been a British stronghold; what is certain is that the Romans occupied and fortified it, probably in the reign of Claudius. It became their Sorbiodunum, and being an important military position, was connected with their principal cities by roads radiating from it. How much of its system of defences is due to the Romans is now difficult to determine, for the remains are unlike their usual form of castrametation, being circular or nearly elliptical, instead of quadrangular. In the opinion of the best archæologists, the greater part is of Saxon origin, and some of it at least as late as the time of Alfred, who repaired the fortifications. The entire hill is surrounded near its base by a double rampart of earth with a ditch between, the top of the inner one more than a hundred feet higher than the base of the outer one. In the centre of the area thus enclosed (about twenty-seven acres), rises another earthen rampart, also surrounded by a ditch; and within this, an area about five hundred feet in diameter, was the citadel. There were two entrances, one on the east, guarded by a horn-work, and a smaller one or postern on the west. The annular space between the rampart of the citadel and the outer walls and ditch, about three hun-

dred and seventy feet wide, was occupied by the city and the cathedral.

When the Saxons took possession of Sorbiodunum, about the middle of the sixth century, they called it Searbyrig (*scar*, dry, *byrig*, town), which is simply the Saxon equivalent of the Roman Sorbiodunum, formed from the Celtic *sorbis*, dry, and *dun*, a city or fortress. Through various euphonic changes Searbyrig became Seareberi, Saeresbyri, and finally Salisbury. Sarum is the contraction of Sorbiodunum, like Winton for Winchester and Barum for Barnstaple.

Though but few references are made to Old Sarum by the early chroniclers, there is little doubt that it was a royal fortress under the West-Saxon monarchs, and was frequently occupied by them. King Edgar held there a parliament, attended by all the nobles of his kingdom, to devise means of defence against the Danes, who, however, are said to have taken and burned it in 1003 under Sweyn. But an event of far greater political importance took place at Old Sarum under William the Conqueror, who, in 1086, held there a grand review of his army. At the same time all the nobles and landholders of the kingdom were required to surrender their lands to him and to receive them again upon a new tenure under conditions of military service, and to "swear on their fealty, and on the sacrament, that they will be faithful to King William, their lord, both within and without the realm of England, and everywhere, with all fidelity, to preserve his lands and

honors, and defend them against all enemies and foreigners." Thus did the wary, far-seeing Norman bind fast what he had won by the sword, and place his kingdom in a condition of defence.

Some time previous to this a cathedral church had been established in Old Sarum, of which Osmund, Lord of Say in Normandy and Earl of Dorset in England, was bishop under the Conqueror. He was an able and learned man, and the originator of the Sarum choir service, which was ultimately adopted in all the English cathedrals. He was succeeded in 1099 by Bishop Roger, who is said to have owed his elevation to his ability in reading his prayers expeditiously, from which some of our modern clergymen might derive a lesson. Roger, though not learned, was able and shrewd, and to his custody was committed the castle, which he strengthened, as well as the cathedral, which he embellished. Henry I. had such confidence in Bishop Roger that on his death he left him guardian of the realm until Maud, his daughter and heiress, should arrive from Anjou; but Roger betrayed his trust in the interest of Stephen of Blois. Stephen, too shrewd to put faith in him who had once been a traitor, deposed him and gave Sarum into the custody of Patrick de Evereux or Devereux, who was raised to the peerage as Earl of Salisbury.

During the war between Stephen and Maud, Old Sarum was sometimes in the possession of one party and sometimes of the other; and, says Holinshead, "the souldiors of the castell and chanons of Old

Sarum fell at ods, inso-much that after often bralles they fell at last to sad blowes." During rogation week, while the ecclesiastics were having a solemn procession, a controversy arose about their right to use certain walks, and the castellans seized the opportunity to close the gates upon their troublesome neighbors. "Hereupon the people missing their bellie-cheare (for they were wont to have banketing at everie station, a thing commonly practised by the religious in old time, where with to linke in the commons unto them, whom anie man may lead whither he will by the bellie, or as Latimer said, with beefe, bread, and beere) they conceived forthwith a deadlie hatred against the castellans. But not being able to cope with them by force of armes, they consulted with Richard Pore their bishop, and he with them so effectuallie, that it was not long yer they, I meane the chanons, began a new church upon a peece of their owne ground called Mirifield, pretending to serve God there in better safetie, and with far more quietnesse than they could doo before."

To these disturbances, added to the bleakness of the site and the want of water, the present city of Salisbury or New Sarum owes its foundation. Pope Honorius gave permission to transfer the see to a more suitable site, and in 1220 the first stone of the present cathedral was laid in the meadows on the banks of the Avon. This proved the death-blow to the old city and castle. A new town sprung up around the new cathedral, and Old Sarum gradually

fell into ruin. Even its stones were in time carted away to build up its rival, and to-day not a single habitation or sign of a habitation remains to tell of the glory which once was.

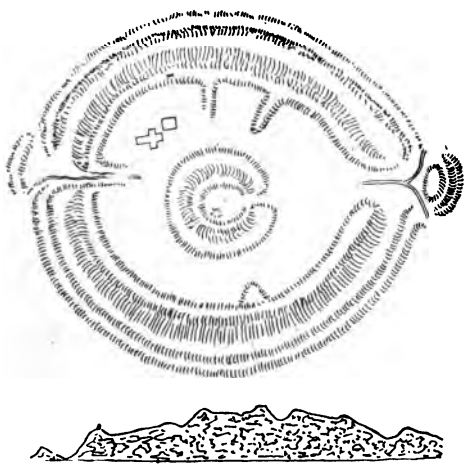
We alighted at the Old Castle Inn, a long low structure by the roadside for the entertainment of visitors to the hill, and passing through its hall and a garden in the rear walked across the fields to the

east entrance of the earthworks. A part of the level ground about the outer circumvallation is cultivated; in other parts sheep were cropping the short thick grass which covers fosse and ramparts to the very summit. We were the only visitors and as we passed between the mounds into the great enclosure not a sound, save the cawing of the rooks, broke the solemn stillness. But the coaching party soon changed all that. They had not come to play melancholy nor to moralize over the departed greatness of the fallen city. Their mission was pure en-

joyment and the old intrenchments soon rang with shouts and laughter. The close green turf looked inviting and some of the young people improvised a race to see who should first capture the citadel. Though the old fortress is said to have succumbed to the assaults of a foe several times in its history, the Chronicler is inclined to doubt whether it ever before sustained a charge from so mad and merry a party.

The feet of visitors have worn a beaten path around the grass-covered rampart of the citadel, which is broken only on the east side where the entrance is a deep cut through the embankment. At this point portions of the ancient wall, composed of flint and rubble and at least twelve feet thick, are still visible. The area within, a grassy depression about twenty feet deep, surrounded by a fringe of thorn bushes, might well be taken for the crater of an extinct volcano. No wonder that our old friend Pepys was frightened when he found himself within it alone at night. Shut out thus from the outer world, with only a limited part of the heavens visible, one might easily conjure up all manner of apparitions. But an ascent to the rampart enlarges one's horizon and dispels disagreeable illusions, for the beautiful valley of the Avon lies at one's feet, with the spires and roofs of Salisbury along its meadows. The accompanying bird's-eye view gives a good idea of the ground-plan of the hill and earthworks. The smaller cut below it is a cross-section north and south.

In walking over this deserted hill, now entirely carpeted with grass, with not even a ruined foundation left to tell of man's occupancy, it is difficult to believe that it was once covered from base to summit with buildings, which even extended, it is probable, in a suburb beyond the walls. The cathedral



stood without the citadel wall near the west gate. Its site had long been lost, but in 1834, during a severe drought, its cruciform plan became visible in brown outline in the turf, and on removing the soil the foundations were discovered.

Until the passage of the Reform Bill in 1832 this deserted hill, the "accursed hill," as Cobbett calls it, with not a single resident elector, returned two members to Parliament. A tree on the premises is still pointed out under the branches of which the

owner of the property and the few voters used to meet to hold the election. About the beginning of the last century the property was purchased by Thomas Pitt, known as Diamond Pitt, from his connection with the celebrated Pitt diamond, obtained by him in India when Governor of Madras, and in 1735 his more famous grandson, the first Earl of Chatham, entered Parliament as the representative of this houseless borough.

A drive of five or six miles further brought us to Amesbury or Ambresbury, a small village in the valley of the Avon, whose moss-grown stone houses bespeak an antiquity which history does not deny it. Whether its name was derived from the monk Ambrius, who founded a monastery there in the early days of Christianity in Britain, or from King Aurelius Ambrosius, brother of Uther Pendragon, father of the great Arthur, it is not our province to discuss, but it is interesting to note briefly its connection with the Arthurian romance and especially with Merlin. This famous wizard is credited by the old chroniclers with the transportation by magic arts of Stonehenge from Ireland to its present site on Salisbury Plain, where it was set up by Aurelius Ambrosius as a monument to the memory of the Britons treacherously slain by Hengist the Saxon.

> "To Brittany, by magic course,
> From giants' hands redeemed by Merlin's sleight,
> And then near Ambri placed, in memory
> Of all those noble Britons murdered there
> By Hengist and his Saxon treachery."

The nunnery at Ambresbury was the place where the repentant Guinevere found an asylum after the death of the "blameless king," and there she took the veil with several of her favorite attendants. In time,

> "she, for her good deeds and her pure life,
> And for the power of ministration in her,
> And likewise for the high rank she had borne,
> Was chosen Abbess, there, an Abbess lived
> For three brief years, and there, an Abbess, past
> To where beyond these voices there is peace."

Though some of the chroniclers aver that her body was taken to Glastonbury and interred beside that of her lord, whom her misdeeds had brought to ruin, Leyland affirms that she was buried at Ambresbury. Inigo Jones, in his work on Stonehenge, gives an account of the discovery at the monastery, "about the Beginning of this Century" (18th), of a tomb "hewn out of a firm Stone," and "having upon its Coverture in rude Letters of massy Gold,

R. G. A. C. 600.

"The Bones within which Sepulchre were all firm, fair yellow coloured Hair about the Skull, a supposed Piece of the Liver, near about the Bigness of a Walnut, very dry and hard, and together therewith were found several Royal Habiliments, as Jewels, Veils, Scarfs, and the like, retaining even till then, their proper Colours. All which were afterwards very choicely kept in the Collection of the Right Honourable Edward, then Earl of Hertford: and of the afore-

said Gold divers Rings were made and worn by his Lordship's principal Officers. Concerning which Tomb (though I list not dispute) why might it not be the Sepulchre of Queen Guinever, Wife of King Arthur; especially the letters R. G. as much to say, Regina Guinevera, declaring her Title and Name; and the date An. Chr. 600 (if truly copied) agreeing (possibly well enough) with the Time of her Death?"

To all of which the Chronicler is inclined to answer, —Why not? For is it not as reasonable to suppose that this was the tomb of the fair queen, who "loved not wisely but too well," as to believe that Arthur and his knights once sat round the great table at Winchester? And no true lover of romance who reads the guide-books attentively can doubt the genuineness of the latter relic!

Notwithstanding Guinevere's "good deeds and pure life" after repentance, there is some reason for conjecture that her early misconduct bore evil fruit in later times, for we are told that in the reign of Henry II. the young ladies of the convent behaved so scandalously that their conduct could not be overlooked. They were accordingly removed and distributed among other establishments where they might repent at leisure, like their former Abbess, and their home at Amesbury was given to another colony of nuns whom the King invited over from Pontevrault in Normandy. These seem to have behaved with more circumspection, as many ladies of high birth afterward took the veil there. At the dissolution of monasteries, the abbey was given by

Henry VIII. to Edward, Earl of Hertford. Amesbury House, which stands on the banks of the river north-west of the village, on the site of the old abbey, was built from designs of Inigo Jones. It was long the residence of the Marquis of Queensbury, patron of the poet Gay, who is said to have written there his "Beggar's Opera." The estate, which now belongs to Sir Edmund Antrobus, Bart., contains nearly six thousand acres, including the site of Stonehenge.

West of Amesbury the road passes through what is commonly called Vespasian's Camp, an earthen enclosure on the summit of a hill bounded on two sides by the river. It is surrounded by a ditch and vallum which enclose an area of about thirty-five acres. As it is triangular rather than quadrangular, it is more probably of British than of Roman origin, though it may have been occupied by the Romans, and possibly also by Saxons and Danes. The whole country around is covered with military works and barrows, thrown up by some of the peoples who successively occupied it, but only a trained archæologist of long experience can hope to disentangle the story of each from the mesh of fiction which time has woven around it.

CHAPTER IX.

Stonehenge.

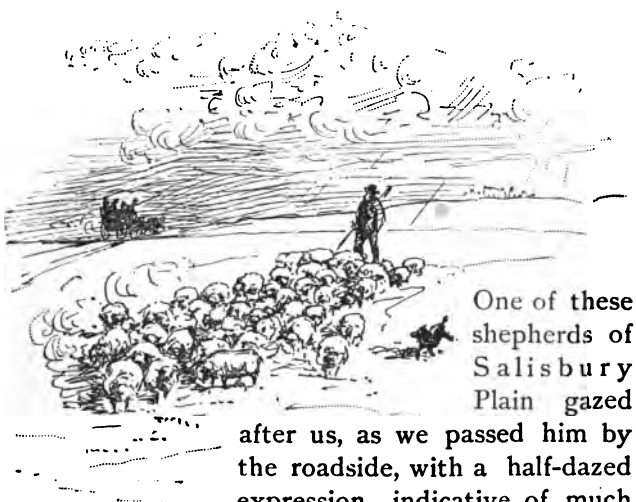
Salisbury Plain—A Shepherd thereof—Them's the Stones—Disappointment—Emerson and Carlyle—Discoveries of the Poets—When Doctors Disagree—Stukeley and his Druids—Cemetery and Temple—Hengist and Aurelius Ambrosius—As it was and as it is—An Insolvable Problem.

WE were now on the broad downs of Wiltshire, the great tract of upland commonly called Salisbury Plain—a rolling prairie, rising and falling in long low waves of sward, crossed by narrow chalk roads—or, as Wordsworth better expresses it,

> "pastoral downs
> Trackless and smooth * * * [with] bare white roads
> Lengthening in solitude their dreary line."

It is not now quite so barren as formerly described, for portions have been reclaimed by cultivation, and even an occasional farm-stead with enclosed corn-fields and trees may be seen along its borders. The soil, however, is said to be sour and to revert soon to its original condition, so as to be scarcely fit for farming purposes.

At last we left even these scant evidences of life behind; cultivation ceased and we came into an open plain, with nothing but the gray sky above to break the drear monotony. It is almost as lonesome as mid-ocean, and as devoid of life, though occasionally a bird flits past seeking the wheat-fields on its borders, or an errant bee hums over the few low wild-flowers that deck its green expanse. Now and then, too, we catch sight of a flock of sheep, watched by a patient shepherd and his collie, winding over the downs or lying in some sheltered hollow, like a fleet of sailing-craft in a haven of refuge.



One of these shepherds of Salisbury Plain gazed after us, as we passed him by the roadside, with a half-dazed expression, indicative of much bucolic curiosity, wondering doubtless what could bring respectable people so far to see a few old stones. We were as much impressed by his appear-

ance as he by ours, and were unanimously of opinion that we should never select him to superintend a Sunday School, like his more famous brother in Hannah More's story.

As we crossed hillock after hillock, we frequently found ourselves casting anxious glances ahead, in hope of catching a first view of the enigma of the ages. Many false alarms were given and several of the practical jokers of the party amused themselves with recounting the difficulties to be overcome when we should reach the vicinity of Stonehenge, to the discomfort of some of the tender-footed who, forgetting that not one of them had ever been there before and knew as little about it as themselves, began to wish they had not tempted Providence in coming so far away from civilization. But the journey and the jokes finally came to an end together, when the driver pointed to the right with his whip and said as calmly as if calling our attention to an ordinary rock by the wayside:

"Them's the stones!"

Shades of the Druids! Is that all?

Nobody made this remark, but the Chronicler is confident that everybody felt it. There was dead silence in that vehicle for the space of a minute. At last Osman Digna, who, like his namesake near Suakim, was always ready to hit a head when he saw it, oracularly remarked:

"Well! It's not as high as Salisbury steeple!"

"Nor as impressive as Carnac," said Phaeton.

"Nor as picturesque as Avebury," echoed Bleistift.

"It would be more so if there were some trees," suggested one of the ladies.

"Or had some ivy trained over the stones," added another.

"This party would have found fault in the Garden of Eden," exclaimed Mæcenas, looking back from the front seat, where he was sitting beside the driver.

"Of course, any American could have suggested improvements even there," said Mademoiselle Chapeau.

That Stonehenge is disappointing at first sight is the verdict of every traveller. When viewed from a distance the stones are dwarfed by the vastness of the plain, and by the absence of any standard of comparison. They lie absolutely alone in a waste of green sward, not a tree, not a shrub, not even a fence near them to aid the eye in estimating their height or size. Not until you come under their very shadow and see how the great monoliths tower above your head do you become awed by the simple grandeur of the structure—a grandeur equalled by few other temples raised by human hands. How much more impressive than is the noblest Gothic pile to the man of civilization must this Westminster Abbey of its time have appeared, when in its glory, to the half-barbarous people who witnessed in it the ceremonies of a mysterious cult, who saw

> "The desert visible by dismal flames:
> * * * the sacrificial altar fed
> With living men."

Even in its desolation, with half its circles despoiled or overthrown, its remnants so worn, disintegrated, and rounded by moss and lichens that one is led to forget man's agency and to imagine the whole some gigantic freak of nature—like the wind-chiselled obelisks of our western plains—it must be regarded as one of the most wonderful monuments of the world.

Stonehenge does not stand on a level, as one would gather from the ordinary descriptions, but

on a slope inclining gradually from south-west to north-east. On the south-west side, at the summit apparently of the long slope, are visible the roof and chimneys of a farm-house—the only sign of civilization around its horizon save the white chalk roads. This house seems out of place, an anachronism, a trespassing of the living upon the domain of the dead, for Stonehenge is the centre of a vast cemetery. Around it, within a radius of three miles, are several hundred sepulchral tumuli, the resting-places of a people who were gathered to their fathers so long

ago that men are yet undecided to what race they belonged. Many of these tumuli have been opened with the result of proving that some of them were raised in the bronze age and some in the still more shadowy neolithic period or age of stone; but whether anterior or posterior to the greater monument is still in dispute.

When Emerson visited Stonehenge with Carlyle, a half century ago, he found within the enclosure buttercups and nettles, and all around, "wild thyme, daisies, meadow-sweet, golden-rod, thistles, and the carpeting grass." The Chronicler can scarcely be expected to know what might have been seen there fifty years ago, but he is willing to "make his affidavy" that a careful search within the circle, instituted by Mdlle. Chapeau and himself in the pleasant month of June of the year of grace 1884, brought to light only a few lonesome buttercups, which were duly plucked and pressed and sent by post across the salt, salt seas. Our fingers were stung by neither nettles nor thistles. No wild thyme or meadow-sweet titillated our nostrils; our eyes were gladdened neither by daisy nor golden-rod.

The poets have made still more wonderful discoveries at Stonehenge, and none more so than the author of the "Angel in the House," who discourses sweetly but somewhat recklessly as follows:

> "By the great stones we chose our ground
> For shade; and there, in converse sweet,
> Took luncheon. On a little mound
> Sat the three ladies: at their feet,

I sat ; and smelt the heathy smell,
  Pluck'd harebells, turn'd the telescope
To the country round. My life went well,
  That hour, without the wheels of hope:
And I despised the Druid rocks
  That scowl'd their chill gloom from above,
Like churls whose stolid wisdom mocks
  The lightness of immortal love."

This may be poetical, but it is scarcely true. There is no heather around Stonehenge to be smelled and no harebells to be plucked. The stones can in no sense be called "Druid rocks," for it is not only certain that the Druids had no hand in raising them, but it is extremely improbable that any Druid ever put eyes upon them. It is curious to trace the origin and growth of this Druidical theory as applied to Stonehenge. It was first suggested by Dr. William Stukeley, who, following up the hypothesis initiated by Toland in England and Pelloutier in France, published in 1740 a monumental work in which he expended a deal of learning in an attempt to demonstrate that the Druids were serpent worshippers, and that Stonehenge, Avebury, and other similar monuments were serpent temples.

The earliest of modern writers to advance a theory concerning Stonehenge was Inigo Jones, the famous architect, who made a study of it at the request of James I., who had visited it while a guest of the Earl of Pembroke at Wilton. Jones satisfied himself that it was a Roman work, and wrote in 1620 a large folio to prove that it was a temple of the Tuscan order, dedicated to Cœlus. This theory was com-

batted by Dr. Walter Charleton, one of the physicians of Charles II., who tried to show that it was constructed by the Danes, after the departure of the Romans. John Webb, son-in-law of Inigo Jones, published a sharp rejoinder and restored the monument to the Romans. Aylett Sammes followed with a work to prove that its origin was due to the Phœnicians, and in 1720 Keysler showed, to his own satisfaction at least, that it was built by the Saxons. All these theories found adherents in their time, and were adopted in whole or in part by many other writers. But when Stukeley marshalled his Druids about Stonehenge, the cathedral of the Archdruid of all Britain, and rekindled the fires of the sacrificial altar, Romans, Phœnicians, Danes, and Saxons vanished into the shadowy background of fable. His theory became a pet of the antiquaries, and later writers, such as Wood, Cooke, Smith, King, and Davies, and even the learned Sir Richard Colt Hoare, whose tomb we saw in Salisbury Cathedral, accepted it without investigation. Yet when viewed in the searching light of modern criticism, the question resolves itself into this: there is very little evidence that there ever were any Druids in England, and still less that they ever built a stone temple or monument there. We know from Cæsar that a priestly order called Druids existed in Brittany, and from Tacitus that Suetonius Paulinus found Druids in the island of Mona or Anglesea, but no early writer mentions them in connection with any megalithic monument. Their worship was conducted

in groves, and when the Roman general cut down the forests of Mona he destroyed the temples of the Druids. That they ever celebrated the ceremonies of their religion in any structure other than Nature's temple is pure hypothesis, suggested solely by the existence of such works as Carnac, Avebury, and Stonehenge, without a history to explain their origin or their purpose. It was, to say the least, a poetical idea, and the poets and imaginative writers made the most of it. But the Druidical fires have been as effectually quenched in the flood of modern investigation as have the everlasting fires of——sheol, of which our Calvinistic forefathers had so wholesome a dread.

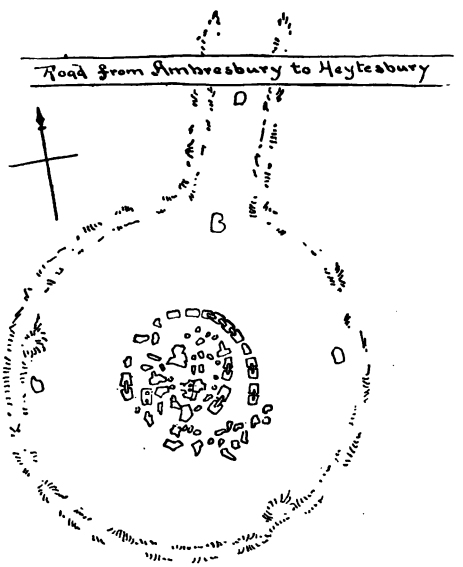
Another group of antiquaries, including Ellis, Smith, and Duke, while accepting the Druidical theory reject the serpent-worship notion, and argue that it was built for astronomical purposes, expending almost as much learning in support of this idea as Piazzi Smyth did on his Pyramid hypothesis. Still another group refuse to entertain any modern explanation of the mystery, and relegate it to a remote antiquity, tens of thousands of years ago, claiming that it was constructed about the close of the glacial period, when probably Britain formed an integral part of the continent of Europe.

Of writers of the present century, James Fergusson, following Rickman (who first propounded the theory in 1839), argues that Stonehenge is a sepulchral monument erected probably in the last century of Roman domination; and he sees no

reason why the account of Geoffrey of Monmouth—that it was set up by Aurelius Ambrosius in memory of the Britons slaughtered by Hengist—may not be true. But, though he advances some cogent arguments in support of this theory, his position is considered untenable by some of the first archæologists of the day, notably by Sir John Lubbock and Professor Dawkins, both of whom claim for it a pre-Roman origin and refer its construction to the bronze age. They agree, too, that it was probably used both for sepulchral purposes and as a temple, the transition from a place of burial to a place of worship being a natural one, exemplified in the history of many Christian churches.

Stonehenge has been described so many times that it seems a work of supererogation to add another account of it to the long list; but a brief description is necessary to make this record complete. First, let us view the structure as it was. When in its glory Stonehenge consisted of two great circles of upright stones, one within the other, and of two other rows, within these circles, arranged in the form of a horseshoe, with the opening on the north-east side. The outer circle, about one hundred feet in diameter, was composed of thirty square piers of rough-hewn local stones, connected on top by a continuous architrave of similar stones dovetailed into each other. Nine feet within this outer circle was an inner circle of smaller unhewn foreign stones, and within that, at about the same distance, five great trilithons of local stones, set in the form

of a horseshoe. Within these trilithons was a second horseshoe of foreign stones, about eight feet high, and in the centre, lying horizontally, a slab of sandstone, commonly called the altar-stone. One hundred feet beyond the outer circle was a small earthen vallum or ramp, with a ditch outside,



forming an exterior circle, three hundred feet in diameter, indicated on the accompanying ground-plan, which, though on a small scale, shows accurately the present positions of the stones.

The larger stones composing the outer circle and the great trilithons were obtained in the neighborhood, being identical with the silicious sandstones

of Salisbury Plain, locally called sarsens. The foreign stones, forming the inner circle and the inner horseshoe, are mostly igneous, and were probably brought from Wales or Cornwall. The importation of these stones indicates that some peculiar value or sanctity was attached to them; and it has been suggested that they may have been the stones of some earlier fane brought with them by an emigrating people and set up in their new abode to be afterward embellished by a grander temple built around them, like that which encloses the ancient Kaaba at Mecca or the Casa Santa at Loreto.

Stonehenge as it is is very different from Stonehenge in its pristine condition. Of the thirty stone piers of the outer circle only twenty-six remain, standing or lying on the ground, and but six of the imposts are in place. Only seven of the stones of the second circle are left upright, and of the five great trilithons but two, on the south-east side, are standing, the others lying in confusion on the ground and on the altar-stone. The great temple is now but a ruin, the ghost of its former self.

Shall we ever know any more of Stonehenge? Emerson believed that its problem was of easy solution. "We are not yet too late to learn," he says in "English Traits," "much more than is known of this structure. Some diligent Fellows or Layard will arrive, stone by stone, at the whole history, by that exhaustive British sense and perseverance so whimsical in its choice of objects, which leaves its own Stonehenge or Choir Gaur to the rabbits,

whilst it opens pyramids and uncovers Nineveh. Stonehenge, in virtue of the simplicity of its plan, and its good preservation, is as if new and recent; and, a thousand years hence, men will thank this age for the accurate history it will yet eliminate." Nearly two generations of men have passed away since this was written. Nineveh has yielded up her secrets, and we know probably as much of the Pyramids as is to be revealed; but who has unravelled the mystery of Stonehenge! The men of a thousand years hence will have little to thank this age for in that respect. It is to this day undecided whether it be pre-Roman or post-Roman, a temple or a tomb. And, notwithstanding the great advance of the present generation in archæology—greater even than Emerson could have foreseen when he penned these lines—it is extremely doubtful whether we ever come any nearer than this to unravelling the mystery. There are absolutely no data to work upon. The men who raised these great monuments left records neither on paper nor on stone, and their traditions died with them. The stones themselves give no token of their origin, as Carlyle well appreciated. "Barrows lie dumb all round," he writes in his Journal, in which he noted his visit there with Emerson, "the plain itself vacant except of sheep; and dumb even as *Stonehang* itself is. Nobody in the least knows what, when, or how it could have been."

This is as true of the "Druid stones" to-day as then.

"They stand, but stand in silent and uncommunicative majesty."

CHAPTER X.

Salisbury to Sherborne.

Terrors of the Camera—Cat-o'-nine-tails—Wilton Carpets—The Arcadia—Demon in the Wood—Gipsy Wagons—Descendant of King Lear—Canute at Edwardstowe—Author of Pharronida—Vale of Blackmore—Waterproof Coat—Acre of Rabbits—Dining Out under Adverse Circumstances.

AS the party were settling themselves comfortably into their seats on Friday morning, a photographer was observed aiming his camera from the opposite side of the street. Most of the victims began hastily to readjust their positions so as to look the enemy squarely in the face, to rearrange draperies, and to put on society smiles. But Phaeton was evidently ill at ease, turning repeatedly and casting quick glances at the high hats which sat majestically on the brows of Mæcenas and others of the party.

"Hold!" he cried at last, throwing up both hands. "I can't stand this. Mæcenas may wrap himself in the Star-Spangled Banner, if he likes. I mean to show that I am not ashamed of my nationality!"

With this he sprang from the coach and after a hasty exploration, with the aid of Pierce, into the mysteries of the interior among the rugs and portmanteaus, reappeared with a Scotch bonnet upon his head and took his place again with the composure and sang froid of a veteran under fire.

This episode was the occasion of a little raillery at Phaeton's expense. Several of the gentlemen expressed astonishment at such an exhibition of vanity, as they termed it, but the ladies were unanimously of opinion that it was the proper thing to do and that the bonnet added immensely to the picturesqueness of what would otherwise have been a commonplace group.

By the time the photographer had obtained a satisfactory negative, the coach was surrounded apparently by all the boys and dogs in Salisbury, with not a few of the adult population. The toot of the horn, however, opened a passage, and we were soon

out of the streets and on the high road to Wilton, distant only about three miles. As we bowled along our attention was attracted by the following inscription, painted upon a rock by the roadside:

GIVE HERBERT 50 WITH THE CAT.

Osman Digna explained, for the benefit of the Americans of the party, that it was a reminiscence of the famous fight in the Parliament of 1874–1880 over the abolition of flogging in the navy. The Tories, who seemed, he said, to regard the venerable instrument of torture known as the "cat-o'-nine-tails" as one of the bulwarks of the British Constitution, stoutly resisted its proposed abolition. Of course, they were ultimately beaten on the question, and in the succeeding general election in 1880 they were often taunted by their opponents for their support of so barbarous a custom. In that election the Right Hon. Sidney Herbert, the Tory candidate for the southern (now the Wilton) division of Wiltshire, was opposed by Joseph Arch, the laborers' candidate, and among the amenities of the contest was the suggestion on the part of some of Arch's followers that the "cat" should be tried on the shoulders of the Tory candidate.

Wilton (Wily-town) is a cheerful village, situated in a valley at the confluence of the little rivers Wily and Naddir. It boasts a considerable antiquity, was a place of resort for the West-Saxon kings, and had before the Norman Conquest several famous religious establishments. One of these, Wilton

Abbey, a Benedictine institution, flourished until its suppression under Henry VIII., who gave its lands to Sir William Herbert, afterward Earl of Pembroke. Wilton gradually sank into insignificance with the rise of Salisbury, but revived in the last century after the introduction there of the carpet manufacture, started by the Earl of Pembroke, who brought weavers from France. The first carpets ever made in England are said to have been woven there. A large part of the inhabitants were employed in the business and the place became famous for its moquette carpets. Fine velvet carpets, variously called Wilton, Axminster, and Saxony, are still made there.

One of the chief sights in Wilton is the beautiful new parish church in the Italian style, erected in 1844 by the Right Hon. Sidney Herbert. It stands upon a terrace beside the road and has, separate from it, a campanile one hundred and eight feet high, connected with the church by the cloister. Beneath the altar is the vault of the Pembroke family, whose monuments were removed thither from the old parish church, which was mostly pulled down after the building of the new one.

We were sorry to pass Wilton House, the famous seat of the Earls of Pembroke, without at least a brief visit, but our engagements at Sherborne would not admit of it. So we had to content ourselves with a flying glimpse of its storied towers caught in passing through the beautiful grove at its entrance gate. The little Wily, scarcely more than a brook,

flows alongside the road in its front, its banks fringed with hawthorn and its bed filled with water-buttercups. Just as we passed a girl with a red shawl thrown carelessly over her head and shoulders was picking her way across the stream on the stepping-stones, presenting amid the green surroundings a pretty picture which made Bleistift half wild with delight.

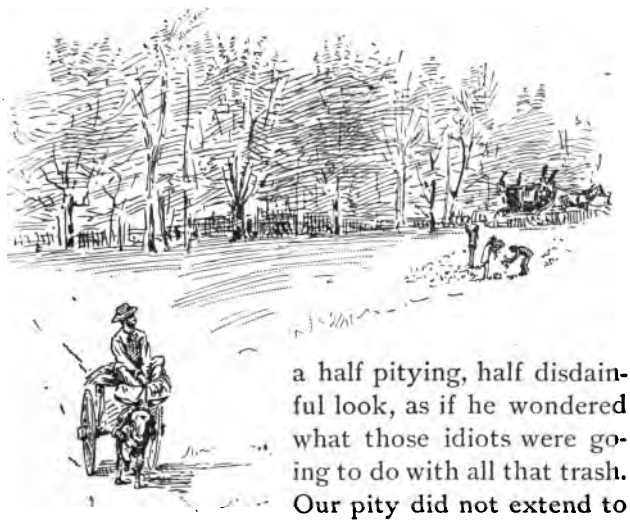
Wilton House, which occupies the site of the old abbey, is noted as the repository of one of the finest private art collections in Europe, comprising well-preserved examples of many of the old masters, especially of the Dutch and Flemish schools. But it is of still greater interest for its associations with so many of those whom the world has delighted to honor,—such as Sidney, Shakespeare, Ben Jonson, Holbein, Vandyck, and Massinger. Thither Sir Philip Sidney retired, when wearied with court life and intrigue, and there he wrote the "Arcadia"—that half romance, half pastoral which, though now almost obsolete save to scholars, was once the delight of everybody and a rich storehouse from which many a later writer, even the poet of poets himself, was not ashamed to borrow.

A little further on we passed through the village of Burcombe, a clump of thatched or tile-roofed houses surrounding a parish church in the Decorated style. Two miles more brought us to Compton-Chamberlain, a similar village with a manor house belonging to the Penruddock family. We were now amidst the Downs of Wiltshire, in a part

of the country delineated by Hardy in some of his stories. The road wound between hawthorn hedges in full bloom and avenues of oaks and elms, past stone farm-houses and well-thatched out-buildings, with many wattled sheep-pens in the fields, and shepherds' houses hard by, mounted upon wheels for convenience of removal from place to place. In the background were hills round and bare, with clumps of black gorse and occasional patches of chalk cropping out, and flocks of sheep grazing upon their flanks. The clouds were beginning to lower and their shadows crept ominously up the hill-sides and darkened the valleys as we drove into Fovant, a cluster of thatched cottages embowered in rhododendrons and pink horse-chestnuts. Two picturesque inns, the Cross Keys and the Pembroke Arms, gave Bleistift a pretty subject for a sketch while we stopped to water the horses.

Beyond Sutton-Mandeville we entered a still more hilly country and enjoyed frequent walks along well-shaded roads bordered with quickset hedges, whose loads of blossoms lent a delightful fragrance to the air. Most of the hedges were of white hawthorn varied with the still more beautiful pink hawthorn in all the shades from salmon pink to light red, and occasionally a tall laburnum hung its golden boughs by the roadside. Many wild-flowers were found, and the ladies soon adorned themselves with pretty bits of ragged robin, wild geranium, stellaria, saxifrage, and celandine, Wordsworth's favorite flower, while the gentlemen collected bouquets for the decoration

of the luncheon table. A red-faced, red-haired man, who passed by in a donkey-cart, gazed at us with



a half pitying, half disdainful look, as if he wondered what those idiots were going to do with all that trash. Our pity did not extend to him, but we could not help feeling sorry for the donkey that had to carry so brutish a specimen of humanity.

At a cross-road in a wood we came upon a little post-office, in front of which were a half-dozen funny-looking old women in poke bonnets and white aprons, who looked as if they had just stepped out of an asylum or an alms-house. They were all in a bunch, chattering like magpies, as if some important matter were under discussion. A little further on Mæcenas and the Chronicler, who had a way of lingering behind to enjoy the beauties of the country, were attracted by a strange noise, coming seem-

ingly from the direction of a cross-road. Curiosity led them to investigate its origin. A puff, a wheeze, a snort, accompanied by the rattling and clanking of chains; then silence for a minute, and then a repetition of the sounds.

"What can it be?" asked the Chronicler.

"Give it up. If we were down below," replied Mæcenas, pointing significantly toward the centre of the earth, "I should expect to hear the groans of the damned."

"It sounds to me like a dredging-machine."

"You are not far out of the way, my boy. I recognize it now. It's a traction engine."

Sure enough. In a moment more, a steam road-engine, with a train of two cars behind it, came puffing around a curve of the road, making noise enough to frighten any ordinary horse out of his wits. On inquiry of the man in charge, we were informed that they were hauling sand for building purposes to Tisbury, about two miles distant. The sand-bank which they were excavating was hard by, and we put our shoulders to the wheel and aided them in turning round their clumsy cars. For this they duly expressed thanks, but with an eye askant at our good clothes, as if they could scarcely reconcile them and our tender hands with offers of assistance in such work. The opportunity was too good a one for Mæcenas to lose, so he informed them that we were citizens of the Great Republic where no man was afraid to labor, and ended by sowing among them a good crop of treasonable seed, which doubtless

gave them something to talk about for many a day thereafter.

Fast gathering clouds betokening a shower, we hastened on until we caught up with the coach, and drove on rapidly towards Shaftesbury. In front of a little roadside inn we passed three gipsy wagons drawn up under the hedge. They were large-sized vehicles with serviceable canvas-tops, and were fitted inside with all the conveniences for housekeeping. One, into which we got a peep, looked like a model kitchen, having even a stove with a pipe through the roof. The others appeared to be sleeping apartments. Beside one of them a black-eyed girl presided over a table spread with cakes and candies, which she offered as we passed. Another expressed a desire to unfold the future to us, but as our chief anxiety about the future was connected with the lowering clouds, we were obliged to forego her services and hasten on.

As we neared Shaftesbury drops of rain began to fall and water-proofs and umbrellas were brought into requisition. Phaeton, who had worn a plaid water-proof coat all the morning, which, he took pains to impress upon everybody, had taken the prize at the Fisheries Exhibition in London the preceding season, created much amusement by rolling it up and packing it carefully away inside the coach. To Saxon's ingenuous inquiry—why he took off his water-proof when rain was expected—Phaeton replied with equal ingenuousness that he would rather wet somebody else's coat than his own. He then

proceeded leisurely to invest himself in Bleistift's, much to the apparent discomposure of that gentleman, who was heard to mutter, as he drew the end of a rubber blanket around his shoulders, that he would get even with him.

As we entered Shaftesbury the rain came down in quite a smart shower, but it could not dampen the spirits of the party. Osman Digna, who had the guide-book in his lap, informed us that the town was founded about a thousand years before Christ by Hudibras, grandfather of King Lear; and Phaeton at once pointed to corroborative evidence of this in a sign over one of the principal shops, "Lear, Ironmonger," showing that the family still survives. "Cheater, Tailor," on another sign-board, drew forth sundry remarks by no means complimentary to the sartorial profession, but "Robert Sawyer, Surgeon," was greeted with a heartiness of welcome seldom vouchsafed to any but the oldest and best of friends. Many quaint old stone houses with moss-grown roofs elicited remark as we passed through the High Street, and St. Peter's Church, a time-worn Perpendicular structure, with a parapeted roof aglow with yellow wallflowers, was dubbed pretty enough for a sketch. But the rain prevented our stopping and we drove on to the Grosvenor Arms, where we stopped for luncheon.

Shaftesbury, vulgarly called Shaston in accordance with the peculiar method of abbreviation which prevails in England, is a borough one hundred and two miles by coach-road from London. It occupies a

singular site on a high hill, so steep as to be difficult of access except from the east, commanding a very extensive view on the south and west over the counties of Dorset, Somerset, and Wilts. The streets are narrow, but the houses, built of stone quarried from the hill itself, have a substantial and comfortable appearance.

King Alfred is said to have rebuilt it after its destruction by the Danes, and to have founded there the Benedictine nunnery for which it afterward became famous, and of which his daughter Ethelgeda was the first abbess. It was originally dedicated to the Virgin, but after the translation thither of the remains of St. Edward the Martyr, murdered at Corfe Castle in 978, it and the town were often denominated Edwardstowe. In making this change the good abbess and her supporters show that they were equally alive to the temporal and the spiritual welfare of the convent, for the martyr's shrine was credited with miraculous powers and attracted thousands of pilgrims every year. It was the richest and most popular shrine in England, until eclipsed by the superior attractions of that of St. Thomas à Becket at Canterbury. Even crowned heads were among its visitors, and Canute died in Shaftesbury in 1036 while on a pilgrimage thither. The monastery flourished until the time of the dissolution, when it passed into the hands of the royal commissioners, and to-day scarcely a trace of its numerous buildings is to be seen.

In the churchyard of Holy Trinity parish repose

the mortal remains of William Chamberlayne, whose name has now almost passed into oblivion, yet who is known to students of English literature as the author of Pharronida, the longest epic poem in the language, published in London in 1659. Southey, who acknowledges his indebtedness to him for many hours of delight, speaks of him in his notes to the Vision of the Maid of Orleans as "a poet who has told an interesting story in uncouth rhymes, and mingled sublimity of thought and beauty of expression with the quaintest conceits and most awkward inversions." Chamberlayne was at once poet, physician, and soldier, who took the part of the king in the civil war.

After luncheon, the rain having ceased, most of the party set out on foot down the long west hill on the road toward Sherborne. The houses on this slope overlook the Vale of Blackmore, counted among the finest views in England, but the site must be bleak and cold in winter, exposed as it is to the west winds of the Atlantic. Many of the dwellings were embowered with flowering shrubs and trellised vines, then laden with the richness of June foliage, and all bore evidences of comfort and of taste.

We had heard at the Grosvenor Arms that the bridge over the Stour on the main road to Sherborne was down, so we had to make a detour through Gillingham, four miles north-west of Shaftesbury, on the borders of Wilts and Somerset. It is one of the largest parishes in England, being about forty miles in circumference, and contains much

good arable land and excellent pasturage. The part of the valley of the Stour, in which it lies, was anciently a royal forest, and contained a palace or hunting lodge much frequented by both the Saxon and Norman kings. Beyond Gillingham the road took us over the borders of Dorset into Somerset, through Milborne-Port, a borough in the latter county, engaged chiefly in leather-dressing and glove-making.

The clouds looked threatening, but Phaeton, who pretended to be weather-wise, said it would not rain before night. Mæcenas and the Chronicler were credulous enough to put faith in his prognostications and left their umbrellas in the basket when they dismounted for a tramp up a long hill. Result —the coach was no sooner out of sight than the rain began to fall in torrents, and the ladies, who had discreetly remained with the vehicle, were gratified with an exhibition of running seldom seen off a race-track. As the two came in nearly neck and neck at the top of the hill they were greeted with jeers by Phaeton, who had taken refuge under a hedge; but his merriment was soon changed to chagrin when he recognized Bleistift walking coolly along after the coach with *his* coat on—that prize coat which he had been at such pains to save from even a sprinkling.

"It *is* water-proof," said Bleistift, with a twinkle in his eye, as the rain poured off his shoulders in streams. Phaeton looked unutterable things, but said nothing as he made a dive for the coach.

We soon crossed into Dorset again, and towards six o'clock reached the lodge of Sherborne Park, the residence of G. D. Wingfield Digby, Esq., the iron gates of which opened to our summons.

When at Salisbury the coaching party had received and accepted by telegraph an invitation to dinner at Bonden House, Sherborne, the residence of Major John Bonden. This was accompanied by another invitation, which placed Sherborne Park at our disposal, in case we chose to drive through it in preference to following the main road to Sherborne. Although it lengthened our journey somewhat and the rain was still falling, the party were unanimous in choosing the route through the park, and we were soon driving briskly along an excellent road across meadows with browsing cattle and sheep, through groves of ancient oaks enlivened with herds of spotted deer, and along the banks of a beautiful stream dotted with white swans. So fair a rural landscape is seldom seen even in England. The meadows along the river grew into rounded hills in the distance, some covered with wood and some sloping downward in grassy undulations. One green hill-side, between groves on either hand, was dotted with what looked like little white houses, which we were afterwards informed were pheasant-coops, where the young birds are raised by ordinary farm-yard hens. Another field through which we passed was alive with rabbits. There appeared to be thousands of them bounding through the grass as the sound of the coach-wheels aroused them, and

we could understand after seeing them what Cobbett means when he speaks of "an acre of rabbits." Major Bonden told us that he had seen a thousand killed there in a day's shooting, without apparently diminishing the number. But the British rabbit, like the British man, is more fecund than his American cousin. It begins to breed when six months old, lives to the age of eight or nine years, and bears six or seven litters of five to eight each year.

At last we caught sight of the towers of Sherborne Castle, interesting to every American as the home of Sir Walter Raleigh. It stands at a considerable distance from the road through the park, at the extremity of a beautiful lawn sloping down to the water in its front. Notwithstanding the rain, two gentlemen, armed with umbrellas, were standing in front of the great gate, evidently waiting to see the four-in-hand pass, a courtesy which the coaching party duly recognized.

A short distance further brought us into the streets of Sherborne, where we hoped to reach the hotel in time to dress for the dinner at Bonden House. What was our consternation to find that the House was three miles from Sherborne. If we were to reach it by seven o'clock, not a minute was to be lost. The momentous question presented to us was—should we go as we were, unkempt and disordered in apparel by a twenty-mile drive through the rain, or run our chances of being late—very late—to dinner? Some thought we ought to go, others said it was impossible—they were not presentable.

Mæcenas, whose decision is never at a loss, listened smilingly to the protestations and objurgations, and then quietly cut the Gordian knot by ordering Jackson to drive on as fast as possible. Twenty minutes brought us to the lodge, the gates of which were invitingly open, and in ten more we had wound through the beautiful grounds of Bonden House and drawn up in front of the entrance. The doors flew open, and amid a flood of light from the great hall the master and the mistress of the mansion, surrounded by their people, received us with such a show of generous hospitality that we soon forgot our deplorable condition and the rain.

Bonden House is a picturesque building, or rather

range of buildings, in the Tudor style, with many gables and chimneys, on one side partly hidden in trees, on the other bounded by velvet lawns—just such a place as one would select as the home of an English gentleman. Across the lawn, within a stone's throw of the windows of the drawing-room, is a stone church, dating from the thirteenth century, its weather-beaten walls and square tower draped with luxuriant ivy. It contains many me-

morials of the Bonden and of several other families, for this has not always been a seat of the Bondens. To an inquiry of the Chronicler concerning some point in the family history, our host replied:

"We don't belong here. Our home is in Somerset. The family has been here only about two hundred years."

When the Chronicler remarked that in America a residence of two centuries in one place would be thought to constitute a fair basis for a claim to family antiquity, he smiled at the absurdity of such a thing. And doubtless it does seem absurd to one whose fathers tilled their own estates before the coming of William the Norman. There are county families in England who have lived on their own lands for centuries and witnessed the rise and fall of nine-tenths of the so-called noble families of the kingdom, yet who never wore any rank save that derived from their ancestral pride, and who could not be induced to exchange their honorable name, handed down through a long succession of honest fathers, for the questionable honor of a modern title. They are the true aristocracy of England, an aristocracy of which any country may justly be proud, and to which even a republican may bow with respect.

After a most enjoyable evening, enlivened by music and song, we bade our kind hosts adieu and returned in close carriages, which had been sent out for us, to Sherborne, when we found our rooms at the Digby Arms awaiting us.

CHAPTER XI.

Sherborne.

Mournful Procession—Generous Loan—Sherborne Abbey—In a Shower—Laborer's Home—New Arrivals—Gooseberry Tart and Clouted Cream—Sherborne Castle—Soldier and Saint—Osmund's Curse—Raleigh and the Virgin Queen—The New Castle—Story that Ends in Smoke.

ATURDAY morning was a dreary one for the coaching party. The heavens were hung with black and the low-lying clouds wept copious tears—and the Chronicler fears that some of the ladies did also, for it was the appointed time for the departure of Phaeton and Bleistift. All had implored them to rescind their resolution to return to London by the morning train; but tears and entreaties were of no avail when weighed against special business engagements, social duties, and the cries of starving children, which were among their thousand and one excuses for tearing themselves away, and we sadly made up our minds to give them a pleasant send-off if we could not detain them longer. "Welcome the coming, speed the parting guest," is one of the many mottoes of the coaching brotherhood.

The procession to the railway station was a solemn and affecting one. The rain, in evident sympathy, had ceased for the time, so that all the ladies were enabled to take part. They had decorated with fresh flowers the coat—the prize coat—and folding it becomingly bore it reverently between them, Phaeton and Bleistift walking one on each side in the place of honor, and Mæcenas and the Chronicler leading the advance, while Osman and Saxon brought up the rear. Thus slowly and sadly, as became the occasion, did we march from the Digby to the railway station, where the sacred burden was safely deposited on a bench. The railway employees looked somewhat askance at the party, as if they did not wholly understand the performance; but when they were informed that we bore no concealed dynamite they smiled and appeared somewhat ashamed of their suspicions.

At last the train arrived, the good-byes were said, the coat was carefully deposited in a first-class carriage, and with an affecting display of white pocket-handkerchiefs the door was closed upon the duo and they were off. But before the carriage had reached the end of the station all were horrified to see some one spring from the window and roll over and over upon the platform. Was it Bleistift? Was it Phaeton? No; it was only Phaeton's coat!

No feeling but gratitude for Phaeton's generous act pervaded our breasts as we carefully picked up that precious garment and bore it back to the Digby; but time and circumstance have tended

materially to change the Chronicler's opinion in regard to his apparent self-abnegation. Phaeton had brought with him a new patent compass, thermometer, and barometer combined—a round brass instrument in a leather case, with all sorts of straps for suspending it from the shoulders. When he parted, he pressed this pretty toy upon the Chronicler, explaining that it would be very useful to tell the elevations of places we passed over, and suggesting that it could be returned to him at pleasure on the return to London. The Chronicler, simple soul, not stopping to think that there are no elevations in England higher than a respectable hill, and that the highways do not ordinarily pass over the summits even of them, accepted the loan with thanks and for several days consulted the instrument with assiduity, but without adding much to his stock of information. After lugging the thing up a long hill one hot afternoon, and wondering what tired his shoulder so, the wish came into his head that its owner had it. And then of a sudden the whole scheme flashed upon him: Phaeton, astute fellow, had taken the easiest means of getting his coat and barometer back to London!

In the afternoon, the clouds appearing to break away, we took a stroll through the town, visiting first the Abbey Church, an exceedingly interesting building, and, though not large, the finest and most elaborate ecclesiastical structure in the county. Originally erected by Bishop Aldhelm for the cathedral of the diocese, it became, on the removal

of the see, the conventual church of the Abbey of St. Mary of Sherborne, and, on the dissolution of monasteries, the parish church of the town. The first structure was almost totally destroyed by fire in 1436, but it was rebuilt during the next three reigns. This building has been entirely restored during the present century through the munificence of the late Earl Digby and of his nephew, the pres-

ent owner of Sherborne Castle, G. D. Wingfield Digby, Esq.

It is a regular cruciform structure with a square central tower, and is essentially Norman, but transformed, especially in the nave and presbytery, into the Perpendicular style. The transepts and tower still retain Norman characteristics with Early-English changes and additions, and Perpendicular windows. The best preserved remnant of the original Norman building is the porch at the south-west angle, used as the main entrance.

The view on entering the church at this porch is very fine, the nave with its elaborately vaulted roof, its panelled arches aglow with gold and color, its

gorgeous heraldic decorations, and its pointed windows, being seen its entire length. The roof of the choir is still more elaborate than that of the nave, and is considered a masterpiece of construction. The reredos is an elaborate piece of sculpture in Caen stone enclosing two subjects in alto-relievo—the Last Supper and the Ascension. There are few memorials in the building, among the most interesting being those to Ethelwald, brother of Alfred the Great; to Abbot Clement, who died in 1163, with his effigy in granite; two canopied tombs of the sixteenth century; and several tablets in memory of the Digby family, on one of which is a well-known epitaph by Alexander Pope. Asser, the biographer of Alfred the Great, and Ethelbert, son of Alfred, are said to be buried there, but there is nothing to mark their resting-places.

We took but a brief look at the King's School, or free grammar school, founded by Edward VI., the buildings of which, Early Perpendicular in style, form several quadrangles. Among them are a chapel, library, museum, laboratory, lecture-rooms, workshops, dormitories, and a swimming-bath. In the dining-hall is a statue of Edward VI. The remains of the ancient Abbey buildings have been incorporated with the school buildings since 1851.

A short walk through narrow streets and lanes, past buildings bearing many marks of antiquity, brought us to the outskirts of the town, where a long hill tempted us to ascend it in hope of getting a view of the surrounding country. We were not

disappointed, for we soon reached a point overlooking much of the beautiful Vale of Blackmore, through which meanders the little branch of the river Yeo, on whose banks Sherborne is situated and from which it derives its name (Saxon Scyreburn, clear stream). Across the valley, beyond the houses of the town, we could just distinguish the ruined walls of old Sherborne Castle.

We were sitting on a stile admiring the view and discussing the many objects of interest spread out like a panorama in this historic vale, wholly unconscious of what was going on around us, when Madam Dumfórlan, who always kept an eye to windward, called our attention to an ominous congregation of clouds in our rear. The whole western horizon was piled with black mountains which grew higher and higher, developing with the rapidity of the events in a fairy tale, rolling up great masses of wind-driven vapor towards the zenith, hiding the heavens and overshadowing the earth. The wind, which had blown in gentle soughs, seemed to rise with the clouds, and mutterings of distant thunder reached our ears, while glimmerings of lightning played along the ragged edges of the clouds. It was a grand and fascinating sight, and notwithstanding the repeated warnings of Madam Dumfórlan and several others, who began to imitate the birds in retreating toward shelter, two or three, including of course Mæcenas, could not be induced to leave the hill until the raindrops began to fall. The descent of the hill began in good order, but as the pattering drops came faster

and faster, and the gusts of wind rendered the carrying of an umbrella difficult, dignity was ignored, the retreat became a rout, and it was soon a question of *sauve que peut.* Old Asser himself would have relaxed his austerity and smiled could he have seen how the gay coaching party, which marched up the hill with flying colors, marched down again but a short hour afterward. Fortunately, a cottage by the wayside was reached just as the storm burst and we were cordially offered shelter by the mistress who met us at the door.

It was the home of a farm laborer, yet a substantial stone structure with stone out-buildings and fences, built for centuries instead of, like the frame tenements of a similar class in America, for a generation. But the American laborer has the advantage in owning his house, while the English laborer has to pay rent. The stone cottage belonged to a great estate, on which the husband was a day laborer, as his father had probably been before him and his children will probably be after him, unless they become sufficiently educated to wish for something better.

Mæcenas, who never wasted an opportunity to acquire information concerning the industrial classes, soon won the confidence of the good woman, who was surrounded with four "blessings," from three years old upward. Her husband, she said, earned fourteen shillings a week, of which four shillings went for rent. This left only ten shillings ($2.50) a week for the support of a family of six. An Ameri-

can will naturally wonder how this was to be accomplished. It would indeed be a difficult matter if the English laborer lived as well as the American; but in instituting a comparison between them, we must bear in mind that the habits of the former are far simpler, and that fresh meat and many other kinds of food, to which the American is accustomed, are luxuries in which he seldom indulges. We were afterward informed, too, in discussing the subject with Major Bonden, that the cash paid per week does not represent the actual wage of the English farm laborer, who has many perquisites in the form of potatoes and other vegetables for the supply of his family, pasturage for his cow, etc.

What rendered the enigma more difficult of solution by us at the time was that in the single room in which we were all gathered were three clocks, all running and all apparently keeping excellent time. Two of these, we noted, were of American manufacture. One, in which the woman seemed to take most pride, had cost her husband, she averred, a pound sterling. What did that simple farm laborer want of three clocks? and how could he afford, on ten shillings a week, to buy a twenty-shilling clock? —to say nothing of the others—are questions which the Chronicler begs leave to submit to the "Institute of Social Science."

The storm proved as short as it was violent. As the sunbeams broke through the clouds, we bade our kind hostess farewell and walked back to the Digby through some of the older streets of the town, which

present many quaint bits of architecture. That night at dinner, we were compensated for the loss of Phaeton and Bleistift by the presence of The M. P. and his daughter Miss Sunderland, who came on the evening train from London. If the hearts of any of the young ladies harbored sad thoughts in memory of the departed, they left no reflection on their countenances, which beamed as brightly as ever. The coaching party is a sort of epitome of life. As one guest departs another steps into his place, and the coach rolls on with full seats as merrily as ever.

Our dinner that night was memorable in another particular—we were introduced to gooseberry-tart and clouted cream, two Devonshire delicacies which must be tasted to be appreciated. Gooseberries may be eaten in perfection in other parts of England, but the clouted cream of Devonshire and Cornwall is held to exceed in richness that produced in any other country. It is prepared, as near as the Chronicler could find out, in the following manner: The milk is put into shallow pans, each containing a little water to prevent its adhering, and allowed to stand from twelve to twenty-four hours, according to the weather. It is then heated gradually to a temperature of 180° Fahrenheit, when the cream forms, which is indicated by the rising of bubbles. The milk is then removed from the fire and allowed to stand from twelve to thirty-six hours longer, when the cream is skimmed and is ready for use.

When a crystal dish of this delicious ambrosia is

set before one to the manner born he smacks his lips in delight, and when it appears flanked by a goodly gooseberry-tart he clasps his hands and offers a silent prayer of thanksgiving that his lines have been cast in such pleasant places. But let the unacclimated traveller meditate well ere he follow the lead of the Devonshire man in rash indulgence in these seductive viands, for unless he be blessed with the fabled digestion of the ostrich he may find it necessary, before morning, to say two prayers instead of one. It is safe to assert, as a general law, that the ordinary American can compete, physically and mentally, with the man of any other nationality; and it would seem to follow, as a natural sequence, that, nurtured as he is at home—according to the evidence of foreign tourists—on pie, doughnuts, and ice cream, he ought to be able to hold his own in power of stomachic resistance with the representative of any other civilized race. But experience has proved to the Chronicler that such is not the fact. In the disposal of an unlimited quantity of gooseberry-tart and clouted cream, the descendant of Drake and Hawkins can easily "see" any Yankee and "go him one better."

It is not necessary to explain how this knowledge was obtained. Suffice it to say that the Chronicler partook of these delicacies but once, after which, in a spirit of self-abnegation which ought to have won him the commendation instead of the jeers of his fellow-travellers, he uniformly resigned his share to Mæcenas and The M. P., who seemed to enjoy them

so much that he hadn't the heart to deprive them of a single gooseberry or a thimbleful of the other thing. They did not appreciate his generosity, but did all in their power to induce him to break his solemn vow to devote himself to Christian food in future by ordering an exceptional quantity of the Devonshire dishes and placing one of each before him at each meal. Thus is virtue generally rewarded in this wicked world.

Osman Digna, good soul, tried to atone in some measure for the unbecoming behavior of the others by reading some consolatory verses, which, by pointing out unexpected dangers in compounding these dishes, greatly aided him in adhering to his resolution.

> "Gooseberries, sugar, and Devonshire cream
> Are like sulphur, saltpetre, and charcoal, 'twould seem;
> Each taken apart has good honest use,
> But mix them together and Satan's let loose."

Sunday morning was overcast, but as there appeared to be little prospect of rain, the coaching party ventured out for a walk, after a late breakfast, some going to Bonden House, three miles away, and others taking a stroll through the beautiful park of Sherborne Castle.

The history of Sherborne Castle stretches so far back into Saxon antiquity that it is not worth our while to investigate it. When William the Conqueror transferred the See of Sherborne to Old Sarum, he gave the lands belonging to it to Osmund, a knight who had accompanied him into England, and who

had also received, as his share of the Saxon spoil, the Earldom of Dorset. Osmund, when too old to enjoy the pleasures of this world, turned his attention to celestial delights with such success that he was ultimately made a saint. William, though unwilling to lose so good a soldier and so sage a counsellor, humored him and made him Bishop of Sarum; and Osmund, hoping doubtless to clinch his hold on heaven, bestowed his castle of Sherborne on the diocese of Sarum, annexing to the gift a direful anathema, to the effect that whoever should take the lands from the bishopric should be accursed both in this world and in the next. After Bishop Roger had rebuilt the castle and made it an important stronghold, King Stephen cast an envious eye upon it, and, not being a man to be frightened by any ordinary anathema, ultimately seized it and appropriated it to his own uses. But, if we can believe the monkish historians, the curse proved the ruin of him as well as of the other royal possessors of the property, and lost none of its sting when the castle passed into private hands, for one owner died of poison, another was slain in the Crusades, and another killed his own son while tilting at Windsor. At last Robert Wyvil, then Bishop of Salisbury, thinking perhaps that the fulfilment of Osmund's curse had softened the proud Norman heart, brought a writ of right to recover the property for the Church. But the Earl of Salisbury, who possessed it, was made of sterner stuff and elected to defend his claim by combat. When the champions had

entered the lists, however, the trial was stayed by the King, and a compromise was effected by which the Bishop paid the Earl 2,500 marks to leave the castle to him and his successors forever. This curious trial is commemorated by a large brass plate on the tomb of Bishop Wyvil in Salisbury Cathedral, on which is a representation of the castle, an octagonal structure with many towers.

From this time on the Bishops of Salisbury enjoyed the property in peace until the reign of Edward VI., when it was obtained by the Protector Duke of Somerset. He lost his head upon the scaffold, and the bishops then had another innings until 1592, when Sir Walter Raleigh received the castle as a gift from the Virgin Queen, who, following the example of her father, squeezed from the Church many a fat possession to bestow upon her favorites. Raleigh, who knew her weak side as well as any one, did not scruple to ask for what he wanted. Elizabeth, a strange mixture of generosity and niggardliness, is said to have pettishly exclaimed once when he preferred some petition to her: "Raleigh, when will you cease to be a beggar?"—"When," he replied in his courtliest tone, "your Majesty ceases to be a benefactor." She was in a more generous mood when she conveyed to him this lordly place, which he is said to have personally begged of her. Raleigh knew it well, for he had seen it on a journey once from Devonshire to London and had been greatly delighted with the beauty of its site. A pleasant Dorsetshire tradition con-

nected with this first visit is that while expressing his admiration of the view to his half brother, Sir Humphrey Gilbert, who accompanied him, his horse suddenly shied and fell, forcing him to take seizin of the soil in a manner more rough than agreeable. But Raleigh at once turned the accident into a jest, saying that it was a good omen, in imitation of William the Norman, who similarly took seizin of England when he fell on the beach at Pevensey.

Soon after Raleigh became the owner of Sherborne the affair of Bessie Throgmorton brought upon him the Queen's resentment and he was consigned a prisoner to the Tower. After his release he retired to Sherborne, which he called his "Fortune's Fold," and there for a time enjoyed with his young wife the pleasures of the country.

On his attainder his estates were forfeited, but as they were entailed on his children, they were restored to him, and he lived at Sherborne after his release from the Tower. In 1610, James I. had the conveyance of entail questioned in the Exchequer Chamber, set it aside, and granted Sherborne to his favorite, Robert Carr. Lady Raleigh and her children are said to have earnestly begged the King for compassion, but could get nothing from him but, "I mun hae the land; I mun hae it for Carr." She, a woman of high spirit, fell upon her knees and prayed God that those who had brought sorrow upon her and her children might be brought to ruin, which was afterward called to mind when the haughty Carr, then Earl of Somerset, was convicted

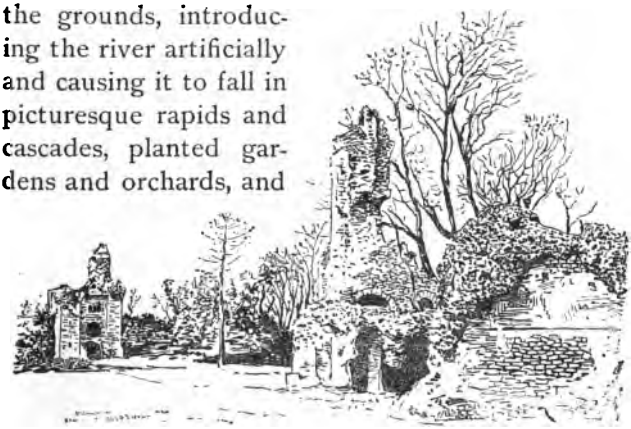
of complicity in the murder of Sir Thomas Overbury. The estate again reverting to the crown, James gave it to Sir John Digby, afterward Earl of Bristol, and it has since remained in that family. Carew Raleigh, son of Sir Walter, made several efforts to recover the property, but the King, who perhaps felt some compunctions of conscience, if that were possible in a Stuart, said he did not like his face, which appeared to him "like his father's ghost."

But the early Digby proprietors were scarcely less unfortunate in their possession of the property than Raleigh and Carr; the first Earl of Bristol died in exile; the second was unfortunate in his family; and the third died without issue in 1698, when the barony and earldom became extinct.

Like many another ancient superstition, Osmund's curse seems at last to have had its day, for the more modern holders of the estate have generally died peacefully. William Crowe, in his poem of "Lewesdon Hill," thus compliments one of the later owners, the first Earl Digby, grandfather of the present possessor:

> "That envious ridge looks on
> To Sherborne's ancient towers and rich domains,
> The noble Digby's mansion; where he dwells
> Inviolate, and fearless of thy Curse,
> War-glutted Osmund, superstitious lord!
> Who with heaven's justice for a bloody life
> Madest thy presumptuous bargain, giving more
> Than thy just having to redeem thy guilt,
> And darest th' Almighty to become
> The minister of thy Curse."

When Raleigh obtained this noble domain he set about repairing the castle, but, changing his mind, erected a splendid new mansion south of the old building in the park adjoining, which still forms the central part of the present castle. He also greatly beautified the grounds, introducing the river artificially and causing it to fall in picturesque rapids and cascades, planted gardens and orchards, and



set out plantations of shrubs and trees.

The description of the new castle, or lodge as it was for a time called, by Alexander Pope, who was a guest there in the beginning of the last century, is as accurate to-day as it was then. "The house," he writes, "is in the form of an H. The body of it, which was built by Sir Walter Raleigh, consists of four stories, with four six-angled towers at the ends. These have since been joined to four wings, with a regular stone balustrade at the top, and four towers more that finish the building. The windows and gates are of a yellow stone throughout; and one of the flat sides toward the garden has the wings of a

newer architecture, with beautiful Italian window-frames, done by the first Earl of Bristol."

The additions made by the Earl of Bristol were built, soon after the Restoration, of stone from the old castle, which was demolished by order of Parliament in 1645, after its capture by Sir Thomas Fairfax. Over the principal entrance of the main building are still to be seen the arms of Raleigh and the date "1594." Not far from the house is a grove planted by Raleigh, and in an angle of it, in a quiet nook overlooking the town, is a stone bench called Raleigh's seat, said traditionally to be the scene of the ludicrous mistake made by his servant who, coming with some beer and finding Sir Walter smoking his pipe, concluded that his master was on fire, and threw the contents of the flagon in his face with the praiseworthy intention of extinguishing it. It is possible that this may have been the scene of this story, but respect for the truth of history obliges the Chronicler to confess that the famous interview took place in at least as many other places as there were cities to claim the honor of giving birth to the great blind poet.

CHAPTER XII.

Sherborne to Axminster.

Yeovil—Donkeys—Cahpuz—Dorset Dialect—A modern Theocritus—Feat of Legerdemain—Ginger Beer vs. Champagne—Crewkerne—More Farewells—Ford Abbey—Axminster—Carpet Manufacture.

OUR route on Monday, from Sherborne to Axminster, lay past the gates of Bonden House, where we were joined by Major Bonden, who had promised to accompany us at least one day on our journey. As he is an accomplished whip, the ribbons were at once resigned to him as he took his seat upon the box.

From Sherborne westward the country is hilly, affording many opportunities for walking, of which all were glad to avail themselves. One of the principal elevations, called Babylon Hill, a large sandstone formation, near Yeovil bridge, afforded an extensive view over Dorset and Somerset. The little river Yeo, or Ivel, from which Yeovil derives its name, flows around its base, forming here the boundary of the two counties. The town is probably as old as the Roman occupation, as tesselated

pavements and Roman coins have been found there. It lies on a hill-side sloping to the river, and is built chiefly of brick and yellow stone. The church, a cruciform Perpendicular structure, with very large and graceful windows, occupies a commanding site in the centre of the town. Though not so large as some more famous churches, it is, says Mr. Freeman, "as truly the work of real artistic genius as Cologne or Winchester." Yeovil is a busy place, largely interested in the manufacture of kid gloves, which are mostly stitched by children on sewing-machines in their own homes. The principal material used is dogskin.

On leaving Yeovil, we walked up Henford Hill, passing many good stone dwellings overrun with ivy and other vines, and with neat front yards with beds of flowers. A drove of sheep and many donkey-carts coming into town gave life to the scene.

The universality of the donkey near all English towns is a matter of surprise to the American, who seldom sees one in his own country. These patient beasts are met on all the roads dragging two-wheeled carts piled high with country produce, and generally with an old woman perched on the summit, or trotting along under the weight of some great lazy man who is obliged to double up his legs to keep his feet from the ground. We even saw them used for

carrying heavy stones up a hill too steep for carts, their burden being slung on each side in wooden panniers. Children ride and drive them everywhere, and they are tethered on every common. Though not a handsome animal, the donkey is certainly a very useful one.

Beyond the railway crossing we caught a glimpse of Brackchurch on the right, and a little further on passed through West Coker, a cluster of cottages with high walls close to the road. In one yard men and boys were busy spinning rope-yarns. A dozen boys followed the coach through the village, shouting "Cahpuz! Cahpuz!" We were at a loss to tell what was meant, until Major Bonden informed us that it was the vernacular for *coppers.*

This led to an interesting discussion of the peculiar Dorset dialect, which differs in many respects from that of Devon and other adjoining counties. We noticed especially, in our intercourse with laboring people, the frequent substitution of the letter *z* for *s*, as Zunday for Sunday, zennight for sevennight, zand for sand; of *v* for *f*, as vern for fern, vuz for furze; and of *dr* for *thr*, as drong for throng, drush for thrush, and drash for thresh. We heard too, occasionally, what we may call a New England-ism—that is, a word which has survived in America though it has gone out of polite use in Old England—such as fall for autumn (the verb to fall is pronounced vall), emmet for ant, dogs for andirons, heft for weight, etc.

Major Bonden gave us an interesting account of

the Rev. William Barnes, who has published several volumes of "Poems of Rural Life" in the Dorset dialect. He is a clergyman of the Established Church, in charge of the little living of Carne, near Dorchester; dresses in the old-fashioned style, in small-clothes and cocked hat, and wears his long white hair over his shoulders, looking like a gentleman of the olden time just stepped out of the eighteenth century. The Chronicler feels sure that his readers will forgive him for reproducing here one of the idyls of this Dorsetshire Theocritus.

THE MILKMAID O' THE FARM.

O Poll's the milkmaïd o' the farm!
  An' Poll's so happy out in groun',
Wi' her white païl below her eärm,
  As if she wore a goolden crown.

An' Poll don't zit up half the night,
  Nor lie vor half the day abed;
An' zoo her eyes be sparklèn bright,
  An' zoo her cheäks be bloomèn red.

In zummer mornèns, when the lark
  Do rouse the litty lad an' lass
To work, then she's the vust to mark
  Her steps along the dewy grass.

An' in the evenèn, when the zun
  Do sheen ageän the western brows
O' hills, where bubblèn brooks do run,
  There she do zing bezide her cows.

An' ev'ry cow of hers do stand,
  An' never overzet her païl;
Nor try to kick her nimble hand,
  Nor switch her wi' her heavy taïl.

Noo leädy, wi' her muff and vaïl,
  Do walk wi' sich a steätely tread
As she do, wi' her milkèn païl
  Abalanced on her comely head.

An' she, at mornèn an' at night,
  Do skim the yellow cream, an' mwold
An' wring her cheeses red an' white,
  An' zee the butter vetch'd an' roll'd.

An' in the barken or the ground,
  The chaps do always do their best
To milk the vust their own cows round,
  An' then help her to milk the rest.

Zoo Poll's the milkmaïd o' the farm!
  An' Poll's so happy out in groun',
Wi' her white païl below her eärm,
  As if she wore a goolden crown.

Near East Chinnock the road passes through deep cuts with high hedges. Two miles beyond the village we ascended High Cross Hill, from which we had a view on the left of Haselbury in the valley below. The outlook from this point is a very pleasant one, taking in cultivated fields and pastures separated by green hedges, with a background of wooded hills. Among the agricultural laborers were many women, who appeared to be working on an equality with the men. In some fields they outnumbered the latter; in one place, four women and two men were working side by side, and in the opposite field two women and one man.

Thence on past wooded pastures, meadows aglow with red poppies, and fields variegated with broad ribbons of crimson clover, along wide highways

shaded with ancient oaks and beeches, and through narrow lanes bordered with luxuriant hedges, we drove through a landscape ever changing—never monotonous—with here a group of thatched-roofed cottages under some sheltering hill, there a more stately manor-house with its surroundings of lawn and shrubbery, and in the distance, against a background of green or on a sunlit stream, many a historic tower and hamlet.

As we drove along, enjoying the scenery and the sweet June air, Mæcenas amused us by a feat of legerdemain, which for a time was a subject of great mystery to most of the party.

"Mention the name of any prominent American," he cried, rolling up his pocket-handkerchief into a ball with the air of a veteran prestidigitateur, "and I will show you his name."

"James G. Blaine," shouted Osman Digna, with a sly twinkle in his eye.

"All right," said Mæcenas; and opening his handkerchief, he displayed the name of Mr. Blaine written in ink across the corner.

This feat created much commotion, especially among the ladies, who carefully examined the handkerchief to convince themselves that there was no trickery about it. Osman, always incredulous, insisted on having it tried again; but Mæcenas firmly declined, averring that he would not exhibit such want of originality as to repeat any of his performances.

Though in general it is a poor jest which needs

an explanation, the Chronicler considers it necessary to take the reader into his confidence to the extent of informing him that the ulster worn by Mæcenas that day was one which he had not had on since it had been worn by Mr. Blaine when his guest the previous year, and that that gentleman had left his handkerchief in one of the pockets.

News of his nomination for President had reached us at Sherborne and Mæcenas had congratulated him by cable in Lady Macbeth's words:

> "Glamis thou art, and Cawdor; and shalt be
> What thou art promised."

The Chronicler is too modest to tell what *his* prophecy was when this telegram was read to him; but it came to pass and the other one did not.

About noon we passed through Crewkerne, an ancient market town in the fertile valley of the Parret, surrounded by cultivated hills. Driving up a high hill beyond the village, we stopped for luncheon, a suitable place having been selected behind a hedge on the hill-side, whence we had a fine view of the valley. The ground was somewhat damp after the late rains, but the rubber blankets and water-proofs counteracted all possible ill effects, and furnished a safe foundation for the sitters around the festive cloth. Phaeton would have wept could he have seen the base uses to which his much-prized garment was subjected.

After our ravenous hunger had been somewhat appeased, and the opening of the champagne had

brought about a feeling of contentment in ourselves and a genial interest in the affairs of all mankind, we were suddenly made aware, by the chatter of voices, of the presence of a bevy of children, who were watching us from the bank above. At least a dozen pair of eyes were peeping through the hedge, and two boys, more adventurous than the rest, had crept through and climbed a beech tree, whence they had an uninterrupted view of our proceedings. The ladies tried to lure the youngsters down by holding up to their view oranges and cakes, but without avail; they chattered like monkeys at the sight of the prizes, but evidently suspected some trick. At last an orange tossed over the hedge convinced them of its genuineness, and two little girls, followed at a safe distance by a boy, ventured slowly down and scampered back with a handful of "goodies." The boy, his eyes as large as saucers, now made up his mind that he could approach the strangers in safety.

"Come and get some champagne," said Mæcenas, pouring out a glass of foaming ginger-beer.

The boy swallowed it almost at a gulp, and seizing an orange proffered by one of the ladies, ran back to his companions, shouting:

"I've had some champagne! I've had some champagne!"

This and the favorable report of the girls brought down the whole troop, a dozen or more, and the remains of our feast were speedily disposed of.

After luncheon the party walked back to Crew-

kerne to see Miss Pittsburgh and Osman off on the train, they having to return to London that evening. If our passage in the streets had been announced by a trumpeter in advance, it could scarcely have created a greater sensation. As we approached each house or row of houses—for the dwellings of the working people are built mostly in long low blocks of yellow stone or brick—the doors and windows became tenanted with heads – old heads and young heads, brown heads and yellow heads, curly heads and cropped heads, and heads in caps. Many stepped out of the cottages and gazed curiously after us as we marched in a little procession to the railway station on the edge of the town. We were evidently the object of universal remark, but whether our coming was looked upon in the light of an incursion of barbarians or with the curiosity which generally attends the approach of a menagerie, was not apparent.

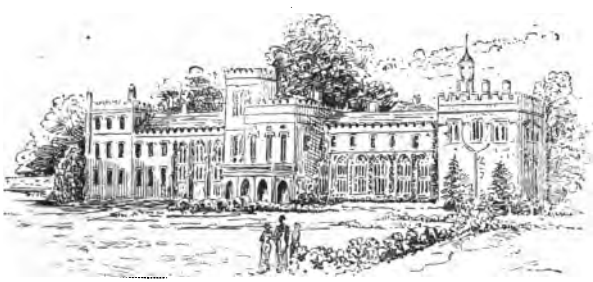
Osman, who, in view of his approaching abnegation of all the joys of coaching, ought to have been depressed and tearful, was unaccountably merry and even hilarious, as the train rolled into the station, scattering his puns with a recklessness painful to hear. We tried to impress upon him that the parting was a sad one, but he only "smiled" the louder and handed Miss Pittsburgh to her seat in the railway carriage with a final jest which made us melancholy all the rest of the day.

Crewkerne has a fine church in the Perpendicular style—a cruciform building, with a high embattled tower standing on four massive piers. A curious

little room is shown in it, used in the early days as a confessional. Of its two doors one has sculptured over it two swine, typical of the polluted condition of the penitents who entered it, the other two angels, emblematic of the renewed purity of those who came out of it. This church was long included in the diocese of Bayeux in Normandy, it having been given by William the Conqueror to the Abbey of St. Stephen at Caen, where he was subsequently buried.

After passing the great estates of Lord Bridport, we diverged from the main road, and driving by Leigh House, a handsome Elizabethan mansion on a hill-side, turned into the stately avenue leading to Ford Abbey, the seat of Herbert Evans, Esq., formerly a Cistercian convent, founded about the twelfth century by Adelicia, daughter of Baldwin de Brioniis. Henry VIII. gave the house and its demesnes to Sir Richard Pollard, whence it passed through several hands to the Gwynn family, who held it until 1847, when it was sold to the present owner. Mr. Evans was absent, but Major Bonden being recognized by those in charge as a friend of the family, we were given the freedom of the house, which we greatly enjoyed, wandering around the beautiful grounds and exploring the many apartments and devious passages of the old pile. It has an extended front, opening on a well-trimmed lawn and terrace, consisting partly of the old abbey walls and partly of modern work ascribed to Inigo Jones, with a fine entrance through a square tower in the centre. At the east end is a round chapel of the twelfth century,

and at the other a great hall or refectory of the sixteenth century, fifty-five feet long and twenty-eight high, with wainscoted walls and panelled ceiling painted and gilded, with four great Tudor windows on one side and an immense fireplace on the other. On the outer wall of the latter part are the initials of the last abbot, Thomas Chard, and the date 1528, together with several crests of arms, including that of Henry VIII. In the ancient chapel, formerly the chapter-house, which was undergoing repairs, we



noticed some tombs of the Prideaux and the arms of the several families who have occupied the abbey. The great saloon in the second story is hung with copies of the tapestries from Raphael's Cartoons, and contains some excellent specimens of old furniture. From the roof, which is covered with heavy sheets of lead, we had a most charming view of the surrounding grounds—fine meadows, groves, fishponds, and the river Axe—with glimpses of the hills beyond.

Seven miles further brought us to Axminster, where we were comfortably provided for at the

George Inn. An irregularly built town on the little river Axe, it derives its name partly from that stream and partly from the minster founded there by King Athelstane in the tenth century in memory of seven earls slain near by in a battle with the Danes. It is said to have been an important place in the time of the Saxons and was again of some consequence in the last century when the famous carpets, still called after its name, were manufactured there. But Axminster carpets are no longer made at Axminster, and the town is now an uninteresting example of the places which, for convenience' sake, may be classed under "once were." Its only business appears to be the manufacture of tooth-brushes, which the proprietor informed us were largely exported to the United States, a fact certainly in their favor. We wandered around the silent streets and visited the ancient church, which shows traces of many styles of architecture from the Norman upward, but we could get up little interest in the place, even the offer, for the paltry consideration of three guineas, of an exhaustive treatise on the great battle with the Danes failing to arouse our enthusiasm. So we sought the "George," and devoted ourselves for an hour or two to discussing the good dinner which the landlady of that hostel had provided for us.

The inquiries which we made concerning the carpet manufacture elicited little that was new. We were informed that the business was started there in 1755, by one Thomas Whitty, who, two years afterward, was given a premium of £25 by the

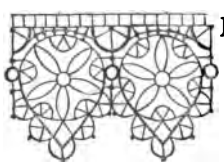
"Society for the Encouragement of Arts, Manufactures, and Commerce" for a carpet made on the principle of Turkey carpets, but which was adjudged to "excel them in pattern, colour, and workmanship." The peculiarity of the Axminster carpets was that they were made in one piece, of any size or pattern, and of any shape. They were woven in large perpendicular looms, worked by women, five or more on the same piece, who were guided by a printed pattern before them, and having the colored threads ready on needles, which they used singly, as the pattern required. The nature of the stitch permitted it to be cut, which gave the fabric the softness of velvet, the pile being at the same time higher than in ordinary carpets. As all the work was done by the fingers, the progress was necessarily slow and the cost in proportion. An Axminster carpet made in the early part of this century for the Sultan of Turkey was seventy-four by twenty-two feet in size and cost more than £1,000.

Hand-made Axminsters are still manufactured at Wilton, England, and at Tourgoing, France. They are very beautiful, being rich in color and heavy in pile, but they are too costly to suit the purses of ordinary mortals, some of the French patterns selling as high as two hundred francs the yard. The ordinary Axminster carpet of commerce is machine-made by the chenille process, thus differing from the Wilton carpet, which is woven on the Jacquard loom. The chief seats of manufacture are Glasgow in Scotland, and the United States.

CHAPTER XIII.

Axminster to Fairmile.

Ideal Coaching—A May Wreath—Wilmington Hill—Wealth of Wild Flowers—The true Mayflower—Ox-eye Daisy—Oxford's Coaching Lesson—Vale of Honiton—Honiton Lace—Queen Victoria's Wedding-dress—Beastly Inn Signs—Fairmile—Feast of Larks—Tyro at Trout-fishing.



E left the George at sharp ten o'clock on Tuesday morning, with pleasant anticipations of a superb coaching day, which fortunately were not to be dispelled. The party, recruited by accessions to its full number again, was in the best of spirits, the newcomers, under the combined influence of the bracing air and the infectious jollity of the veterans, adding no little to the measure of enjoyment. Even the horses caught the spirit of the occasion, and started off at a pace which gave good evidence that they appreciated the importance of making the most of the morning hours.

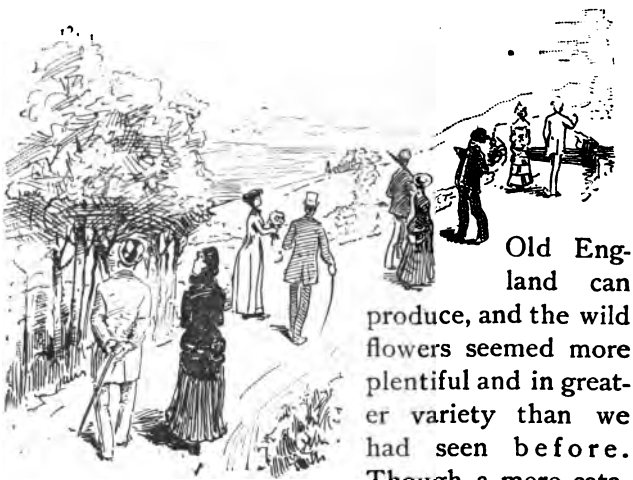
After passing the railway station—one of the neatest we had seen, with well-kept flower-beds around it—we crossed the Axe and then the Yarty, and with Clocombe Lodge in sight on the hill-side at

the right, with a background of pretty woods, wound our way through green valleys and over sharp hills, now and then catching a glimpse of the sea, the British Channel being only about seven miles away. Thence on by Coryton Park and around Shute Hill, along the great highway to Exeter, which in many places follows the Roman military road, through pretty hamlets of thatched cottages overrun with roses and occasionally with wistaria vines, we came into a country of smaller and better cultivated fields, where the arable land bore a larger proportion to the grass land, and where more cattle than sheep were seen. But though we passed many evidences of civilization, we saw few of the civilizers. Besides a few men at work in the fields or cracking stones by the roadside and an occasional donkey-cart in charge of the customary boy or old woman, we had little evidence that the country was inhabited. The scarcity of pleasure carriages on the route was a surprise and the subject of comment to the Americans of the party, who expressed the opinion that such excellent roads would not go unused in their country.

At Wilmington, a hamlet of a few thatched houses, a little group of people were gathered by the roadside, admiring a beautiful May-wreath, set upright by its staff in a grassy knoll. It was a very tasteful emblem, about three feet wide by four feet high, made of cut flowers, with the letters V. R. on the top, a mark of loyalty in this little Devon village which, strange to say, elicited no comment from

Mæcenas. It had been carried, we were informed, in a procession of the Friendly Society the day before.

A steep hill appearing before us, we were all glad to dismount and try a walk once more; and it proved to be one of the longest and pleasantest tramps of the whole journey. The road, so hard and smooth that our footsteps raised but little dust, was shaded by oaks and limes and shut in on each side by beautiful hedges, through which were caught glimpses of the valleys and cultivated lands below. The grass by the roadside was the greenest that



Old England can produce, and the wild flowers seemed more plentiful and in greater variety than we had seen before. Though a mere catalogue has little interest for the ordinary reader, the Chronicler cannot refrain from noting a few of the treasures of Wilmington Hill, giving their names in the order of their finding, without regard to affini-

ties: Ragged-robin (Lychnis flos-cuculi), Purple Orchis (Orchis mascula), Wild Strawberry, Dove's-foot (Geranium molle), Stichwort (Stellaria holostea), Lady's-smock (Cardamine pratensis), Bluebell (Campanula rotundifolia), Campion (Lychnis divica), Meadowsweet (Spiræa ulmaria), Forget-me-not (Myosotis arvensis), Buttercup, Daisy (Bellis perennis), Crosswort (Galium cruciatum), Purple Vetch, Red Vetch, Yellow Vetch, Speedwell (Veronica chamœdrys), Bad-man's Oatmeal, Celandine, Foxglove, Dandelion, Pennywort.

What a delightful air of homeness and homeliness there is in this simple list of wild flowers, common to every lane and hedgerow in England. The names smack of the very soil and people, and bear within themselves many a bit of folk-lore, many a suggestion of the past and its history as interesting to those who can read them as the record which the geologist translates from the fossil. The modest little Lady's-smock, for instance, which, notwithstanding Shakespeare, who sings:

> "When daisies pied, and violets blue,
> And lady-smocks all silver-white,
> And cuckoo buds of yellow hue,
> Do paint the meadows with delight,"

is not silver-white, but the most delicate lilac, is one of the several flowers with which the Virgin's—Our Lady's—name is directly connected. How it came to bear this honored title and why it was chosen with other simple flowers, like Lady's-grass, Lady's-slipper, and Lady's-mantle, to wear a semisacred

character, the Chronicler has not time to discuss, beyond suggesting that it may have arisen in the twelfth or thirteenth century with the growth of Mariolatry in the Church. To the New Englander this little flower has another and a scarcely less sacred significance, for from it was named the ship which bore the Pilgrim Fathers to the "stern and rock-bound coast." Lady's-smock is the Mayflower of Old England, and in some counties is called wholly by that name. It is also designated in other places Cuckoo-flower, Cuckoo's-bread, Cuckoo-spit, Bread-and-milk, Meadow-cress, and Meadow-bitter-cress, for the names of plants and flowers seem to differ as much in different parts of the kingdom as do the dialects of the people. The exquisite little blue Speedwell, from which another of the Pilgrim ships derived its name, is called differently God's-eye, Angels'-eye, Birds'-eye, Blue-eyes, Blue-stars, Blewort, and several other less significant names. Ragged-robin, too, who plants his tattered finery under every hedge, masquerades in different localities as Wandering Willie, Wild William, Crow-flower, Crow-soap, Cuckoo-flower, Meadow-pink, and March Gilliflower; and our common Ox-eye Daisy, which, despite John Burroughs (who is so unpatriotic as to call it rank and coarse), has a beauty of its own, passes in its various British homes as the Big, Bull, Dog, Horse, Ox-eye, Moon, and Midsummer Daisy, the Horse Gowan and Large White Gowan, the Moon-flower and Moon-penny, and the White Bothew and White Goldes.

So profusely has Dame Nature scattered her treasures throughout England, that the American visitor is at first inclined to the belief that the wild flowers of the mother country surpass those of his home; but a careful investigation and comparison will soon convince him that he is in error. As others have pointed out, we have in the United States not only a greater number of varieties but far more beautiful varieties than exist in the British Isles, but, like all things rich and rare, they are not produced in such abundance. They are, too, more modest and retiring, seeking the shade of the woods to escape our more fervent skies, while their English cousins are forced by lack of sunshine into the open fields and roadsides. With us only the plainer varieties of field flowers, like the Ox-eye Daisy, the Dandelion, and the Buttercup, are as prolific as the English wild flowers which, in their seasons, really carpet the meadows with their respective colors.

Though Wilmington Hill was long, many rests by the way brought the different groups into which the party had divided to the summit as fresh as when they started, and all were sorry to find the coach awaiting and a level road in advance. In remounting, Oxford managed to secure a seat upon the box beside the driver, whither he had been seen to cast many a longing eye during the morning. This proved to be but the entering wedge of his desires, for Jackson had scarcely got his horses thoroughly in hand before Oxford had possession of the reins. Though he belonged to a "coaching family," it

speedily became evident that he was not quite as much at home on the box as his accomplished brother-in-law, Major Bonden. Jackson, a veteran Jehu, soon began to venture suggestions as to the proper management of "'osses," which gradually grew into a regular course of instruction. This was at first *sotto voce*, so that those sitting behind caught only an occasional sentence, such as:

"Reins between your fingers—so."

"That nigh wheeler wants watchin'."

"Need the brake 'ere."

As he warmed with his subject he became oblivious of all around him and talked quite loquaciously.

"Keep your leaders jus' so the whiffletrees 'ill dangle goin' down 'ill, and keep on the nigh side o' the road. Touch up that hoff lēader. He's a lawyer."

"A lawyer! Why do you call him that?" asked the debutant.

"Oh-ho! Cos a lawyer 'as to be paid as he goes. Jus' so with that 'oss. If he don't get tickled now an' then, he'll 'ang back."

"Oh! I see."

"Did you ever see a 'oss step like that 'ere off wheeler? Jus' watch 'er tracks—all four of 'em in a straight line. Yet—would you b'leeve it?—that mare took second premium at the Wolver'ampton Fair. All right, too. She a'nt none the worse for it."

"Nigh side, sir, if you please. If you go left on the road you're sure to get right, you know."

"Yes. You've heard the old rhyme, haven't you?"

"Wot rhyme, sir?"

> "The law of the road is a paradox quite,
> In riding or driving along:
> If you go to the left you are sure to go right,
> If you go to the right you go wrong."

"Oh-ho! that's good, sir. Would ye mind writing that down for me?"

"Certainly not. Remind me of it to-night."

"They say the Hamericans always drive to right. Is that so?"

"I've heard so."

"Queer people." And with this oracular remark Jackson relapsed into silence for the space of a minute as if needing time to meditate on the moral obliquity of a race so barbarous as to persist in passing to the right on the road when the left offers so many advantages. But he could not long forego the opportunity to talk, and he was soon venting his opinions again as loquaciously as ever.

"That nigh leader and this 'ere mare 'll outtravel any two 'osses I ever knew. Thirty miles a day, week in and week out, and won't turn a hair. W'y, them 'osses went on the great drive."

"What great drive?"

"Oh-ho! Didn't you never 'ear o' the drive from Brighton to Inverness, two years ago? W'y, it was in all the newspapers, and there was a book made about it. This wery coach! Eight hundred miles and over in seven weeks! And them two 'osses on

the team! Yes, sir, and they're good for another one."

An exclamation from one of the ladies diverted the attention of the party from horse-training to a magnificent scene which was gradually unfolding before us. We had reached the declivity of the hill bounding the valley of the Otter on the west, and spread out before us, like a gigantic panorama, lay the beautiful Vale of Honiton, with green meadows and sunny slopes, one of the richest of the celebrated dairy districts of Devonshire, and consequently of England. On the undulating ground, above the Otter, rose the church towers and roofs of Honiton, against a background of steep hills with wooded slopes and picturesquely broken summits. All were unanimous that it well deserved its reputation of being one of the fine views of Britain.

A short half hour took us down the long hill and past pleasant farms into Honiton, where we stopped to water the horses at the Dolphin. While some of the party walked on through the town and others searched for photographs, The M. P. and the Chronicler interviewed the landlady and tested the quality of her brewage, greatly to their satisfaction. She voluntered the information that there is little to interest the antiquary in Honiton, excepting the old church, on a hill about half a mile from the town, which dates from the fourteenth century. The modern aspect of the dwellings and shops on the main street is due to disastrous fires in the last century, which swept away the old buildings.

Of course, we asked about the famous Honiton lace, which has made the name of this old town a household word throughout the civilized world. We were told that but little is now made by hand, the invention of Heathcote in 1809 of a machine capable of producing an exact imitation of pillow lace having given a death-blow to the industry. The art is said to have been introduced by Flemings, who took refuge in England during the persecution in the Low Countries by the Duke of Alva, though there are some reasons for thinking that the new-comers only gave an impetus to an already established industry by the introduction of the fine thread, then spun almost exclusively in their country. However this may be, the manufacture appears to have been in a flourishing condition in the reign of James I. Westcote, writing of Honiton in 1630, says; "Here is made abundance of bone lace, a pretty toy now greatly in request." One of the early patterns is shown in the initial letter at the head of this chapter, copied from the tomb of Lady Doddridge in Exeter Cathedral, who died in 1614.

Honiton lace long preserved its Flemish character, its great reputation being due to its sprigs, which, as in Brussels lace, were made separately. They were at first worked in with the pillow, but were afterwards appliqué or sewn on. The net, says Mrs. Pallizer in her "History of Lace," was very beautiful and regular, but very expensive. It was made of the finest thread produced from Antwerp, the market price of which, in 1790, was £70

per pound. * * * The lace-worker often received eighteen shillings a yard for the workmanship alone of a piece of this elaborate net, measuring scarce two inches in width. * * * A Honiton veil would often cost a hundred guineas."

Queen Victoria made an attempt to revive the industry by ordering her wedding-dress made of Honiton lace. Only with the greatest difficulty could the necessary number of workers be obtained, and none of them from Honiton, the dress being made at the little village of Beer and its environs. It was composed entirely of Honiton sprigs, connected on the pillow by open-work stitches, and cost £1,000.

In walking through the town we made some interesting additions to our list of inn signs, noting, among the beasts, a Black Lion, a Golden Lion, a White Hart, a Red Cow, and a Lamb; and among others, the Three Tuns, Crown and Sceptre, Fountain, Anchor, and Chopping Knife. Beyond Honiton we passed a Turk's Head by the roadside, and hard by many neat yellow-washed cottages with moss-grown roofs and now and then with ferns sprouting from the thatch. Our route took us across the railway and down the beautiful valley of the Otter, through rich meadows dotted with cattle, with many a fine house on the hill-sides behind. Luncheon-time brought us to the hamlet of Fairmile, a veritable Arcadia, on a little affluent of the Otter.

The luncheon-place on the Test near Romsey had been pronounced the ideal one, but it was acknowl-

edged by all that this exceeded it. Bare description can do it scant justice; it needs the pencil of an artist. But no one had come to fill Bleistift's place, and the Chronicler is therefore reduced to his own resources to depict a scene which must forever live in his memory.

The table was spread in the greenest of meadows beside a babbling trout stream, that flowed over glistening pebbles between banks pied with daisies, buttercups, and tufts of yellow iris. At our right the stream lost itself in clumps of alders that concealed a road leading to a manor-house, at the base of wooded hills in the distance. At our left it was spanned by a moss-grown stone bridge of a single arch, over the parapet of which was visible an ivy-covered chapel, with cottages hard by. In front, across the brook, was a cottage embowered in rhododendrons, and surrounded by trees, among which the coppery foliage of a large purple beech was conspicuous. Behind us, beyond a hedge, the ground gradually rose in a slope, on which were ploughed fields with men at work. Save the babble of the brook, the hum of bees, and the twitter of birds, scarce a sound broke the stillness of the scene. We could even hear the voices of the men talking on the hill-side behind us.

"Hark!" exclaimed Mæcenas, looking upward, "There's a lark!"

"There are two," said The M. P., quietly.

"Three! Four! Five!" cried several of the ladies in a breath.

A flood of melody came down from the clouds. We could just see the five songsters soaring in the sunlight far above us, looking so small—such mere specks against the sky—that we could but wonder how their song could reach us at all. But every note was clear and distinct, reaching our ears even after the tiny specks had faded away in the azure vault. After hearing five larks at once, it is easier to appreciate Izaak Walton's feelings when he heard the nightingales sing as he sat angling. "Lord," said he, "what music hast thou provided for the saints in heaven, when thou affordest bad men such music on earth!" The song of the nightingale is certainly sweet, good Izaak, sweeter perhaps to some ears than that of the skylark, but the Chronicler, if called to choose between the two, would feel it his duty to express a preference for the wee speck that "at heaven's gate sings."

And having thus expressed his opinion in regard to these noble British songsters, he feels moved to go a step further and to say that he knows of a bird which neither the Angler nor the Bard of Avon ever listened to, a bird of his "ain countree"—the American mocking-bird—whose song is in every respect preferable to that of either lark or nightingale. It is sweeter, richer, mellower, more varied and more brilliant, of greater compass, more powerful and more prolonged than that of any songster in British woods. The Chronicler makes this assertion with a due sense of responsibility, in the full consciousness that he is incurring the enmity of all the

romancers and poets of both past and present. But what is writ is writ, and he cannot unsay it.

The cup of delight of the lunchers at Fairmile was not yet full. As the voices of the larks died away, a cuckoo began to call its mate from the copper beeches over the brook, and a pair of wood-pigeons to purr in the willows by the road-side.

Mæcenas could contain himself no longer. He clapped his hands in applause, and said:

"My friend, God is good to you! You have come three thousand miles to hear a lark sing, and you have heard what I never heard before—five larks singing at once, and cuckoos and wood-pigeons thrown in!"

The Chronicler might have wept tears of joy at this announcement, and probably ought to have done so; but while he was searching industriously for a clean pocket-handkerchief to do justice to the occasion, The M. P. announced that the champagne, which had been cooling under his supervision in the brook, was of the proper temperature for testing, and so the opportunity passed away forever. Laughter, not tears, is the proper accompaniment to the music of corks, especially at a coaching party; and so the Chronicler ceased his unavailing search, and joined heartily in gibing a poor unfortunate, who, in his haste to respond to the luncheon call, had spoiled his suit of light clothes, and injured the integrity of his fingers in crossing a tarred fence. Poor ——! Sand and

brook-water relieved the hands somewhat, but the tweeds were ruined forever.

While we were discussing the luncheon in our usual hearty manner, a trout fisherman passed down the stream, throwing his fly as he went. He wore high water-proof boots, and was fitted out with all the paraphernalia that the most inveterate angler could wish for. Tramping along with the

air of an expert, he crossed from side to side to seize the most available places for casting his line, but with all his efforts caught nothing. The M. P., who is a veteran with the rod and reel, and has cast his fly into most of the best streams of England and Scotland, watched the proceedings for a few minutes with a disdainful air; but at last, unable

to stand it any longer, he sprang to his feet with the exclamation:

"A tyro! a very tyro! There are plenty of trout there, but he'll never catch one. Come hither and I'll show you."

Lighting our cigars, we strolled up to the old bridge, and finding a cosy nook beside it where we could peep through the willows, he pointed out trout after trout, some breaking water under the bank, some rising to catch the insects hovering over the surface in mid-stream, and others lying in quiet pools along the pebbly bottom. The water was so clear that we could easily see their gills open and close as they lay with heads up stream, breathing in the cool water.

"I should not want any better fishing," said The M. P. "It's good enough to satisfy even the author of 'I Go a-Fishing,' and I know he would be content with only the best. Look! look at that fellow! Three pounds at least! Ah! what is there more delightful than to watch the speckled beauties! One needs no other companionship. I have spent days at a time, from early light to dusk, all alone, beside a trout stream. What more does a man want?"

"To catch fish," humbly suggested the Chronicler.

"That follows as a matter of course, if you know how. But you must not go threshing the water as if you were driving cattle, like yon fellow. Don't flatter yourself that trout are soulless, unreasoning creatures, ready to bite at anybody's hook. Instinct, do you call it? It's more than that. A trout

reasons like a man, and if you expect to get the better of him you must meet him half way. Any respectable trout would rather be caught by an adept than by a bungler."

"Halloo!" came a voice from down the road. "Are you going to dream there all day long? We are off for Exeter."

It was hard to part from pretty Fairmile; but the coach, like time, waits for no man, where the road is level, and we had to tear ourselves away.

CHAPTER XIV.

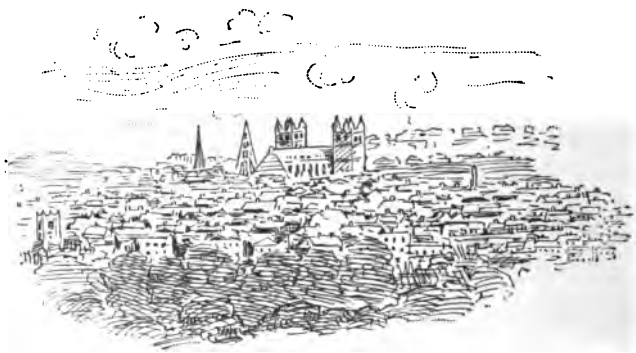
Exeter.

Exeter Towers—Women afield—The Rougemont—Castle Hill—Guildhall—Cathedral—An Organ out of Place—Prescriptive Rights—Ancient Clock—Montaigne's Wisdom—Secrets of Edinburgh Castle—Mary Stuart—Who was James I.?

UR route soon took us among the hills whence we caught a glimpse of Ottery St. Mary, the birthplace of Coleridge, in the valley of the Otter at our left; and before long the roofs and spires of Exeter came into view, with the great towers of the cathedral prominent above all. As we approached the city, the road grew wider and better, showing more evidences of care. The hedges gave place to earthen walls, but so overgrown with shrubs, grass, and flowers as to make the change scarcely perceptible. More ploughed land was seen than in the early part of the day, and many women were observed at work in the fields. In one enclosure were six women and two men, hoeing apparently on an equality. This, which had become a frequent sight, is never

an agreeable one to an American, who seldom sees a woman laboring in the fields in his own country, excepting perhaps among the Germans in the West.

As we entered the suburbs of Exeter the houses, mostly of stone and brick, looked more substantial and of a better style of architecture than those we had seen on the route, and many were surrounded by gardens with pleasant lawns and flowers. We attracted considerable attention as we drove through the principal streets, which were full of vehicles and pedestrians, and quite a little crowd of street urchins gathered around as we drove into the court of the



Rougemont Hotel, where every preparation had been made for our reception. As dinner was not ordered until eight o'clock, the ladies were requested to make a hasty toilet, and meet the gentlemen in our drawing-room, to set out on a tour of exploration. All were delighted to find that Saxon, who had been detained by illness at Sherborne, had rejoined the coach, and that we had an accession to

our ranks in the person of the Countess Hibernia, who had come down from London that afternoon.

The Rougemont Hotel, the most modern in its appliances and conveniences of any inn it had yet been our fortune to visit—and therefore the most like an American hotel, though scarcely large enough to American eyes to deserve the appellation of "monster" given it in the guide-book—is situated on the slope of the highest eminence in the city, on whose summit are the crumbling ruins of Rougemont Castle.

Rougemont is the name which, according to Shakespeare, caused a tremor in the heart of Richard III. when he visited the castle, the similarity of sound making him mistake it for Richmond.

> "Richmond! when last I was at Exeter,
> The mayor in courtesy show'd me the castle,
> And call'd it Rougemont: at which name I started,
> Because a bard of Ireland told me once
> I should not live long after I saw Richmond."

It was a true presentiment, for Bosworth Field was fought only two years later.

The side of Castle Hill forms a terraced park, with shaded paths winding among flower-beds and lawns decorated with statuary, and furnished with seats where the visitor may enjoy a most charming prospect. There is little to see of the castle itself—built by William the Conqueror and destroyed by Fairfax in the Civil War—only one of its four towers remaining, but the ancient walls and ramparts, though ruinous, are fairly preserved and are

well worth a visit for the view they command. At least, such was the verdict of the Countess Hibernia and several of the other ladies who clambered up the heights under the guidance of the Chronicler; Mæcenas and The M. P., who preferred to enjoy their *otium cum dig.* on the greensward below, announcing solemnly that they would indorse any report we chose to make on the subject. Besides the city itself, the eye takes in an area of fifty or sixty miles, commanding the river Exe in its course to the Channel, Torbay, the north-east coast towards Sidmouth and Lyme, and the intermediate country. At the foot of the walls, which are very high, is the ancient moat, now a beautiful garden with terraced walks and beds of flowers.

A walk through the principal streets convinced us that Exeter is a well-built and well-kept city, with a substantial air about it that tells of growing prosperity. Though not without attractive evidences of its association with the past, it has in general discarded the livery of antiquity for modern fashions, and wears the appearance of a city of the nineteenth century. Its business streets are lined with handsome shops and substantial public buildings of granite, and we noted several fine squares with elegant private residences. High Street, which follows the line of the chief thoroughfare of the old Roman city, still wears in some parts an aspect of antiquity, a seeming anachronism amid its newer surroundings. The projecting front of the Guildhall and the square-headed double windows and quaint project-

ing stories and gables of some of the Elizabethan houses along this avenue of a thousand years offer many a picturesque bit for the artist and the antiquary.

The Guildhall, which from time immemorial has occupied the same site on High Street, is a quaint structure of heavy timber, dating from the middle of the fifteenth century. The great hall on the ground floor, with its open timber roof and walls wainscoted with carved mouldings, takes one back

in imagination to the times when the hump-backed king visited Exeter. Antiquo called our attention to shields charged with the armorial bearings of the magistrates and benefactors of the city, and would have exhausted the little time we had left in discus-

sing their heraldic significance if he could have persuaded any one to listen to him; but we were in pursuit of gratification for eyes rather than ears, and after a hurried glance at the portraits—several of which are by Hudson, the master of Reynolds, and by Sir Peter Lely—and a brief visit to the council chamber upstairs, which partly projects into the street over an Elizabethan colonnade, we hastened to the cathedral.

Though Exeter Cathedral has the reputation among architects of being one of the finest examples extant of the Early Decorated style, the Chronicler is compelled to record that the first sight of it, as one approaches the west front, is disappointing. Not until the visitor has walked among the stately elms of the close on the north side, where is obtained an uninterrupted view from front to lady chapel, does he become impressed with its beauty and grandeur. A still more picturesque view is to be had from the grounds of the Episcopal Palace, which occupy nearly the whole of the south and east sides. The ground-plan of the cathedral is nearly a Greek cross, its transepts intercepting the nave at its centre, the nave proper and the choir having an equal number of bays. It has no central tower, but two square transeptal towers, parts of the early Norman structure, which, originally separate chapels, were transformed, near the close of the thirteenth century, into true transepts by piercing them with arches. These transeptal towers constitute the chief peculiarity of Exeter Cathedral, the church at Ottery

St. Mary, built in imitation of it, being the only other example of such a plan in the United Kingdom.

Our experience in obtaining access to the interior was similar to that at Salisbury. The doors were locked, but they were easily opened with a golden key. The first view of the magnificent nave will amply compensate the visitor for any disappointment he may have felt in the exterior, the long range of clustered columns and of richly-decorated ribbed roof, seen from the western to the eastern painted window—more than three hundred feet, offering a grand and almost unexcelled architectural perspective. Above the columns, which are of bluish gray Purbeck marble, rising from delicately sculptured corbels, are pointed arches supporting a triforium of trefoil arches, and above these are a parapet and a clere-story of windows with geometrical tracery, all in stone of a light cream color. The so-called Minstrels' Gallery, in the central bay on the north side, for the use of musicians when the cathedral was visited by distinguished persons, is supposed to have been erected in the fourteenth century, in honor of the Black Prince, when created Duke of Cornwall on his expected visit to Exeter on his way home from Gascony with his prisoner, the French King. In its front are fourteen pinnacled compartments each containing a female figure playing a different musical instrument, and on the corbels are the heads of Edward III. and Queen Philippa.

Separating the nave from the choir is an exquisite screen of stone pierced by three ogee arches, the spandrils being filled with delicately sculptured foliage. Above this screen rises the great organ, a very handsome instrument and one of the most powerful ones in the kingdom, but, in the opinion of the coaching party, wholly out of place, as it materially detracts from the beauty of the nave. The verger agreed that its position was conspicuous and that the general view of the nave would be improved if it were taken down, but argued that as it had occupied its place for more than two hundred years it had a prescriptive right to it.

Mæcenas told him that doctrine might do in England, but would not pass current in a country where the people ruled; that if it were out of place and a nuisance it should be made to give way for the general benefit. That it had spoiled the view for two hundred years was no reason why it should continue to spoil it for two hundred more. The verger only smiled at such heretical sentiments and invited us to look at the clock, which he dryly remarked ought to be replaced by a new one for the same reason, as it is even older than the organ.

The clock, which is in the north tower, is said to have been made in the reign of Edward III. In the centre of the face, about seven feet in diameter, is a globe representing the earth, around which the moon, half black and half white, revolves monthly, showing its phases as it turns on its axis. The face has two circles, the inner one, marked from 1 to 30,

showing the age of the moon, the outer one, figured from I to XII twice over, giving the hours of the day and night. Between the circles, a third ball, representing the sun, points the hours and revolves around the earth, according to the Ptolemaic system. The great bell of Exeter, or Great Peter, as it is called, on which the hours are struck, weighs twelve thousand five hundred pounds. It hangs in the north tower. In the south tower are eleven more bells, ten of which are rung in peal, the largest and heaviest set in the kingdom.

About £50,000 have been expended in the restoration of Exeter Cathedral since 1870, when the work was begun, and it is now one of the most beautiful and interesting monuments of art in existence. The visitor who is not delighted with its exquisite architecture, in which the carving of stone is seen in perfection, its many historic chapels and monumental tombs, its elegant chapter-house with its panelled ceiling, and its lady chapel with its wealth of stained glass, will be hard to please. We wandered entranced over its decorated pavements until the fast fading twilight admonished us that dinner was awaiting us at the Rougemont. That was a call the coaching party never disobeyed. Though thoroughly imbued with æstheticism, experience had taught us that even the beautiful was more enjoyable on a full stomach, and we therefore bade the kind verger adieu with feelings of pleasure rather than of regret.

Montaigne somewhere says that it was his prac-

tice in travelling to endeavor to learn something by conferring with the people he met, always leading those with whom he conversed to talk of things they knew about. By following a similar course during the few leisure hours which fell to his lot, the Chronicler found no little amusement and picked up many a nugget of information which has since been of service in the preparation of this true narrative. Sometimes, after the ladies of the party had left for the night, he would seek the retirement of the smoking-room—with others of the gentlemen who preferred a steaming nightcap to an early wooing of Morpheus in one of the ordinary pattern—and join in the general conversation which prevailed under the genial influence of the weed which puts all men on an equality; sometimes in joining in a game of billiards with fellow-guests, he would form acquaintances which opened avenues of information that otherwise might have been barred; and now and then he would find that even the bar-maid and the boots were able to impart certain facts which had previously eluded his transatlantic curiosity. As a general thing, if you wish to get at the true inwardness of a people's character, you must bring yourself into personal relations with the lower classes. Stir up the subsoil if you would know what the land is worth.

Those who assisted at the symposium one evening in the smoking-room of the Rougemont will never forget the agreeable Edinburgh gentleman who entertained us until the "wee sma' hours ayont

the twal" with curious reminiscences of the Athens of the North and of the many great men whose lives have been woven into her history. One story has so wide-reaching a significance that the Chronicler would hesitate to repeat it, if he had not since found evidence that the question involved had been raised before. Without attempting any discussion of its probability or improbability,—

> "I cannot tell how the truth may be,
> I tell the tale as 'twas told to me,"—

which belongs rather to the domain of history than to the record of a coaching trip, he will relate as briefly as possible what the Edinburgh gentleman, who shall be Mr. Blank for the time being, related to us, and as nearly as possible in his own words, of which note was made at the time.

"All of you who have visited the Castle of Edinburgh," he said, "will doubtless remember the irregular-shaped panelled room in which took place what some one of our historians has called the greatest event in the history of Britain—the birth of James VI. of Scotland, who afterwards, as James I. of England, united in his person the rival crowns of Mary and Elizabeth. His succession 'drew towards it the eyes of all men,' writes Lord Bacon, 'being one of the most memorable accidents that had happened a long time in the Christian world.' Of no less importance is it to-day, for through that first English Stuart flowed the royal current that made our Charleses kings, and which gives in this nineteenth

century the right of our Queen to sit upon the English throne. Yet there are good grounds to justify a doubt whether this James had any claim to the name he bore, or any defensible title to the honors which he enjoyed whether in Scotland or in England."

"What do you mean?" cried the Chronicler in amazement. "Was he not the son of Mary Stuart? and was not Mary Stuart——"

"I mean that there is reason for supposing that he was not the child of Mary Stuart and of Henry Darnley."

"Who was he, then?" exclaimed one of the party, impatient to hear the denouement. But Mr. Blank was too old a story-teller to lose his hold on his audience thus early in the game.

"Did you ever see a picture of James I.?" he asked. "Of course, everybody is familiar with the face of Mary. Who can trace a likeness between the plebeian unattractive features of the one and the lovely countenance of the other? Mary was the embodiment of grace; James was an awkward boor, coarse in mind and timid in character, who felt ill at ease amongst royal surroundings, who was more at home in his hunting-lodge than in his palace, who preferred the company of sycophants to that of the most accomplished men of his court."

"But James was a learned man," suggested one, "and wrote books, did he not?"

"Pedantic rather than learned. George Buchanan, his tutor, said, you will remember, that he made

him a pedant because he could make nothing else of him. Yet historians would have us believe that this coarse-grained man was the son of the versatile and accomplished Mary, a woman the peer of any of her time."

"If the want of resemblance, either in person or disposition, be all you have to draw your deduction from, it seems to me," observed the Chronicler, "that your argument is a weak one."

"It is only in the nature of cumulative evidence. But you must judge for yourself after I have related the facts. When you visited the room in Edinburgh Castle in which James was born did the guide point out to you the site of the secret receptacle in the wall?"

"No."

"Of course he did not. He might have lost his position if it had become known that he had done so. So long as he can win his shilling by going through with the ordinary routine none of the guides will trouble himself to let the visitor into any of the hidden secrets of that place. But he might, had he chosen, have shown you, above the entrance-door of the apartment, within Queen Mary's room, a stone nicely fitted into the wall and apparently a part of it, which, however, can be easily removed—or perhaps I should say *could* be, for I believe it is now sealed up. About fifty years ago, or, to be more precise, in the month of August, 1830, some workmen, engaged in making repairs in this room, discovered that the stone over the door was loose.

Suspecting from the thickness of the wall that it concealed a hiding-place, and actuated no doubt by the hope of finding treasure, they carefully removed it and were rewarded by the discovery of a secret receptacle within the wall itself, but instead of the anticipated treasure their eager eyes were greeted with the sight of a little oak coffin which closely filled the space, as if the latter had been constructed especially for it. Well, to shorten my story, the conclusion of which I think you already anticipate, a thorough examination of the coffin by the proper authorities showed that it contained the remains of an infant, wrapped in fine cloths marked with the initial I, which, as you know, is the equivalent of J, and stands for Jacobus or James."

"Now," continued Mr. Blank, lighting a fresh cigar, "there is no doubt that Mary Stuart gave birth to a child in that room on the morning of June 19, 1566, and there is also no doubt that a child was baptized and christened James at Stirling in the following December, and that the latter child grew up to be James VI. of Scotland and James I. of England. But whether the infant baptized at Stirling was identical with the one born in Edinburgh Castle—is a question which has exercised other minds than mine."

"Was it ever raised before the discovery of the coffin?" asked the Chronicler.

"The point had been mooted, but only in a general way, for there was little to build upon. It was, too, rather a delicate matter to invalidate the title

of the entire royal family, for if James was not the son of Mary, but a supposititious child, he had no more right to sit upon the throne of either Scotland or England than I have to-day, and all those whose claims to royal honors and titles are derived through their descent from him are in a similar predicament."

"If the death of Queen Mary's child in Edinburgh Castle were proven beyond a doubt, would it affect the position of the present royal family?"

"The Guelphs rule by act of Parliament, you will remember, and not by divine right or the grace of God, like the Stuarts and others who preceded them. Their legal right is unquestionable, I think. The question of their legitimacy is of little consequence now beyond its interest as a historical fact. Few ruling families in the world's history have been free from the taint of suspicion. Where great interests are at stake involving the succession to a throne and the perpetuity of a line, we ought not perhaps to blame those who adopt every expedient short of actual crime to retain their hold upon power; and I am not sure that in some extreme cases even crime may not have some justification. There was a necessity for the existence of Mary's child. Two thrones depended upon it, and even Elizabeth, after her first burst of passion was over, recognized the infant, agreed to become its godmother, and was represented at the baptism at Stirling."

"Is there any proof beyond the bare existence of this infant's body that Mary's child died in the

Castle?" asked the Chronicler, whose curiosity had become greatly aroused by Mr. Blank's recital.

"I have been told," he replied, "by one in a position to know, that other evidence has been found in the Castle within the past two years, but has been kept secret by the authorities. I do not even know the nature of this evidence, whether it is documentary or otherwise, but my confidence in the character of the person who imparted the information leads me to believe that the report is true. You can depend upon one thing, however, no matter how strong the evidence may be it will never be permitted to see the light until the republic of England has superseded the present dynasty. Then, if it be not destroyed meanwhile, the proof of what I have told you may perhaps be given to the world."

"Until then, it seems to me that however strong the circumstantial evidence may be, it must remain something like one of your Scotch verdicts—not proven. But if James were not James, who could he have been?"

"Ah! *quien sabe!* as I have heard some of you Americans say. Who knows what venal mother sold her own flesh and blood to save a throne! One thing is pretty certain: we know from the history of James's descendants that his blood was probably as mean as that which coursed in the veins of the Stuarts, but doubtless the family was as well represented in him as if his prototype had not died and been walled up in Queen Mary's bedchamber."

CHAPTER XV.

Exeter to Okehampton.

Umbrellas and Water-proofs—Exeter Names—Devonian Rocks—Devonshire Lanes—Disgusted Tramps—Wild Scenery — Moreton-Hampstead — Epitaphs — Dartmoor Prison—The Tors—Lady Well—South Tawton—John Oxenham—Okehampton.

THOUGH Wednesday morning opened with signs of rain, the coaching party were not disheartened. Water-proofs and umbrellas were brought into requisition and, the coach having been sent on in advance, all bade adieu to the hospitable Rougemont and set out—two and two—on a tramp through Exeter streets. As we did not move with all the gravity of a funeral procession, we necessarily attracted some little observation and perhaps comment as we marched, but as we were not reported in the daily papers, the Chronicler takes it for granted that no serious breach of the peace was committed by any of the party.

Our attention was attracted, as we went along, by many singular names on the street signs. Most of these being unfamiliar to the Americans, some of

the party drew the inference that the emigration from Devon to New England in the early days must have been smaller than from some of the other counties of Old England. The following list of a few of the compound names, observed in our short walk, is offered without any attempt to account for their etymology, which in most of the cases is obvious:

Halfyard,	Younghusband,
Horniblow,	Groundsell,
Fouracres,	Heavenrich,
Goodacre,	Lamacraft,
Trickey,	Godbeer.

Just before reaching the stone bridge over the Exe at the foot of the High Street, we were caught in a smart shower which forced us to seek shelter; but it was soon over and in a few minutes more we were across the bridge where the coach was awaiting us. Our route now took us in a south-westerly direction, into a more broken country than any we had experienced—a country of high hills and deep glens. The character of the soil, too, entirely changed, and it was evident that we had entered a new geological formation. Everything wore a ruddy tint; the roads were red, the earth was red, the very rocks were red, and we soon recognized that we had reached the country of the new red sandstone – the country which has given its name to the subdivision of the palæozoic rocks known as the Devonian. Vegetation, too, became more luxuriant, for this

formation is generally accompanied by great fertility of soil. Sometimes the road passed through a deep "cut," forming a hollow way twenty or thirty feet below the surface of the country, bordered at the top with high hedges or with trees whose interlacing branches almost formed a continuous bower, and clothed along their sides with primroses and other flowering shrubs; and sometimes it led over high summits whence we had extensive views of a rugged country, with bare hill-sides patched with gorse, often as black as if burnt, interspersed with pretty valleys whence rose the smoke of farm-houses, and with fields dotted with hay-ricks.

Of course, so rugged a country gave us more opportunities for walking than we had before experienced, and all were glad to improve them. The light rain had laid the dust and cleared the atmosphere, and the soft Devonshire air which came laden with the scent of the roses and the hawthorn was so exhilarating we felt that we could walk on forever. The Chronicler, whose obligation to tell "the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth," weighs as strongly with him as if he were on the witness-stand, feels it his duty to add that the circumstances attending the walk and especially the character of the company had much to do with the attendant exhilaration, and he is ready to admit that under some less favorable conditions a journey on foot over these rugged hills might be the reverse of agreeable. A vivid recollection of the disgusted countenances of two perspiring tramps, passed on

our way up one of the steepest of Devonshire hills, who had evidently been debating Mr. Mallock's question—whether life be worth living—has aided materially in bringing him to this conviction.

As we reached the top of this hill Mæcenas, who, with several of the ladies had pushed on in advance, called a halt.

"This," cried he, enthusiastically, "reminds me more forcibly of Scotland than any bit of scenery we have yet had. But for the absence of the lake, I should think we were looking down on the Trosachs; or rather on

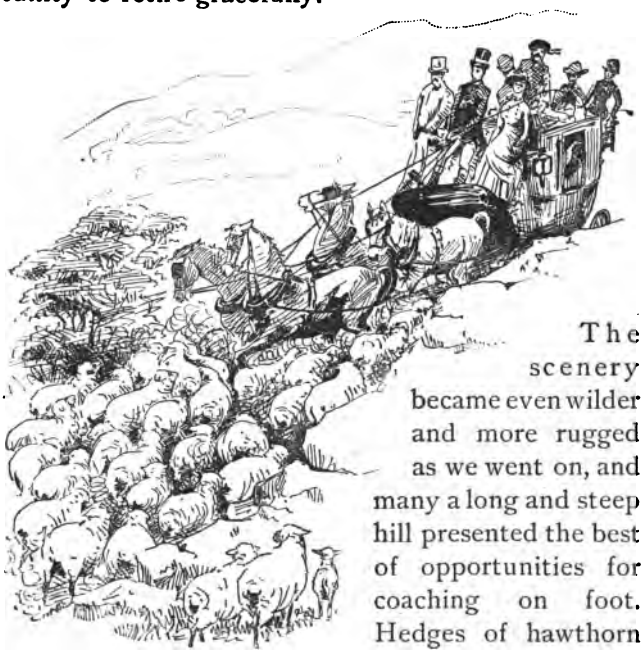
> "The narrow and the broken plain
> Before the Trosach's rugged jaws."

One of the young men of the party, who had just come up in time to hear this remark, felt it incumbent upon himself to treat us to a further instalment of the poem, and started off briskly with—

> "At once there rose so wild a yell
> Within that dark and narrow dell."

But alas! it proved to be another case of "ill-weaved ambition." He had scarce unreeled a dozen lines when it became painfully evident that his skein was irretrievably tangled, and Mæcenas, who is

never caught tripping on Scotch poetry, was obliged to come to his aid. Fortunately for the young man's feelings, a flock of sheep came along just then, bleating and filling the road from side to side, driving us under the hedge and thus affording him an opportunity to retire gracefully.



The scenery became even wilder and more rugged as we went on, and many a long and steep hill presented the best of opportunities for coaching on foot. Hedges of hawthorn and holly gave way to earthen embankments covered with a ragged growth of scrub-oak, hazel, and gorse, over which we caught views of rough hill-sides, on which many sheep were feeding, and deep gorges whence came the sound of rushing waters. On descending a long hill, we came

upon a most picturesque blacksmith-shop beside the road, through the open door of which we could see the glow of the forge fire and two Titans at work at an anvil. Just beyond it the church tower of Dunsford was descried down in the valley at our right, standing like a sentinel among a group of thatched cottages constituting the hamlet of that name. Hard by is Great Fulford House, which has belonged to the ancient Saxon family of Fulford since the time of Richard Cœur de Lion.

Beyond Dunsford the road wound along the side of a very steep hill, which rose above us on the left in a wild growth of gorse, broom, mountain-ash, and stunted oak, crested with ragged rocks. On the right we looked far down into a picturesque glen or combe, through which flowed over glistening pebbles and between the greenest of banks what The M. P. called an ideal trout stream, which almost tempted him, he declared, to desert the coach. This charming valley, beautiful enough to satisfy a Rasselas or even a more practical dreamer, was shut in on the opposite side by almost precipitous rocks hidden here and there by underbrush and ferns.

One of the American ladies expressed surprise at finding such wild scenery in England, which, she said, she had been taught to regard as a thoroughly cultivated country where Nature's ruggedness had long since been so modified by art as to be unrecognizable to her true worshippers. This disingenuous remark brought a smile to the faces of the Britons, and The M. P. expressed a wish that she might see

some of the rugged scenery of the north country, where Dame Nature still lives amid as wild surroundings as did Mother Eve in her original garden.

But Mæcenas shook his head and remarked that the wildness is only comparative. "There are few places in Britain," he said, "which the hand of man has not shaped more or less. Even here the hillsides have been trimmed—and do you not view the scene from the best of roads? And what is that down below there, spanning the stream? A substantial bridge. It is the same in the north: it is almost impossible to get out of sight of human 'improvements.' If you wish to see Dame Nature in her grandeur, her sublimity, come to America. This is beautiful, but it is not grand."

As we crossed the summit of the hill and began the descent on the other side we caught sight of the Dartmoor hills on our left, a broken country overgrown with brush and gorse. In the valley below, on the right, lay Moreton-Hampstead, surrounded by hills. We stopped just before reaching it and lunched in a meadow beside a stream, sending the coach on in the meanwhile to the White Hart Inn. As there was a chill in the atmosphere not altogether favorable to a prolonged al fresco entertainment, the feast was soon despatched and, breaking up into several detachments, we set out on a tour of the village.

Moreton-Hampstead is romantically situated on the border of Dartmoor. Though only a dozen miles from Exeter, it is comparatively isolated and the

people are said to speak a dialect peculiar to themselves; but we had no opportunity of verifying this, for the few streets we passed through were as deserted as those of the resurrected Herculaneum. But for the fact that it is set upon a hill, it might be described as a second Sleepy Hollow. The only life visible was among the dead in the graveyard, where a woman and a little girl were seated on a recumbent stone watching a man digging a grave. The old gray church, a Perpendicular structure with a square tower, stands in the middle of God's Acre, in which lie many generations of its worshippers, overlooking the rugged country around and the Dartmoor hills beyond. Among its moss-grown tombs the Chronicler noted one or two that seemed worth copying. One, to the memory of William and Mary B———, husband and wife, who died at the respective ages of fifty-seven and thirty-four, is as follows:

> "Death will not spare at thirty-four,
> Nor yet at fifty-seven:
> Therefore prepare ye, loving friends,
> And seek the way to Heaven."

Good advice, truly, at any age. The next inscription is not quite so definite in regard to the time of the "taking-off," but exhibits an equally exemplary faith.

> "'Twas in the blooming age of Man
> God took me from this wicked land;
> I left my Wife and Children dear
> Unto the God of Israel's care,

In whom I trust that he will bless
The Widow and the fatherless."

The next, a sad acknowledgment of human mortality, is a confession that even death may under some circumstances be a relief.

" A pining sickness gave the fatal blow,
The stroke was certain but the effect was slow;
With wasting pain Death found me sore oppressed,
Pitied my Sighs and kindly gave me rest."

While on this subject of epitaphs, the Chronicler hopes that he may be pardoned for introducing here a still better illustration of mortality which he found, a few weeks after the visit to Moreton-Hampstead, in the new cemetery at Stirling, Scotland. It is on a stone to the memory of a " Chief-Constable of Stirlingshire," and, strange to say, is no earlier than 1809.

" Our life is but a winter day:
Some only breakfast and away:
Others to dinner stay,
and are full fed:
the oldest man but sups:
and goes to bed:
large is his debt:
that lingers out the day:
he that goes soonest:
has the least to pay."

Adjoining the churchyard at Moreton-Hampstead is an enclosed field, laid out with paths and seats, called locally the Sentry (Sanctuary), which is said by one of the guide-books to be to the village

what Hyde Park is to London—a breathing-place for the people, though to a stranger the providing of such a lung for a population living in sight of the Dartmoor Tors would seem something like a work of supererogation. Although several members of the coaching party amused themselves therein for a good half hour playing pitch-and-toss with coin of the realm, no inhabitant of that benighted place appeared to question what must have seemed to them very much like an invasion of Vandals. A painted inscription on the back of one of the wooden benches—

NEVER CUT AN OLD FRIEND—

seemed to indicate that the Sentry was sometimes visited by people with proclivities similar to those ascribed to the traditional Yankee; though the Chronicler is fain to acknowledge that he saw no chips nor evidences of a jack-knife visitation such as is too often to be seen on and around benches in public parks at home. This apparent simplicity of character may be due in some degree to the comparative isolation of the place, for, though Moreton-Hampstead is now blessed with a railway station of its own, there are said to be people now living who can remember when it was approachable only on foot or by pack-horse, and when no vehicle larger than a wheelbarrow had ever been seen in its streets.

Moreton-Hampstead is one of the principal starting points for visitors to Dartmoor, the main road across which leads from it by Two Bridges to

Tavistock. Twelve miles south-west of it, near the centre of the moor, is Prince Town, the site of the famous prison through which this area of desolation is best known to most Americans. Built originally in 1809 for the reception of French prisoners of war, of whom, at least ten thousand were at one time confined in it, it was used in the war of 1812–1814 as a place of detention for American seamen who, impressed into the British navy, refused to serve against their country. About twenty-five hundred of these found an involuntary home there during the continuance of the war, and many left their bones in its inhospitable soil. Probably the stories of the cruelties suffered there by prisoners were much exaggerated, but the prison seems to have had a reputation in the early part of this century, if we may judge from the reports given of it by French writers, almost as unsavory as that which Andersonville enjoyed in the Northern States during our civil war.

The prison occupies an area of about thirty acres, enclosed by a double line of lofty granite walls, with sentry-boxes at intervals, between which is a military road nearly a mile long. Its many massive buildings radiate from a common centre toward the inner circumvallation. For many years after it was virtually abandoned, but in 1850 it was made into a prison for convicts, under whose labor a large tract of the surrounding land has been brought under tillage and made to produce good crops.

Dartmoor, named from the river Dart which

rises in it, is a high granitic plateau or table-land, its generally level surface being diversified by many rugged eminences called Tors, remarkable for their fantastic shapes. At least a hundred and fifty of these are dignified with names, such as Yes Tor, Lynx Tor, Brent Tor, Fur Tor, Rough Tor, etc., and though the highest (Yes Tor) rises only two thousand feet above the level of the sea, just one-third the height of Mount Washington in our White Mountain chain, they have a desolate grandeur unequalled by many more ambitious heights. The vapors brought by the west winds from the bosom of the Atlantic quickly condense on the naked granite of their summits, which are most of the time wreathed with clouds, and fall in frequent rains or drenching mists. In the depths of this wilderness, which covers an area of about a hundred and thirty thousand acres, is an almost inaccessible morass in which rise the Dart, Tavy, Teign, Taw, Erme, Yealm, and many other streams that flow outward through the clifts and rocky valleys among the Tors.

Excepting the prison land and a few small farms on its borders, the soil of Dartmoor is almost uncultivated. Coarse grass, heather, moss, and reeds are its chief growths, though stunted oaks, mountain-ashes, and gorse are found on its borders and in some of its lower valleys. Vague tradition asserts that the tract was once a forest, but it probably had its origin in its legal afforestation under the name of Dartmoor Forest by King John, in whose

time it was the haunt of many wild animals fit for the chase. Though the red deer have long since disappeared from its wilds, Dartmoor is still to some extent a royal appanage, and is included in the Prince of Wales's Duchy of Cornwall.

Leaving Moreton-Hampstead, we drove through a country of narrow lanes and high earthen hedges, a maze of roads where our sole dependence was the guide-boards, but still keeping a south-westerly course along the borders of Dartmoor. Many long hills gave more opportunities for walking than we had had on any previous day, and we estimated at night that we had tramped at least ten of the twenty-two miles of that day's journey. Yes Tor, the highest of the Dartmoor hills, its head wreathed in clouds, was in sight during the whole afternoon. Towards evening we came into a bleak open country strewn with rocks, among which an occasional wooden derrick rose against the gray sky like a huge gibbet. Passing one of these and some rude buildings near the roadside, just as a man was coming out from them, we stopped to inquire their purpose. He slowly took his pipe from his mouth and gazing at the coach with a stupefied air as if he had just become cognizant of it, replied:

"Dun-no. Ax yon mon."

"Yon mon" was an overgrown boy in corduroy smallclothes driving the omnipresent donkey. He exhibited more surprise if anything than the man, but to Mæcenas's persistent inquiry as to the object

of the wooden structures he at last contrived to ejaculate—

"Cawper."

From this we gathered that they were erected for copper mining, which we afterward ascertained to be the fact.

Soon after we passed through a street of straggling cottages, at one end of which a number of women and children were gathered around a drinking fountain, with this inscription carved in the rock over it:

LADY WELL. DRINK AND BE THANKFUL.

We were told that it was the parish of South Tawton, which readers of Charles Kingsley will remember as the home of John Oxenham, whilome companion and tried comrade of Sir Francis Drake in his voyage to the West Indies in 1572. This Captain John Oxenham, as he was called after his return home, was one of the boldest adventurers of that exceptionally adventurous age, and but for a woman might have passed into history as one of the world's greatest navigators. He had promised Drake to assist him in sailing an English ship in the South Sea or Pacific, which they had viewed together from the top of a tall tree on the Isthmus of Panama, but, after waiting two years for him, he sailed to the Isthmus in a single vessel with seventy men, crossed over and built and launched a galliot, with which he captured two ships from Peru laden with bullion. Well for him would it have been if this had been

all his booty; but, unfortunately, among the spoil were what Prince calls "two pieces of especial estimation, the one a table of massy gold with emeralds, sent for a present to the king; the other a lady of singular beauty, married and the mother of children. The latter grew to be his perdition," for he was so taken with love of her that he yielded to her entreaties and set free his prisoners instead of turning them over to his savage allies to be roasted to death, as was the accepted fashion in those good old days. The result justified the expediency of the custom and the inexpediency of succumbing to womanly tears in so trifling a matter as the immolation of a few dozen Spaniards more or less, for the survivors made haste to Panama and returning with a superior force overpowered the Englishmen and slew or captured the whole party. John Oxenham himself was among the prisoners and being carried to Lima was there put "to death as a pyrate." History does not tell what became of the syren who thus ensnared in her toils this bold son of South Tawton.

Thence on through the well-named village of Sticklepath (steep road), along the very edge of Dartmoor, with Casdon or Cawsand Beacon, High Tor, and Yes (East) Tor in sight on our left, the summit of the last-named hidden in clouds, we drove over hills and down hills into the valley of the Okement to ancient Okehampton, where we arrived at the White Hart Inn at half-past seven o'clock, after one of the most enjoyable drives of the whole journey.

CHAPTER XVI.

Okehampton to Bideford.

Charles Kingsley's Grudge—Military Occupation—Jolly Soldiers—A Nightcap—Okehampton Castle—Hatherleigh—John o' Gaunt's Gift—Lunch at Merton—Interviewing a Farmer—Sheep-shearing—A bad Dream—Valley of the Torridge.

CHARLES KINGSLEY'S description of Okehampton, as "ugly, dirty, and stupid" places the Chronicler in a quandary. Faith in the good canon debars him from contradicting his statement; for reason tells him that his conclusion must have been reached through satisfactory premises. On the other hand, justice to the people of Okehampton, or Ockington, as it is called in the Devon vernacular, prompts him to record that it appeared to his eyes neither ugly nor dirty, and he can truly aver that it was anything but stupid during our brief visit. A strict regard for the truth of history, however, prompts him to add that he saw it only at night, and that the liveliness of the place was chiefly extraneous—due, in fact, to the presence there of a volunteer artillery battalion.

Fortunately, our rooms had been secured in advance, or we might have been forced to spend the night with the pixies on Dartmoor, for the several inns appeared to be overflowing with citizen soldiers who had put on for the time being the "pomp and circumstance of glorious war."

There were lively times that night at the White Hart. The colonel had his head-quarters there, and a military band which played in front during the evening attracted a large crowd. As the windows of our dining-room opened directly on the street, we had the benefit of this as much as if it had been a serenade in our honor. Nor did the officers have all the fun to themselves; the dinner of the coaching party was celebrated as usual with all the honors and passed off with rather more than the customary éclat. It seemed as if the ten or twelve mile tramp of the day had sharpened the wits as well as the appetites of all, and story followed upon story and repartee upon repartee until the ladies retired wearied with the day's work. It had really been a hard day for them, and especially for the Countess Hibernia, who was, compared with the others, a novice in coaching—on foot.

The gentlemen, left to their own resources, sought amusement wherever it was likely to be found. A walk through the streets brought to light several jolly companies in as many tap-rooms, where soldiers and citizens mingled on an equality and kept the bar-maids busy. In one place a chorus of men in the Queen's uniform were singing some rollicking sol-

diers' songs. Their voices were fairly trained and worked very well together; at least, such was the verdict of the crowd, which applauded their efforts vociferously and called for frequent encores.

It was towards midnight when The M. P. and the Chronicler, deserted by all the rest of the party, rang for a "nightcap" before closing the labors of the day.

"The best Scotch whiskey, a lemon, sugar, and hot water," was the order.

Ten minutes later, if a stranger had peeped through the window of that cosey first-floor room in the White Hart, he would have seen two comely countenances glowing with anticipation as The M. P., an adept in such matters, carefully divided the portions and compounded the ingredients.

There is something in the very aroma of a hot toddy at night—especially toward the small hours of the morning, when all without is dark and there is nothing stirring but the cool breeze which slips in through the open casement—which induces in the human breast a sense of calm repose, a sweet consciousness of peace with all the world and of satisfaction with one's own surroundings. Such were the feelings which actuated The M. P. and the Chronicler as they simultaneously raised a steaming tumbler to their lips amid the profoundest silence.

Schl-oo-oo-p!

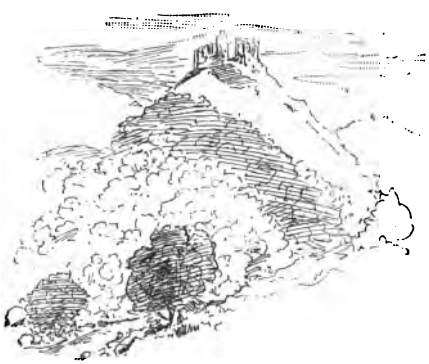
A quick glance of horror and indignation shot from two pair of eyes on opposite sides of the cloth and two glasses came down with a thud on the table between.

"Turpentine!" gasped the Chronicler.

"The vilest of Irish whiskey!" cried The M. P. Alas! we had found out why Charles Kingsley had such a grudge against Okehampton!

One disappointment often follows another. The morning brought The M. P. a telegram from the "parliamentary whip" informing him that the exigencies of the Franchise Bill demanded his presence in London. We felt that we could not spare him, but the party call was inexorable and he had to take the morning train.

About a mile south-west of Okehampton, on the summit of a rocky, wooded hill overlooking the valley of the Okement, or rather the west branch of that stream, which winds around its base, are the picturesque remains of Okehampton Castle, once the most important stronghold in Devon. It is said to have been built originally by Baldwin de Brioniis, one of the followers of William the Conqueror and created by him Earl of Devon. In later times, it was largely rebuilt by the Courtenays, to whom it came in the thirteenth century, and it was dismantled on the attainder of one of that family by Henry VIII.



The most conspicuous part of the ruin is the ancient keep, the shattered walls of which on a conical mound are familiar in Turner's drawing.

On Thursday morning we changed our course from south-west to north-west and drove to Bideford, via Hatherleigh and Little Torrington. The country between Okehampton and Hatherleigh is hilly and monotonous, and offers little of interest to the ordinary traveller who looks for anything more than an occasional pleasing view to which distance doubtless lends enchantment. Most striking in the scene were the Dartmoor Tors which lifted their bluish-gray tops skyward behind us, and which it seemed impossible to get away from.

Just before reaching Hatherleigh we passed Hatherleigh Moor—a bleak, barren-looking tract of common-land, whose thin, wiry grass was being industriously cropped by a few donkeys. This moor, the poverty of whose soil has given the town a proverbially unpleasant reputation—

> "The people are poor
> As Hatherleigh Moor,"—

is traditionally said to have been a gift to the poor of the place from John of Gaunt, who executed in their favor a rhyming deed, which certainly has the virtue of brevity:

> "I, John of Gaunt,
> Do give and do grant
> Hatherleigh Moor
> To Hatherleigh poor
> For evermore."

Whatever flaws modern conveyancers might pick in this conveyance, it seems to have held good; for the land in question is enjoyed—if that be not too strong an expression—by anybody and everybody's donkey to this day.

Hatherleigh is a singular town—one of those odd old-world places which are an everlasting enigma to an American. Though surrounded by comparatively level land, it is built on a side-hill so steep that the old description of a "town set up edgewise" may be applied to it with little exaggeration. The descent into its principal street appeared so formidable that the coaching party were all glad to dismount and permit Jackson to tempt Providence at his own risk. A series of carefully executed zigzags and the help of the brakes, which were never before so thoroughly tested, brought the coach-and-four at last in safety to the bottom, to the apparent delight of many women and children who flocked to windows and doorsteps to catch a peep at the strangers. The horses were thought deserving of a drink after such a feat, and leaving them at the George Inn, with orders to follow us, we tramped on through the town.

After passing Hele Bridge, we turned sharp to the right at the top of the hill and drove through Meeth, a restful-looking village, with an old stone church, and Merton, another village with cottages close to the road and a similar church embowered in ancient trees. These moss-grown stone churches with their square turreted towers, surrounded by green, well-

kept graveyards, are a feature of nearly every English village which tells a story of its own.

We stopped for luncheon in a field above Merton, where a pleasant place presented itself under a tree growing out of the hedge. The day was cloudless and the sun was really hot, the first time it had been at all oppressive during the journey; but some shawls spread across the lower branches of the tree added to the shade area, and with the help of the umbrellas, which some of the Sybaritic young gentlemen found it necessary to spread, we contrived to make ourselves comfortable. The view spread out before us as we thus reposed under the hedge was an extensive one, comprising all the country we had passed over in the morning drive, bounded in the background by the Dartmoor hills which lay blue and misty along the horizon. Miles away on either side stretched a land of broken hills, some wooded, some cleared, with many a smiling valley between and many a house and village spire. Down at our feet lay Huish House, the residence of Lord Clinton, hidden in a forest of copper beeches.

While we were discussing our luncheon, the farmer on whose property we were trespassing came across the field, followed by a collie dog. He accepted Mæcenas's invitation to join in a social glass, while his dog was made happy by the scraps to which the luncheon had been nearly reduced by this time, and bade us welcome, meanwhile giving much information concerning the surrounding country. He pointed out to us Doulton, Dowden, Iddesleigh,

Meeth, Merton, and across the valley on the hill-side Petrockstow, near which is Lord Clinton's deer park.

"Lord Clinton must be a large land-owner," observed Mæcenas.

"O yez, zir, 'e is. 'E owns most o' the land ye zee 'ereabouts. This is 'iz land we're on, and all that through the valley there and beyond the 'ill."

"You lease from him, then?"

"Yez, zir, a hundred and fifty acres for fourteen year."

"How much rent do you pay?"

"Hundred and sixty pounds a year, zir."

"Is that considered a fair rent in this part of the country?"

"O yez, zir, a fair rent. I can pay it easy enough in a good season."

"How about a poor season?"

"Well, zir, I can push through at that rent; Lord Clinton is not 'ard on us."

Mæcenas never had a better opportunity for ventilating his political ideas and he improved it, greatly to the edification of the young Englishmen, especially Saxon, who smiled somewhat sarcastically as his host launched into a eulogy of American soil and American institutions. The farmer's keen eyes lighted up when Mæcenas told him that he could buy a larger farm in the great Land of the West for less money than he paid every year in rent, but he shook his head doubtfully as he replied, "Too old, zir, too old to change now."

"A man in the prime of life talk about being too old to better himself!"

"I know, zir, but it's a good thing to know when to let well enough alone. I like this country where I was born and brought up; and my wife and my children like it. Ain't it a beautiful country, zir! I often look off this 'ill and think there's nothing like it. Down across the fields there, when the 'unt is out, you can stand 'ere and see the redcoats and the 'osses a-runnin' for dear life, followin' the 'ounds, and can almost 'ear the 'alloos. It's a grand sight, zir. Ye 'ave no lords and ladies in America, zir?"

"No, thank God!" exclaimed Mæcenas with some vehemence. "Every man breathes there the air of equality."

"Well, well, I do' know. Lords and ladies are good in their place, zir. Indeed they are · and we're used to them."

Mæcenas muttered to himself:

"John loves a lord."

"What are you going to do with your shears?" asked Saxon, pointing to a pair of sheep-shears which the farmer had all the time held in his hand.

"Indeed, zir, I came to zheer a zheep, but I'd almost forgotten it with the talking."

"Oh! let us see you shear the sheep!" cried several of the ladies in a breath. "Where are they?"

"Right 'ere, over the gate. Look 'em up, Jack."

The collie sprang over the gate and by dint of

much barking collected the sheep in the nearest corner, where they stood crowding each other in the nervous manner peculiar to them while the dog lay down a little way off and pretended to go to sleep, though the blinking of his eyes made it very evident that he observed all that was going on among his wards. The farmer selected from the flock the one he wanted—a ewe with a little lamb—and holding the animal in his brawny arms while the little one ran bleating around, deprived it of its entire fleece in a deft manner which showed him to be a master of the art. It was very funny to see the antics of the lamb when its mother was restored to it. Not recognizing its dame in the closely-shaven animal which ran after it, seeking by every sheeply act of endearment to attract its attention, the nurseling took to its heels and would not be comforted, starting off with a new series of pathetic "baas" whenever its mother approached it.

"It'll be all right when night comes," said the farmer, tucking the fleece under his arm; and, calling Jack from his charge, he bade us good-bye and went his way across the field.

After this pleasing episode, the party disposed themselves in various comfortable positions to await the coming of the coach, which had gone to a neighboring inn to bait the horses. Overcome by the heat, the Chronicler felt tempted to seek a few minutes' repose, and stretching himself on a rug in a cosey nook under the hedge he was soon beyond the bounds of mental perception. How long Mor-

pheus claimed him he is unable to say, but not many minutes could have elapsed before he was half conscious of being under the influence of the shaper of dreams. He was sailing a stormy sea; rocks and quicksands environed him, and green and slippery waves curled their hungry crests and sought to swallow him. The catastrophe could not be delayed. With one desperate plunge the quivering vessel dashed upon the rocks and——

"Halloo! What the——!"

The Chronicler sprang to his feet to find himself out in the open field surrounded by a half-dozen screaming—well, persons, male and female, who danced around with shouts of laughter in which the victim, despite the rude shock to his nerves, was soon forced to join. Poor things! They thought

it was funny, and why should they not be humored? But the Chronicler has always drawn much consolation, whenever that scene recurs to his memory, in thinking how the inflicters of that practical joke must have perspired in carrying the inflictee such a distance that hot afternoon.

Beyond Merton the road passes through a rich agricultural country between earthen walls overgrown with shrubs, over which we caught glimpses of fine pasture lands with grazing sheep and cattle. Near Little Torrington, a hamlet with the usual square-towered church, about four miles beyond Merton, we noted much ploughed land and many sturdy looking men at work afield. Thence over the hills and down into the valley of the Torridge, which pretty stream we crossed over a stone bridge. The town is on a high hill rising from the eastern bank of the river, but instead of passing over the main road we turned sharp to the left after crossing the bridge and followed a new road along the stream under the bluff—evidently a private way, as we had to pay toll. Thus we saw nothing of Great Torrington besides occasional glimpses of its roofs and chimneys on the eminence above us, but we were more than compensated for the loss by the charming drive along the river. We soon recrossed the Torridge and drove along the railway track, which lay between us and the river, until the iron road disappeared in a tunnel, when we passed it and followed the left bank of the river into Bideford.

The drive along the valley of the Torridge will ever

be a pleasant memory. The road is bounded on the right by the river and by grassy meadows which are sometimes overflowed, and on the left by a high wooded bank with picturesque rocks half hidden in ferns, and decked with foxglove, honeysuckle, and other flowering plants. Half-way between Torrington and Bideford we passed the hamlet of Ware Gifford, with its fine Perpendicular church tower, almost hidden in foliage, on the opposite bank. The Torridge gradually widened until it opened into the estuary, and at last Bideford town, partly on the west and partly on the east side, with its noble bridge of many arches, came into view.

Mæcenas, who always became uneasy as we approached civilization, insisted upon stopping the coach on the outskirts of the town and taking a walk, though the road was as level as a billiard table, averring that the long drive had stiffened his joints. This may have deceived Saxon and Oxford, who meekly accepted an invitation to join him, but the Chronicler is not without grave suspicions, heightened in the light of after events, that the whole affair was "cut and dried" in advance, and that the avowed necessity of a walk was merely a base subterfuge to escape responsibility on arrival at the inn. One thing is certain, the Chronicler had all the work to do that day, for the trio did not appear again until near dinner-time.

CHAPTER XVII.

Bideford.

Bideford and Charles Kingsley—England's Heroic Age—Grenville's Last Fight—Raleigh and America—Mary Sexton's Tomb—Bideford's Cynosure—Celestial Bridges—English and American Languages—Monosyllabic Reform.

WHO will attempt to describe Bideford after Charles Kingsley's exquisite bit of word-painting in "Westward Ho"? It is as true to-day as when that genial, whole-souled Englishman penned it, and the Chronicler takes pleasure in quoting it without subtraction or addition.

"All who have travelled through the delicious scenery of North Devon must needs know the little white town of Bideford, which slopes upward from its broad tide-river paved with yellow sands, and many-arched old bridge where salmon wait for autumn floods, toward the pleasant upland on the west. Above the town the hills close in, cushioned with deep oak woods, through which juts here and there a crag of fern-fringed slate; below they lower, and open more and more in softly-

rounded knolls, and fertile squares of red and green, till they sink into the wide expanse of hazy flats, rich salt-marshes, and rolling sand-hills, where Torridge joins her sister Taw, and both together flow quietly toward the broad surges of the bar, and the everlasting thunder of the long Atlantic swell. Pleasantly the old town stands there, beneath its soft Italian sky, fanned day and night by the fresh ocean breeze, which forbids alike the keen winter frosts and the fierce thunder heats of the midland; and pleasantly it has stood there for now, perhaps, eight hundred years since the first Grenvil, cousin of the Conqueror, returning from the conquest of South Wales, drew around him trusty Saxon serfs, and free Norse rovers with their golden curls, and dark Silurian Britons from the Swansea shore, and all the mingled blood which still gives to the seaward folk of the next county their strength and intellect, and, even in these levelling days, their peculiar beauty of face and form."

As we sat in our pleasant dining-room in the New Inn, the broad west window of which looked down on the yellow Torridge with its half-deserted quay and ancient bridge, and listened to the chiming of the bells which came swelling up on the evening breeze from the church-tower below, our thoughts went back to the days when this sleepy old town was a busy naval centre, frequented by Grenville, Raleigh, Gilbert, Drake, Hawkins, Oxenham, and so many other worthies of Devon, who, in England's heroic age, helped to wrest from Spain the empire of the

seas. From this little estuary went out seven good ships to fight the Armada, and from it sailed Richard Grenville to glory and death in his famous fight off the Azores with the whole Spanish fleet, which Tennyson has so spiritedly sung.

What a noble deed was that! Half his men were sick on shore at Flores, but he would not desert them and seek safety in flight, though he knew that fifty-three Spanish war-ships were bearing down upon him.

"Sir Richard bore in hand all his sick men from the land
Very carefully and slow,
Men of Bideford in Devon,
And we laid them on the ballast down below;
For we brought them all aboard
And they blest him in their pain, that they were not left to Spain,
To the thumbscrew and the stake, for the glory of the Lord.

He had only a hundred seamen to work the ship and to fight,
And he sail'd away to Flores till the Spaniard came in sight,
With his huge sea-castles heaving upon the weather bow.
'Shall we fight or shall we fly?
Good Sir Richard, let us know;
For to fight is but to die!
There'll be little of us left by the time this sun be set.'
And Sir Richard said again: 'We be all good English men.
Let us bang these dogs of Seville, the children of the devil,
For I never turn'd my back upon Don or devil yet.'"

So with his single ship he fought the fifty-three through all the day and night, until

"the Spanish fleet with broken sides lay round us all in a ring;
But they dared not touch us again, for they fear'd that we still could sting,
So they watched what the end would be."

Sir Richard, wounded unto death, ordered the gunner to blow up the ship, but the crew, whose hearts yearned for their wives and children far away in pleasant Bideford, thought it best to trust the foe and surrendered. The Spaniards bore their gallant antagonist to their flag-ship and laid him by the mast,

"And they praised him to his face with their courtly foreign grace :
But he rose upon their decks, and he cried :
'I have fought for Queen and Faith like a valiant man and true ;
I have only done my duty as a man is bound to do :
With a joyful spirit I Sir Richard Grenville die ! '
And he fell upon their decks, and he died."

This same gallant Grenville had been closely associated with Raleigh, to whom he was nearly related, in the discovery and settlement of Virginia and Carolina, or Florida as it was then called, and to them was largely due the building up of a commerce with America which made Bideford one of the most important ports of England. It became the centre of the codfish trade (one of the inns is still called the Newfoundland), and of the trade in tobacco—"the lotus-leaf of Torridge," which Devon enterprise had introduced into England, and it enjoyed a large share of this commerce until the outbreak of the Revolutionary War. Then the commercial sceptre gradually slipped from its grasp, and its exports and imports are now a thing of the past.

Bideford is described in some of the guide-books as the railway station for the growing modern watering-place Westward Ho. This, though literally true,

is apt to convey a wrong impression. Though past its commercial prime, it is still a place of some consequence and has an individuality of its own. The modern part of the town is well built and has wide, clean streets, and there are pretty villas in the outskirts; but the old part, on a hill-side shelving toward the water, has narrow tortuous streets and al-

leys, many of which seem to have been constructed on the corkscrew plan. The church, which stands under the hill, surrounded by its acre of tombstones, is a modern structure on an ancient foundation. Among the inscriptions on its tombs is the oft-quoted one to that model woman, Mary Sexton:

> "Here lies the body of Mary Sexton,
> Who pleased many a man, but never vex'd one:
> Not like the woman who lies under the next stone."

The Countess Hibernia, on reading this, observed that the epitaph would have ended better with the second line; that it was decidedly mean in Mary to cast reflections on the adjacent woman, whom she knew would have no opportunity of replying to her insinuations.

Madam Dumfórlan replied that no woman would do that; the epitaph doubtless was written by a man, most probably Mary's husband, who perhaps had been snubbed by his neighbor's wife and took this means of revenging himself.

Mademoiselle Chapeau said that, however that might be, she had a poor opinion of a woman who never vexed a man. It was evident to her that Mary had but little "snap" in her.

Mæcenas, on being appealed to for his opinion, said it seemed to him that Mary was altogether too indiscriminate in her affections. A woman who pleased many a man and never vexed one would not suit him. He should prefer one who tried to please him alone even if she did vex a score of others.

"The woman under the 'next stone' would suit you better, perhaps," observed Saxona.

"Well, she possesses one virtue which many others do not," replied Mæcenas.

"What is that?"

"She is dead."

Mæcenas, amid a chorus of "Ohs!" from the ladies, was seized with a sudden desire to visit the bridge, and did not wait to hear the comments on

his ungallant speech, which the Chronicler is forced to admit were the reverse of complimentary.

Bideford Bridge, says our author of "Westward Ho!" is "the very omphalos, cynosure, and soul, around which the town, as a body, has organized itself; and as Edinburgh is Edinburgh by virtue of its Castle, Rome Rome by virtue of its Capitol, and

Egypt Egypt by virtue of its Pyramids, so is Bideford Bideford by virtue of its Bridge."

This wonderful bridge, according to the author of the "Worthies of Devon," had a miraculous origin. Before its construction there had been no means of passage save by boat, which "did often put people in jeopardy of their lives." To prevent this inconvenience, "some did at divers times and in sundry places begin to build a bridge, but no firm foundation, after often proof, being to be found, their at-

tempt in that kind came to no effect." At last, one Richard Gurney, parish priest, "was admonished by a vision in his sleep to set on the foundation of a bridg, near a rock which he should find, rouled from the higher grounds upon the strand. This at first he esteemed but as a dream, yet to second the same with some act, in the morning he went to see the place, and found a huge rock there fixed, whose greatness argued its being in that place to be only the work of God. Which not only bred admiration, but incited him to set forwards so charitable a work." But Richard was too shrewd to undertake the construction alone, notwithstanding this direct interposition of Heaven, so he disclosed his vision to the bishop, "who greatly furthered the work by sending forth indulgencies and licences, to collect the benevolence of all the brethren and sisters within his bishoprick; which occasioned multitudes of well-disposed people to offer money cheerfully. * * * Whereby such immense sums of money were gathered thereunto, that the work, which seemed to have its first motion from God's inspiration, was in a short time happily finished."

The bridge, which is nearly seven hundred feet long, is a stone structure with twenty four pointed arches, affording easy communication with the eastern side of the estuary, where a busy suburb has sprung up around the railway station. The exigencies of modern travel having outgrown the ancient work, it was widened about twenty years ago by the imposition of a cast-iron roadway with un-

sightly battlements which has destroyed its once vaunted picturesqueness. Mæcenas, who is an acknowledged authority on bridges, cast a critical eye over the structure, as we approached along the quay and remarked:

"I have often heard of celestial bridges, but I never before saw one———."

"And you have been in China!" exclaimed the Countess Hibernia.

Mæcenas turned toward her with a look of mild expostulation, and continued:

"This is certainly preferable to Mahomet's bridge of a single string-piece and is, no doubt, more substantial than the bridge of Mirza, but if it be the best that can be constructed under celestial guidance and aid, I know of a certain earthly firm that would not be afraid to enter into competition with its builders."

"I see nothing wrong about it," said Madame Dumfórlan. "It gives safe and easy communication between the two shores, and what more could you ask of a bridge!"

"Ah! you never saw the bridge at Dubuque."

"True. But how much of the bridge at Dubuque will be left at the end of five hundred years?"

Mæcenas owned that that was a question to which he could not give a categorical answer, unless he should be intrusted with repairs during that period, in which case he would agree to keep it fully up to the heavenly standard. There was one point, however, on which he could speak positively

—the Dubuque bridge was much handsomer than the celestial one, which would excite the ridicule of any average American workman.

"Please say in your opinion," replied Madame Dumfórlan. "Everybody would not consider you a judge of heavenly constructions."

At this thrust the laugh turned against Mæcenas, who joined in it as heartily as the others, and the party, after a stroll along the quay, returned to the New Inn to dinner.

One more little episode will finish the story of the day.

At dinner that evening, the Chronicler related a funny experience of his own in the Tower of London a few days before. One of the "beef-eaters," after pointing out the window through which Archbishop Laud stretched his hands to bless Strafford when on his way to execution, called his attention to some irons above the gate-way, with the remark:

"There's where they used to 'ang the 'eads."

"The what?"

"The 'eads—'eads of traitors that were chopped hoff."

"Oh, I see," exclaimed the Chronicler, amused at his own stupidity. "You must excuse me. I am an American and do not understand English very well."

"Hoh!" replied the representative of Henry VIII., his rubicund countenance beaming with smiles, "Hi knew you were a Hamerican as soon as you hopened yer mouth."

This led to a conversation in regard to the relative merits of the English and American languages, as Mæcenas designated them.

"As we now constitute," said he, "a majority of the English-speaking race, we have more right to the language than the comparatively small number of people in the British Islands, and we have also a right to change it as we please."

"That might be conceded," replied Oxford, "if you always changed it for the better."

"But we do," exclaimed Mlle. Chapeau, unwilling to acknowledge that her country was behind in any respect. "An Englishman can travel from one end of the United States to the other without finding a person, unless he be a foreigner, whom he cannot easily understand; and that, I am told, cannot be said of all parts of even this little island."

"There are some provincial places where broad dialects prevail," said Oxford, "though it would be too much to say that one cannot understand them. But this was not what I meant. I referred to the changes—the new words and expressions the Americans are continually introducing into the language, some of which are absolutely barbarous. Only yesterday I read an extract from one of your newspapers which contained the word 'mugwump'—if it may in courtesy be called a word. I have examined the dictionary in vain, and I have since run over in my mind all the Greek and Latin roots I can recall, but I can't, for the life of me, get at its meaning."

At this the Countess Hibernia, who is as much at home in New York as in London, burst into a merry laugh.

"Americans," said she, "do not draw much of their etymological inspiration from Greece and Rome. If you wish to go to the roots of the American language, you must introduce the study of Choctaw, Comanche, and other aboriginal transatlantic tongues into your universities."

"Yes," added Mæcenas, "they will soon be more useful to you than Latin and Greek, which we intend to abolish altogether."

"I have heard something of your crusade against the classical tongues, but I can't believe you are in earnest."

"Dead earnest, just as we are in everything else. We have set out to reform the world, and we don't mean to let any language stand in our way, not even English."

"I have observed that," said Oxford, dryly. "But it seems to me that the reform, as you are pleased to call it, is in the wrong direction. While with us the tendency is all the time to make the language more terse, and indeed almost monosyllabic, with you it is the opposite."

"Give us an example," said Mæcenas.

"Well, we say *lift* where you say *elevator*, *bus* where you say *omnibus*, and *tram* where you say *horse-car*, or *street-car*, or *surface-car*, or use some other equally unnecessary circumlocution."

"I shall have to plead guilty to all three indict-

ments," replied Mæcenas. "But notwithstanding these, which are three of the most telling cases you could have selected, I can give you an example which goes to prove that the Americans have beaten you even at the game of abbreviation."

"How is that?"

"They call the elevated railway the L."

CHAPTER XVIII.

Bideford to Clovelly.

Lost Twain—The Hobby—View of Clovelly—Enoch Arden—Clovelly High Street—Bristol Channel—Salvation Yeo—Coast-guard's Lookout—Limekiln—Clovelly Pool—Wide-awake Sailor—Drifting for Fish—Fuchsias.

AFTER consultation with the landlady in regard to the exact number of streets to be passed and corners to be turned before we should reach the main road to Clovelly, we left the hospitable New Inn and set out with pleasurable anticipations of a visit to that unique village by the sea. Mæcenas, with his customary modesty, had shunned the bustle of departure by walking on in advance in company with Saxon. Now Mæcenas never loses his head and seldom loses his way. Give him the points of compass at starting, and he will follow a true course ninety-nine times in a hundred. The present occasion was no exception to the rule; but, unfortunately, he passed one corner too many before turning to the right, and though on a parallel road he was on the wrong road, as he soon discovered to his cost, for it was warm and sultry—by no means

an ideal day for pedestrianism. The coach meanwhile had passed through the suburbs of Bideford and was well advanced on the Clovelly road when some one suggested that it was strange that we had not yet come in sight of the walking twain. There was a hill just ahead, and from thence doubtless we should catch a view of them; but though it commanded a long stretch of road in advance, we saw no signs of the stragglers. A halt was now made under the shade of some oaks, while Pierce aroused the echoes with his horn. No response came, and at last Pierce was despatched to the rear, with orders to find the lost at any cost. After a half-hour's anxious waiting those who had remained by the coach were greeted with the sight of the three coming around a turn in the road. Saxon came up fanning his head with his hat, and looked much blown, but Mæcenas was as cool as an iced cucumber, and no one would have suspected that he had been the victim of misplaced confidence. When the Countess Hibernia rallied him on having lost his way, he looked as unconscious as a new-born babe, and placidly remarked that he had taken the lower road to obtain a view which he would not have missed for the world. But the Chronicler noted out of his weather-eye that Saxon mopped his face industriously with his handkerchief and had no word of commendation for that view—nor indeed for any other for a good hour to come.

Over hill and dale, catching now and then on our right pretty glimpses of the blue waters of Bideford

Bay, and on our left views of a broken wooded country, now passing between the greenest of hedgerows overrun with sweet honeysuckle which loaded the air with perfume, and now through hamlets whose whitewashed cottage walls looked as if they had withstood the storms of centuries, we drove on over an excellent road until we reached the entrance of the Hobby. During the last two miles a heavy mist sweeping in from seaward had obscured some of the higher points and we began to fear that our visit had been made at an inauspicious time; but a warm sun soon dissipated the fog-clouds, and when we turned in at the Hobby gate we were welcomed with a blue sky and a refreshing breeze.

The Hobby! Who that has once driven or walked over its smooth graded road winding along the hill-sides above the sea that laves their feet so many hundred feet below, and enjoyed the shade of the dense foliage overhead, the rivulets tumbling down the ravines, the sylvan panorama on the left and the broader sea-views on the right, can ever forget it! Not many years ago it was a tangled wood covering a series of hills that dipped abruptly to the rough shingly shore, and cleft here and there with wild combes down which riotous streams found their way to the sea. Though beyond the limits of his park, the wealthy baronet who owned all the land in the neighborhood conceived the idea of cutting a road through this wild property which should not only shorten the way to Clovelly, but

should make the approach to it as unique in its way as the village itself. The construction must have involved a very considerable expense, but the owner, who called it his Hobby, carried out his plans regardless of the cost and with characteristic generosity threw it open to the public. A small fee is charged for vehicles only, which goes toward keeping the road-bed in repair. The road is about three miles long and follows the curve of the shore, now bending inland to round the head of some deeply indented combe, crossing its stream by a substantial stone bridge and now passing along the edge of a precipice at whose feet the waters sparkle three or four hundred feet below.

After crossing several of these ravines, each with its rivulet and rustic bridge, we came suddenly upon an open space overlooking the sea, its inner side a wooded bank with beds of fern enlivened with purple foxglove, campion, and wild geranium, its outer edge protected by a green hedge, over which we caught our first view of Clovelly—far down below us, across a gorge, in a cleft of the cliffs looking seaward, with a background of wooded hills, and below a yellow shingly beach with its narrow stone wharf curving like a sheltering arm about its little pool.

Did Tennyson have Clovelly in his "mind's eye" when he wrote the opening passage in "Enoch Arden?"

> "Long lines of cliff breaking have left a chasm;
> And in the chasm are foam and yellow sands;

> Beyond, red roofs about a narrow wharf
> In cluster ; then a moulder'd church ; and higher
> A long street climbs to one tall-tower'd mill ;
> And high in heaven behind it a gray down
> With Danish barrows ; and a hazelwood,
> By autumn nutters haunted, flourishes
> Green in a cuplike hollow of the down."

If he did not, it will do, and the Chronicler will not try to improve it.

Do not imagine, as you thus look down on Clovelly and see its whitewashed houses rising tier upon tier, one above another like swallows' nests plastered upon a wall, and even observe the fishermen lolling about the wharf, that you are at your journey's end and are about to invade its quiet streets, for you will soon discover that you have still a good piece of road before you. The steep ravine which lies between you and it has still to be rounded, and you will have time to cool your enthusiasm and to enjoy many another sylvan view before the top of the village be reached. At last the coach passed the western gate of the Hobby and we were at Clovelly or rather over Clovelly, for we had only to lean over the ledge to look down the chimneys of the houses which cluster along the rocky ledges of the cliffs down to the pool several hundred feet below. High Street, the main avenue, is nothing but a zigzag staircase cut from the solid rock—not narrow like ordinary stairs, but steps nevertheless and accessible only to bipeds, donkeys, and other sure-footed beasts. The appearance of any kind of a vehicle in Clovelly Street would be a

sight indeed. After Jackson and Pierce had unharnessed their horses at the top of the ledge they succeeded after much persuasion in inducing the animals to descend the steps as far as the little inn, where provender had been made ready for them. Jackson seemed to take it as a personal grievance that the Clovelly people had not provided a broad and easily accessible avenue to the inn for the special accommodation of him and his horses.

"I managed, zur, to get 'em down this 'ere thing they call a street, but I don't know 'ow I shall ever get 'em hup again."

On the summit of the ledge, just where it begins to slope toward the sea, we found a piece of velvet sward, shaded by fine old trees, beneath which we spread our luncheon; and there, with the grand ocean panorama spread out before us, with Clovelly on the hill-side beneath us, we had one of the most enjoyable of our out-of-door repasts. As we lay on the grass in the cool shade we imagined that we could discern the cliffs of the Welsh coast on the horizon, but it was more likely a cloud-bank, for there were at least fifty miles of clear water between us. Through Bristol Channel great ships with bellying canvas went sailing up and down, and nearer in the herring-boats, whose white sails against the blue seemed scarce larger than the gulls which flew screaming from shore, moved in and out like living sentient beings. Beautiful as it was, we could not linger. We had come to see Clovelly, and curiosity soon drew us down into its quiet street.

We found a narrow path winding through shrubbery along the hill-side, passing now between high walls and now under an arch, turning at one place abruptly around a corner, at another zigzagging in a contrary direction, finding here a few feet of comparatively level path, and then going down apparently interminable flights of rude steps, all the time wondering where the end can be. Now the passage seems to come to a close at some house, built directly across the path, but by following the platform around or plunging through a vaulted passage we find the continuation on the opposite side. At one of these seeming cul-de-sacs we came suddenly upon two artists sketching the quaint gables and roofs of the surrounding cottages. At another place children were playing on the steep steps, the older ones running along the ledges with the agility of goats, while the younger ones—some of them mere infants—were rolling around with a sublime unconsciousness of danger. Some of the ladies wondered why they did not break their necks, but later inquiries elicited the information that Clovelly children seldom get hurt, a good illustration of the natural adaptability of animals to their surroundings.

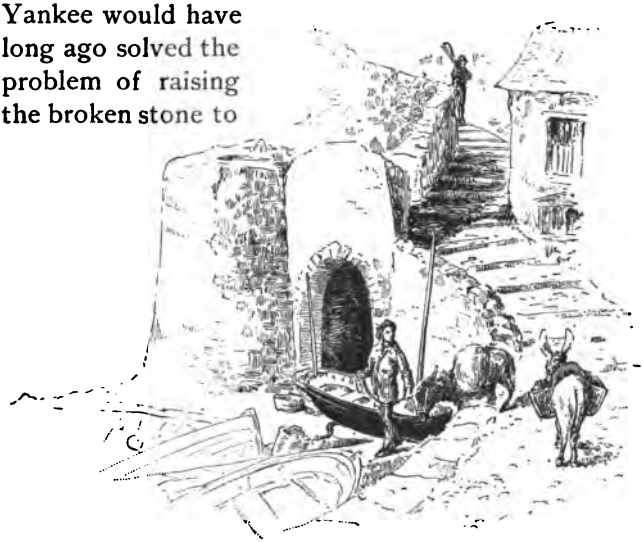
As we pass down between the neat whitewashed cottages we half expect to meet Salvation Yeo—the tall man and black, who swore awfully in his talk—who described himself as "born in Clovelly Street in the year 1526, where my father exercised the mystery of a barber surgeon, and a preacher of the people since called Anabaptists, for which I return humble

thanks to God;" or perhaps Will Cary or Master Frank Leigh, who thrashed his cousin Eustace on the hill-side here. But, though the Clovelly of the nineteenth century is probably not very different from the Clovelly of the sixteenth—or indeed of the thirteenth century—its people have changed with the times. The brawny men who sailed with Drake and Hawkins against the Spaniard, or followed Raleigh and Gilbert to Virginia and Carolina, are now represented by peaceful sons of toil, who pursue herring and mackerel in the same waters where their fathers battled with the ships of the Armada. Sun-browned fishermen are lounging about the doors, through which we catch glimpses of women busy at household work; but no one is hurrying, for Clovelly folk are never in haste, and often look wonderingly and perhaps a little disdainfully at the crowds of pleasure-seekers which excursion steamers bring every summer to scamper up and down their generally quiet street and arouse the echoes with their thoughtless laughter. But, as every evil has its compensation, these sometimes wild revellers leave many a shilling behind in exchange for photographs and mementos of the to them memorable visit.

The side-path which we descended soon brought us into Clovelly High Street, following which downward we came upon a rock platform guarded on the seaward side by a stone parapet. From this eyrie, which commands all the neighboring waters, a coast-guardsman keeps a sharp lookout, now sweeping

the horizon with his glass and now giving a glance at the barometer suspended over a compass near by. As we passed, several other ancient mariners were leaning over the parapet, earnestly discussing some question in which they appeared to be greatly interested, but whether it was the last herring-catch, the steamer whose smoke left a long trail on the horizon, or the latest smuggling rumor, we did not stop to inquire. A little further down we took a peep into the capacious throat of the lime-kiln, from which thin clouds of vapor were rising like the scarcely visible smoke which floats from a half-extinct volcano. Two little donkeys, each fitted with a clumsy saddle with wooden panniers on the sides, were busily trudging up the stone steps laden with limestone, and tripping down again for a fresh load as fast as they were relieved of their burden. They

were sturdy, intelligent little fellows, and seemed thoroughly to understand the importance of their trust. The limestone, brought in small vessels from the Welsh coast opposite, is piled in heaps on the beach not far from the base of the kiln, whose round sides rise picturesquely from the foot of the stone stairway like the ghost of some mediæval tower. A Yankee would have long ago solved the problem of raising the broken stone to



the top of the kiln and dumping it in by the construction of an inclined plane, or a lift, or some other mechanical contrivance to reduce the labor to a minimum; but the people of Clovelly, like many other ancient communities, are set in their ways and look askance at any method of procedure differing from that consecrated by their fathers.

So the limestone is painfully and slowly carried up the flight of stairs every spring (the kiln is burned but once a year) by the two little donkeys, whose master takes a contract for the job. An old sailor informed us that the eighty tons required to charge the kiln are raised in two weeks at an expense of £10.

"Poor little donkeys! I hope he feeds them well," remarked one of the ladies in a sympathising tone.

"Yes, mum," replied the mariner, with a grin. "He turns 'em loose in the wood at night and lets 'em browse. The little rascals stray away and sometimes in foggy weather it takes 'im all the mornin' to find 'em."

"I don't blame them when they have such work to do!"

"Lor'! mum," said the old man, with a still more ghastly grin, "yer can't 'urt a donkey."

At the head of the wharf or quay, with a stone platform in its front and pleasant benches where one can sit and look out on the sea, is the Red Lion Inn, its neat whitewashed walls trellised with pink roses. Beyond it a shingly beach extends westward at the foot of precipitous cliffs until lost in a sudden bend of the coast. In the other direction the massive stone pier curves around on the seaward side forming an effectual breakwater to Clovelly Pool, the only harbor of refuge between Bideford and Padstow. The Pool is a harbor in miniature, a little semicircular piece of the sea cut off as it were by the pier

from the broad bay whose waters wash its outer circumference, sometimes very angrily. As we walked along the pier two two-masted vessels lay quietly at anchor within, while at least a dozen herring-boats were basking in the sun along the narrow beach, on the inner side of which the houses rose in tiers against the background of the hill. Clovelly is exclusively a fishing village, and with a fine sense of the proprieties turns its best face seaward—indeed its only face, for he who approaches it from the landward side is greeted only by chimney-pots and gables. When fishermen first began to build in this secluded site is lost in the mists of antiquity, but it is pretty certain that the followers of William the Norman found these simple folk pursuing their avocation here, and some even assert for it a pre-Roman origin. However this may be, the property has passed down through later generations in the possession of one family, whose home is in Clovelly Park, on the hills hard by, and whose sole representative, at the time of our visit, was a young lady, Miss F——, whose brother had died recently.

Not unfrequently a Clovelly man, moved perhaps by the demon of unrest which originally brought trouble into this peaceful world, or by a praiseworthy desire to improve his condition in life, has been known to eschew the quest of herring and mackerel and go forth in search of adventure. We were told of several who had served as masters of vessels trading with foreign lands, and even of one or two who had circumnavigated the globe in one capacity

or another. Many a Clovelly man is familiar with the countries along the Mediterranean, if one may judge from the pictures and curiosities which adorn some of the cottage walls. We were fortunate enough to meet upon the quay a typical Clovellian who had seen something of the world—an athletic, yellow-haired, open-faced Saxon, whose clear blue eye told of an honest heart and whose brawny arm and sun-browned hands were evidences that toil had no terrors for him. He was a boatman, he said, and offered us the use of his boat, one of those at anchor in the Pool. Though a sail in the bay would have been delightful we were obliged to decline from want of time. When we told him we were Americans making only a flying visit to Clovelly, his eye lighted up and he told us that he had been in the United States, whither he had made several voyages. He had not seen New York, but had sailed to Boston, Baltimore, and New Orleans, and on steamboats up the Mississippi and the Washita. He had seen much to interest him in our country and would have liked to remain there, but the old home feeling had drawn him back to Clovelly, and the old, old story had been reënacted. He had met his fate, had married, and had now been home about six years and had three little responsibilities growing up around him. The money he had saved during his voyages, added to what he received from visitors who used his pleasure-boat, gave him a competency and he was as happy as a lord—not the typical, but the traditional one.

Mæcenas looked mournfully at his eloquent fea-

tures as he told the story of his world-wide wanderings, and of his return to settle down amid such primitive surroundings, and said:

"And so you do not intend to return to the United States?"

"I think not, sir; there's nothing to take me back."

Mæcenas shook his head gravely as he muttered:

"A young man married is a young man marred."

The quick ear of the sailor caught the words.

"I can't agree with that, sir," he said. "The years I've been back home have been the happiest of my life, and my children are the prettiest you ever saw."

"I don't doubt that," replied Mæcenas, "and for their sake, if not for your own, you ought to bring them up in a free land, where every man breathes the air of liberty and where distinctions of rank are unknown."

"I must protest," exclaimed the Countess Hibernia, "against such broadcast sowing of heresy. This young man has ties which you, a bachelor, cannot be expected to understand."

"The moaning of the tied," said Mæcenas, with a sarcastic smile, as he went to read the inscription on the monument at the end of the pier, telling how several poor fellows were swept off in the great storm of two years before.

"That's the wind, sir," replied the sailor, unsuspicious of a pun; "the tide hasn't turned yet."

"It rises very high here, does it not?"

"Yes, sir, thirty feet; sometimes thirty-five."

Clovelly pier, a massive stone structure with an upper and a lower platform, and a parapet on the seaward side, has, as a still further protection, a rough breakwater of irregular stones, to which access is had from the parapet by a heavy wooden ladder. In good weather this sometimes furnishes a welcome landing-place, but in stormy weather these outer stones are often displaced, while the great waves roll entirely over the pier. Since the great storm of a few years ago a lantern has been erected on the end of the quay as a guide to incoming vessels on dark nights. On the opposite side of the Pool, scarcely a stone's throw away, is a life-boat station, the men of which enjoy no sinecure on this coast.

Inquiry in regard to the fishery, the chief source of livelihood of all Clovellians, disclosed the fact that the drifting, as it is called, is generally done at night—and the darker the night the better, as success largely depends upon the shoals of fish coming blindly against the nets in which they get entangled by the gills. In thick weather a single boat will sometimes capture during the night several thousand herring or mackerel. The return to the Pool is made in the morning, soon after daybreak, so that he who would witness the incoming of the fleet must be astir early. The fish are sold by the mease or maise, as it is pronounced, a Clovellian measure of quantity numbering 612 fish, made up as follows: 3 fish (as many as can be held

in the hand) make 1 cast; 50 cast plus 1 cast equal 153, a quarter mease; and $153 \times 4 = 612$, a mease, worth, according to the state of the market, from eighteen to twenty-five shillings. The fish are sold to the surrounding towns, and some are sent even to Bristol and Wales.

After we had satisfied ourselves concerning the mysteries of the Pool and of the fishermen who haunt it day and night, we ascended in a little procession the long flight of stone steps well called High Street, and while some sought the coach to make ready for departure, others visited some of the cottages in quest of photographs or other mementos of a most interesting visit. It so happened that the Chronicler and Mlle. Chapeau, who had lingered behind the rest of the party, found themselves in front of a stone cottage in a sequestered nook shut in by a hedge of fuchsias four or five feet high, and a luxuriant growth of geraniums and hydrangeas. The walls of the building itself were overrun with fuchsias and wistaria, and all its surroundings exhibited a neatness phenomenal in a fishing village—though one soon learns that Clovelly is not to be reckoned among ordinary fishing villages. While admiring the magnificent view of Bideford Bay which the platform in its front commands, a pleasant voice behind said:

"If ye'll come in, ye can see a chart o' the bay."

A neat-looking woman stood holding the door open smilingly, and accepting her kind invitation, the twain found themselves in the village reading-room.

It was a plain apartment with whitewashed walls, hung with maps and charts and a few engravings, and furnished with periodicals, and books in cases. A large telescope, too, was noted among its fittings. It was withal a very comfortable harbor for the old salts of Clovelly to cast anchor in of an evening and make acquaintance with the outer world through the newspapers kept there in inviting files.

"You have a very pretty place here," remarked Mlle. Chapeau.

"Yes, mum, a pretty place; but 'ot, mum, very 'ot o' mornins, when the sun shines in. In th' afternoon it's more bearable."

"Isn't it cold in winter?"

"No, mum, not very. We 'ave some cold days, of course, but it is so sheltered 'ere we don't mind 'em."

"I never saw such luxuriant fuchsias and geraniums. Do they live out of doors all the year round?"

"Oh, yes, mum. They'r too big to bring in, and it ain't cold enough to hurt 'em."

After an examination of the chart of Bideford Bay, the visitors bade the good woman adieu, and ascended the remainder of the hill to where the coach ought to have been; but it had gone on, and they had a good half-hour's tramp around the combe before they came up with it awaiting them in a shady nook. Mlle. Chapeau said it was adding insult to injury to be told that she and the Chronicler had not been missed when the coach

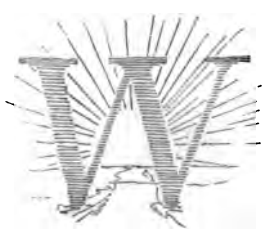
started. But some people are naturally forgetful, not to say stupid.

Our return through the Hobby was unattended with any incident worthy of recording. After driving a few miles along the Bideford road, we turned off to the left, and passing the little hamlet of Abbotsham and through beautiful lanes with quick-set hedges overgrown with wild roses in full bloom, reached about sunset the summit of the hill looking down on Westward Ho.

CHAPTER XIX.

Westward Ho to Ilfracombe.

Westward Ho—The Burrows—Bideford Bay—Home of Amyas Leigh—Quaint Inns—Hubba the Dane—Barum—English Euphony—Arkansaw or Arkan'sas—Family Names—Clumsy Carriages—Flock of Bicycles—The Coming Man—Farewell to the Coach.



ESTWARD HO, whose name, Mæcenas remarked, is by no means a good example of what Oxford had called the English tendency to abbreviation, is a growth of the present, owing its origin wholly to Charles Kingsley's novel and the interest which it created in the North Devon coast. But this region has an intrinsic interest aside from the associations connecting it with the Elizabethan period, and will well repay the visitor who can devote a few days to its exploration. A glance at the map will show that the River Taw, which flows northward by Barnstaple turns westward and then southward, forming a long estuary which joins the estuary of the Torridge, about three miles below Bideford. Thence the united streams flow over Barnstaple Bar into

Bideford Bay. The gradual silting up of the estuary has formed along the coast open reaches locally named Burrows, it is said because they are honeycombed by rabbits—partly turf and gorse and partly sand-hills—that on the right of the estuary being called Braunton Burrows and that on the left Northam Burrows. The latter is bounded on the west by high rugged ground, which in America would be called a "bluff;" and at the foot of this, where hill merges into plain, is Westward Ho.

It was from the summit of this bluff that the coaching party looked down on the new watering-place, which reminded them rather of an American than an English settlement. Below, at the foot of a somewhat steep road leading down to the shore, is the Royal or Westward Ho Hotel, and beyond it the little church, the club-house, and the villas and cottages which have sprung up around the great inn as a nucleus. Along the seaward side of the Burrows stretches for more than two miles the famous Pebble Ridge, a wall of pebbles or rather boulders —for some of them are three feet in diameter—about twenty feet high and from a hundred and fifty to three hundred feet wide. This product of the restless sea is also a safeguard against its ravages, for but for it the Burrows, much of which is below the level of the spring tides, would be exposed to destructive inundations. Outside of the Ridge is a smooth beach of fine sand, affording excellent bathing in calm weather.

Our rooms at the hotel looked out upon the

broad expanse of Bideford Bay, taking in Lundy in the distance at the left and the cliffs of Braunton at the right, but after Clovelly it appeared monotonous; and when, in the morning, even this view was shut out by a dense fog, we concluded that Westward Ho is by no means an ideal place. We had no desire to gainsay the information afforded by the guide-books that it is "quiet," and that its air is "pure and bracing," for we were served with plenty of both during our brief stay; nor did the assertion that the Burrows offer facilities for playing the game of golf unsurpassed by any other site south of the Tweed induce a regret as we climed the hill again in the morning on our way to Ilfracombe.

Our route took us back to Bideford through the village of Northam, near which is the manor-house of Borough, the home of Amyas Leigh. After crossing Bideford Bridge we turned sharp to the left and drove down the banks of the Torridge, which gradually widens until it becomes an arm of the sea, half-a-mile in width. We noted by the way some quaint old inns with still quainter names—the Ship on Launch, the Barley Mow, the old Ring of Bells, and last the Porto Bello Inn, suggestive of the Spanish Main and of the treasure galleons of the days when Spain was mighty on the seas. At the junction of the Torridge with the Taw is Instow Quay, a small watering-place with a pleasant outlook toward Barnstaple Bar and the opposite side of the Torridge, with Northam Tower and Appledore in view. The latter, a fishing town, conspic-

uous by its masts and wooded background, was once prominent in the Newfoundland trade. It is connected, too, by legend, like many another coast town, with the incursions of the Northmen. Hubba the Dane is said to have landed there in the time of Alfred, with thirty-three ships, and to have suffered defeat at the hands of the sturdy Saxon yeomen, who slew him and drove his followers back with great slaughter to the shore. A flat rock at the quay of Appledore, locally called the Hubblestone, is said to mark his grave.

Beyond Instow the road turns eastward, up the estuary of the Taw, which is wider than that of the Torridge and is bordered by extensive sandy flats, across the head of which is the line of embankment of the North Devon Railway. Across it we saw Braunton Burrows with its lighthouse on the point, and beyond caught views of a low coast with here and there an island and an occasional village. Thence on through Fremington, whence the most of the coasting-trade of Barnstaple is carried on, and via Bickington to Barnstaple.

We noted on the way many stone mile-posts inscribed BARUM, together with a number indicating the distance from that place; but the Chronicler observed nothing to mark the distance from Barnstaple, which, according to the map, the coach ought to be approaching. But sad experience had taught him that the pronunciation of local and family names in England is not a question of orthography, but rather of taste or whim. He had

learned en route that Salisbury is locally called Sarum, while Winchester sometimes masquerades as Winton. Might not Barum, then, in the local vernacular, be the equivalent of Barnstaple—or of any other name for that matter, for the transmutations seem to be governed by no rule.

"Oh, yes," said Oxford, when appealed to for an explanation of the metonymic phenomenon, "Barum is Barnstaple, of course. You remember our talk at Bideford, when I tried to show that the tendency of the English language is to shorten and to euphonize all long and harsh words. "We say 'Grinich' or 'Grinig,' because it is easier to pronounce and pleasanter to the ear than Greenwich; so 'Wooster' instead of Worcester, 'Gloster' instead of Gloucester, 'Cisiter' instead of Cirencester, etc."

"And 'Darby' instead of Derby, and 'Barkly' for Berkeley, and 'Beechum' for Beauchamp, and 'Bever' for Belvoir, and 'Olltrop' for Apthorp, and 'Chumly' for Cholmondeley," suggested the Chronicler, recalling all the queer transformations he could think of.

"Oh, yes, but those are family names, the pronunciation of which is ruled wholly by custom, though the same tendency to simplify may be observed also in them. There were some rather amusing verses published, I think, in *Punch* several years ago which will interest you. I'll try to repeat them, though you want to see them in print to thoroughly appreciate them:

"There was a young fellow named Cholmondeley,
Who certainly acted quite dolmondeley.
When his girl said 'Amuse me,'
He stammered 'Excuse me,'
And then he apologized holmondeley.

"His friend said his first name was Beauchamp.
(To pronounce it you never can teauchamp.)
He resided at Greenwich,
And lived upon speenwich
And artichokes when he could reauchamp.

"There was a daft female of Cirencester,
Eloped with a dashing wild virencester.
His name was Dick Brougham;
And this horrid bridegrougham
Beat her face till her friends inquired 'irencester?'"

Oxford's verses were the occasion of much comment, and elicited from Mlle. Chapeau the remark that it seemed to her more like mixing up the English language than simplifying it.

"Not at all," retorted Oxford. "Many of the family names in question are French in origin, and, while retaining their Gallic orthography, have become Anglicized in their passage through the mill of vulgar speech. Perhaps it would be better to carry the reform still further and to change the orthography to suit the orthoepy; but that is a matter which concerns chiefly the owners of the names. If a man choose to write his name Bohun or Mohun and call himself 'Boon' or 'Moon,' there is no law to prevent it; and in 'society,' of course, no one would ever think of committing such a breach of etiquette as to pronounce it otherwise, if he knew the accepted

pronunciation; and not to know it would at once stamp him as a cad."

"That reminds me of a little story," said Mæcenas. "The pronunciation of the name of the State of Arkansas was once quite unsettled, some calling it Ar'kansaw and some Arkánsas.. Henry Clay, one of the politest of men, having observed that one of the Senators from that State always used the first form and the other the second, invariably alluded to the one as the Senator from Ar'kansaw and to the other as the Senator from Arkánsas."

"That," observed Madam Dumfórlan, "is what I call carrying etiquette to great lengths."

"I am afraid there was a spice of sarcasm in it," said the Countess Hibernia.

"I remember, too," continued Mæcenas, who had evidently struck a string of recollections, "that Edward Everett always used to call Mr. Winthrop Mr. Wintrop, which he insisted was the proper pronunciation of the name."

"But did Mr. Wintrop himself so pronounce his name?" asked Saxona.

"No, he called himself Winthrop, just as everybody else did, excepting Mr. Everett, who aspired to be a purist."

"I have heard of another man," said Oxford, "who sacrificed his politeness on the altar of purism. Having occasion to call on Mr. Chumly once, he asked, as the door opened: 'Is Mr. Chol-mon-de-ley at home?' 'No,' observed Mr. Chumly, who had himself answered the bell, 'nor any of his pe-o-ple.'"

This story was received with considerable merriment, and the coaching party unanimously decided that if Mr. Majoribanks chose to call himself "Marchbanks," Mr. Featherstonhaugh "Freestonhay," and Lord Levison-Gower "Lewson-Gore," they had a perfect right to do so, and it was the proper thing, or at least the polite thing, to humor them in their little eccentricity.

Another subject of conversation is worthy of brief mention. Though the road on which we were travelling was almost as smooth and level as a billiard-table, all the vehicles we met were, to American eyes, as clumsy and primitive as if they had been built for transandean traffic. The carriage bodies were inelegant and inconvenient, and the low massive wheels looked as if they might have been a survival of those on Queen Boadicea's chariot. With a country traversed by the best roads in the world, on which light American carriages could be used with so much comfort to both horse and rider, it is wonderful to see the Englishman still adhering to his ungainly vehicles; but it is still more wonderful to see a few un-American Americans importing these monstrosities for use on our Park roads, simply because they are English.

"There is some excuse," observed Mæcenas, "for the Englishman's heavy wheels, for he is obliged to make them of oak, the hickory, from which we manufacture our light wheels, not being indigenous in Europe."

"But the American," said Mlle. Chapeau, "would

search the wide world over for the hickory, if he hadn't it at home, and knew that it would make better wheels than any other wood."

"True," replied Mæcenas, "though the matter would be governed somewhat by the question of cost."

"I don't think the cost would have anything to do with it," persisted Mlle. Chapeau, who, as Phaeton used to say, was always wrapped in the Star-Spangled Banner. "People who can afford luxuries seldom stop to count that."

"Perhaps not. Well, all I can say is that if I lived in England I should like nothing better than to drive a pair of fast American trotters in a light buggy over these splendid roads. That would be the very poetry of motion."

"What, then, would you call that?" asked the Countess Hibernia, pointing to a "herd" of bicyclers bearing down upon us in the distance.

"That's poetry enough for boys; I prefer the trotters."

"I should think bicycling would be great sport. See how easily and smoothly they glide along, with scarcely an effort."

There were a dozen or more of them, travelling in company, most of them on bicycles, but three or four on tricycles, which appeared to the Chronicler the more comfortable machine for a long jaunt. It is certainly better adapted for carrying luggage, and we noted that each tricycle had a portmanteau strapped on behind, while the bicyclers carried only

a roll like a blanket. We met many companies of such travellers in Devonshire; indeed, they are to be found all over England and Scotland, even gray-bearded men being sometimes seen thus working their passage, and not unfrequently a man and his wife (presumably) riding the same tricycle. The ex-

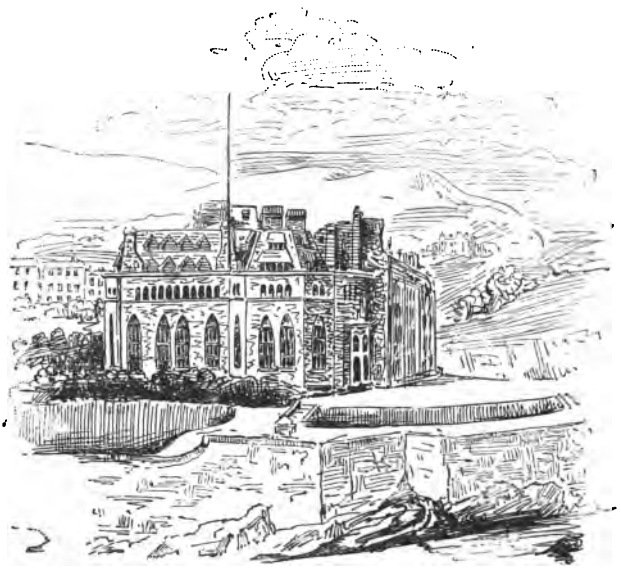
cellence of all the highways in the United Kingdom render Sir Charles Dilke's assertion, that the bicycle is the coming carriage for communication between neighboring towns, much more probable there than in the United States, where a really good road is the exception. It would certainly be a preferable mode of locomotion to that suggested by Ruskin, who predicts that the coming man will be a troglodyte and burrow tunnels underground instead

of riding over the surface. That would be a retrogression. The man of the Stone Age might have borrowed a hint from the moles and the rabbits, but the man of the Iron Age is beyond that. If he imitate anything in the animal world hereafter it will be the birds, for the Chronicler is willing to record his belief that the coming man will travel neither under the earth nor on the earth, but above the earth on the wings of the wind.

At Barnstaple we crossed the Taw over a stone bridge of sixteen arches, built in the thirteenth century, whence is obtained a pleasant view up and down the estuary and of the town with Coddon Hill in the background. Antiquo, who had evidently crammed up on the guide-book, informed us that its age is something fearful, that it was an old place in the time of Athelstan, who repaired its fortifications, and that it was a borough of note at the coming of the Norman, but we could not be induced to stop even for luncheon at the Golden Lion, which looked inviting as we passed through. We could not give up our open-air entertainments, especially as this was to be the last one, so by a unanimous vote we hastened on until we came to a pretty streamlet several miles beyond the town, where the ladies spread the feast under the shade of some convenient trees.

No moving accidents filled up the measure of the remainder of the day, so the Chronicler must be excused for the brevity of his record. A walk after luncheon in the warm sunny afternoon, a

pleasant chat in the shade beside a bubbling spring while waiting for the coach, and a long drive in the cool of the evening over the smoothest of roads through a most beautiful country, brought us in sight of Ilfracombe and the sea. After a slight de-

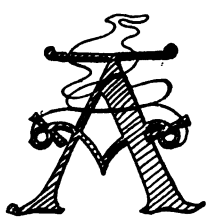


viation from the direct road in consequence of a confusion in the name of the hotel, which is sometimes called the Imperial and sometimes the Ilfracombe (probably for the same reason that Barnstaple is called Barum), we at last drove into the grand entrance and alighted for the last time from the coach.

CHAPTER XX.

Ilfracombe.

End of the World—Doing Ilfracombe—The Honest Penny—The Tors—Capstone Hill—Becket's Murderer—Lantern Hill—Dinner sans Mœcenas—Musical Interruption—Salvation Army—Notable Conversion—Fourteen Red-letter Days—Abderahman and his Coach.



S Charing Cross is the centre of the world, so is Ilfracombe the end of the world to him who sails (by coach) due west from that centre, for all beyond it is the "illimitable waste of waters," as the poets call it, unless perchance the state of the atmosphere should be such as to disclose the coast of Wales opposite. Further progress in that direction was out of the question, and the coach was therefore no longer of any use. Had our leader been an impulsive man he might have burned it, as Cortes did his ships, but being naturally far-sighted and wise in his generation, he sent it and the horses back to London by rail; for, said he, with great forethought, "we may need it again some day." The coaching party applauded his wisdom and unanimously expressed the wish that the "some

day" might not, like poor peoples' hope, be long deferred.

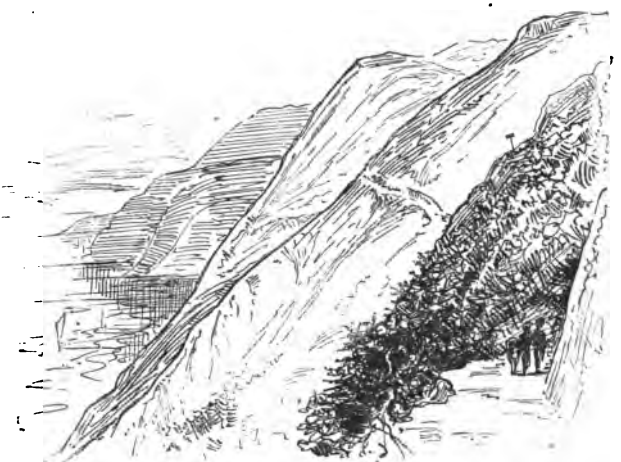
Thus thrown on their own resources, with a whole Sunday to dispose of, the invaders resolved themselves into a committee of the whole for the thorough exploration of Ilfracombe. Not that this town by the sea is a terra incognita, for it is a place much affected by those who love the seclusion of rocky nooks, especially people of a studious turn of mind who are more at home with Dame Nature than with Fashion and her votaries. Every inch of its coast, its inlets and caves, its frowning headlands and outlying rocks, have been searched and studied by enthusiasts like Gosse, Charles Kingsley, and his sister Mrs. Chanter, who not only made known to the world its treasures—many of them peculiar—but also aroused in its inhabitants a love of natural history which seems to have had a lasting effect. It is said, although the Chronicler cannot vouch for it, that every house in Ilfracombe has its aquarium and its collection of curiosities gathered, as it were, from its very door-yard, and that even the children will talk learnedly of polyps and algæ, and point out with unerring accuracy the distinguishing characteristics of the different species which have their habitat along its shores. The coaching party, in search of the grand and the beautiful rather than the curious in nature, and moreover rather rusty in zoöphytology (*entre nous*, it is doubtful if a majority of them knew a limpet from a lobster), made no attempt to test the knowledge of the few inhabitants

with whom they came in contact. The Chronicler, however, made one observation which, while perhaps not militating against the assertion of the general superiority of the townspeople in this respect, certainly proves them to be fully up with their brethren of other seaside resorts in loyalty to the Queen—or rather in love for the Queen's image as impressed on the coin of the realm. They were all ready to turn an honest penny, from the knightly owner of the stone pier who exacts a fee from every visitor to the man who begs him to be seated in his patent scales, and gives him a card containing the record of his avoirdupois.

Though man has done comparatively little for Ilfracombe, Nature has been lavish in her gifts. The same provident hand which has caused the great rivers to flow by populous cities has built up between it and the north and west winds a barrier of rock which tempers its climate so materially that many plants survive the winter season there which in other places along the coast need protection. The average temperature is said to be about 52°. This seems strange to the American who reflects that Ilfracombe is above 50° north latitude, or as high as the coast of Labrador. Whether the freaks of the Gulf Stream, to whose modifying heat it is popular to ascribe so much influence, be also an important factor in the explanation of this climatic variation, it is not the province of the Chronicler to discuss in these pages.

The rocky barrier, locally called the Tors, lies

parallel to the sea, to whose waves it presents an almost precipitous wall, while on the landward or south side it slopes gradually into the valley of the Wilder. Part of these beautiful natural slopes have been formed into the Tors Park, the walks of which extend over the crest of the ridge and along the cliffs, affording an almost unequalled sea promenade.



In this valley or combe lies the High Street of Ilfracombe (Ilford's Combe), extending from the ancient parish church on high ground at its west end to the harbor at the eastern extremity. Before reaching the harbor there is but one natural passage through the line of the Tors to the sea, and through this flows the little stream called the Wilder, forming at its mouth the inlet of Wildersmouth Bay, at low tide a narrow combe of ragged rocks, which at

high water churns the sea into foam and dashes the spray high up its sides. Close beside it stands the great Ilfracombe Hotel, with its two hundred rooms, and five acres of picturesque grounds around it—a house which would do credit to even an American watering-place. In its rear a splendid esplanade, fenced from the Atlantic waves by a strong sea-wall, gives a fine promenade

with a charming outlook on the rugged coast and the broad waters of the Bristol Channel.

Opposite the hotel, on the east side of Wildersmouth Bay, rises Capstone Hill, a nearly conical elevation of shale rock, turf-covered on the landward side, but bare and precipitous towards the sea.

Around its base on the seaward side has been constructed a broad road—the fashionable promenade of Ilfracombe—from which other paths lead to the summit. Escarped in many places from the side of the cliffs, its outer edge protected by a low parapet, over which the visitor looks down on jagged rocks or the boiling sea beneath, it is perfectly safe, though apparently perilous, and ladies and children may be seen ascending it or sitting on its sheltered seats at almost all hours of the day. From the summit, nearly three hundred feet above the sea, one can look down on Ilfracombe, the Tors and Carn Top with their ragged rocky coast, and even descry Lundy on the distant horizon; while on the other side the eye takes in Lantern Hill and the harbor, which lies between it and Helesborough, a noble headland with black frowning cliffs rising four hundred and fifty feet above the water. Around its base lies the little village of Hele, with market-gardens stretching up its slopes. Turning due west the prospect is bounded only by the broad Atlantic, but towards the north-west, Worms Head, the termination of the Welsh hills, may be descried, and on a clear day one may even see the cloud of smoke which lies over Swansea. The waters between exhibit a never-ceasing panorama of steamers and sailing-craft, passing up and down the channel and to and fro between the English and the Welsh coasts, representing a commercial activity seldom witnessed elsewhere. The view is especially grand at evening when the benches around the flag-staff are generally

occupied by visitors who have climbed the hill to see the sun set in the ocean.

Wildersmouth, at the base of Capstone Hill, was once the only way of reaching the shore and therefore the only bathing-place; but tunnels have been excavated through the solid rock of the hills between the combe and the seashore, leading to two coves, partly natural, partly artificial. One of these, set apart for the use of women, admits of bathing at any tide. It is a place fit for Diana and her nymphs, a beautiful almost circular basin with a background of ragged precipices—the seaward side of the hills which are verdant and flower-decked toward the town—and the emerald sea spread out before it. Near it is the mouth of Crewkhorne Cave, a lofty natural cavern, access to which is cut off at every tide. Tradition makes this the hiding-place of William de Tracy, one of the murderers of Thomas à Becket, and affirms that he was daily sought here for the space of two weeks by his dutiful daughter, who brought him food and cheered him in his dreadful solitude. During storms his voice is often heard in a despairing wail across the sands, but whether the legend was invented to explain the wail or the wail made to fit the legend, the Chronicler knoweth not.

The harbor of Ilfracombe is a natural inlet of the coast between Lantern Hill and Helesborough, protected in some measure by a stone pier which acts as a breakwater. It was once an important port, and in the wars of Edward III. furnished six ships for the siege of Calais, when the Mersey could send

out but one. Later it had a considerable business in fishing, but that also has gone the way of its other glories, and now its commerce is restricted to a small coasting trade. From the summit of Lantern Hill still looks down on the harbor the guardian Chapel of St. Nicholas, whose weather-beaten tower pointed for centuries the path to heaven, while its warning light gave sure indication to the night-bound fisherman of the entrance to the earthly haven below. The lantern of the good monks has given place to the modern lighthouse and the chapel itself is now a convenient reading-room where the light of the press is provided for the followers of the sea, but the glory of the past still hangs round its walls and many a legend is related of the days when pilgrims daily climbed the height to worship at its shrine and bestow their mite on the holy men who thus isolated themselves for the good of their fellows.

The coaching party, having devoted the morning to the exploration of Ilfracombe and its immediate surroundings, gathered at the hotel at one o'clock, as previously agreed upon, for dinner. As it was about the hour of the customary luncheon, none were under the necessity of coaxing an appetite, though the exchange of the delightful open-air entertainments for the tiresome courses of the ordinary hotel table cannot be said to have aroused much enthusiasm. The Coaching Brotherhood, however, know how to make the best of even an unsatisfactory situation, so due preparation was made for an advance en masse upon the public dining-room. But

where was Mæcenas? Inquiry at his room failed to find him, and, on comparing notes, it was discovered that no one had seen him for two hours or more. Many suggestions as to his probable whereabouts were made, but no one could verify any of them. All we could do was to wait, for no one would think of dining without him.

Philosophy is all well enough on a full stomach, but who wants to philosophize on an empty one! At half-past one o'clock the coaching party began to cast anxious glances at the door and at each other; in fifteen minutes more a suggestion that, although it might not be so agreeable, it were possible to produce the play without Hamlet, elicited no response; at two o'clock a proposition to go to dinner, Mæcenas or no Mæcenas, was carried *nem. con.*

We went, but it was not a happy dinner. The feeling that it was the last we were to have together imbued all with a sadness which the absence of our host increased many-fold. Then we could not repress a certain feeling of uneasiness on his account. He had been absent more than three hours, and though we had sat down in the expectation that he would soon join us, the minutes rolled into another hour and his seat was yet unoccupied. We were just finishing at three o'clock when a strain of doleful music fell upon our ears, proceeding apparently from the street. As it came nearer we recognized the clash of a brass band. A brass band in the public streets in moral England on a Sunday!

The Americans were shocked. Such a profanation of the day would not be permitted even in cosmopolitan New York. We left the dessert and hastened out just in time to witness the approach of a motley procession. It was the Salvation Army!

It had never before fallen to the Chronicler's lot to witness a parade of this nineteenth century anachronism, which has been not inaptly called, in America of course, the "Hallelujah Octopus," and he gazed at the solemn farce with as much curiosity as he would have bestowed on the procession of Juggernaut. Perhaps he ought to say on the procession of Juggernaut *in England*, for the outings of the bloody god within his own heathen jurisdiction would be far less remarkable than are the parades of the Salvation Army in a civilized Christian land. Though well aware that many good men and women, who are perhaps more capable of judging than he is, are convinced that good may come out of this seeming incongruity, the Chronicler cannot help expressing the opinion that if the truths taught by the Prince of Peace cannot be propagated among the lower classes without this warlike masquerading and sounding of drum and trumpet, then Christianity has lost its vitality and had better be laid to rest with the defunct theogonies of Greece and Rome.

But the Chronicler's duty is neither to judge nor to preach, but to narrate simply what passed under his observation; and, begging the reader's pardon for this slight digression, he will return to the Salvation Army as it manœuvred before his eyes that

pleasant Sunday afternoon. As the head of the procession reached the front of the hotel, the band suddenly ended its lugubrious bleating with a brazen clang, and a halt was called by the leader, a tall young man with unkempt locks and bushy eyebrows. He wore a kind of semi-uniform—a black cloth cap with a red band, and a red woollen shirt and black trousers—which forcibly called to mind the New York volunteer fireman of a generation ago. Behind him were a dozen or more young women in black stuff dresses, who walked two abreast, each carrying a tambourine. Several of them wore red jackets, and all had a piece of red ribbon around the bonnet or hat. Next came a body of eighteen or twenty men, marching two and two, most of whom were attired much like the leader, though several wore coats over their red shirts. One of them bore aloft the Salvation standard, a red flag with a black border and a yellow star in the centre. Following these were more young women, none of whom appeared to the Chronicler to be afflicted in any remarkable degree with that shrinking timidity of nature popularly supposed to be characteristic of their sex, and behind them a long double file of a hundred or more young men and boys, some in red shirts, some in long coats, and some in round jackets, but all with the distinguishing red ribbon around the hat.

At a signal from the leader, or perhaps one should say the captain, the young women pounded their tambourines and shouted "Halleloo!" to which all

the rest responded "Amen!" It was evident from the ragged way in which the "Amen" ran down the street that many of the rank and file of the Army were only cadets or recruits. Their drill was very imperfect. At another signal the Army broke forth into a song, which travelled through the whole gamut as it went down the procession. It began, at the head, as near as the Chronicler's ear could catch it, with

"I am a child of the King,"

and the tune was unmistakably an attempt at "I am a Pirate King," from the "Pirates of Penzance;" but by the time it had reached the tail-end of the procession it sounded more like a wail for the dead than the rollicking music of Gilbert and Sullivan's opera. By this time quite a crowd had gathered in front of the gates leading into the hotel grounds, some impelled, like the coaching party, by curiosity, others by a desire, the Chronicler fears, to jeer at the Salvation solemnities. Some boys began to laugh at the unmusical din, and presently some of the bolder ones applauded by clapping their hands. At this the Army attempted to drown their interruption in hearty shouts of "Halleloo" and "Amen." The women banged their tambourines and grew red in the face with their efforts, the captain waved his baton frantically, the brass band struck up a livelier air, and the Army marched on with flying colors, shouting their slogan with an energy worthy of a better cause.

As the end of the long line came opposite the

hotel the coaching party were electrified to hear the Countess Hibernia cry out:

"O look! Mæcenas has joined the Salvation Army!"

Now, though the Chronicler recognizes the general truth of that oft-quoted remark of the Prince of Denmark that

> "There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio,
> Than are dreamt of in your philosophy,"

yet would he sooner expect to see Pelion mount upon Ossa or Chimborazo upon Popocatapetl than to witness such a conversion in the person of our host. Yet appearances were certainly against him and in favor of the inference of the Countess Hibernia: for, in the very rear of the procession, behind the cadets and the cadetesses—if that be the proper name of the female recruits—came Mæcenas plodding along as if "to the manner born."

"What could it mean? Were we the victims of some dreadful dream?"

Our minds were soon relieved, for as Mæcenas caught sight of us he stepped quickly to the sidewalk, his face beaming with smiles, and asked:

"Is dinner ready?"

Saved! The man whose thoughts turn naturally to his stomach may be set down at once as comparatively free from mental aberration. Mæcenas replied good-naturedly to the banter of his companions, and said that he had had great fun, and had picked up material enough for a whole volume on religious hysteria.

With the relation of this episode the Chronicler's work is done. It is only necessary to add, to round up the record, that the last meeting of the coaching party on Sunday evening, after arrangements had been made to take the morning train for London, was most enjoyable. Though each experienced a certain sense of depression at the thought of giving up the pleasant out-door life to which all had become accustomed, each felt it necessary to hide his feelings and to contribute his share toward the general entertainment. Mæcenas, unaffected by his Salvation efforts, was never more cheerful and told anecdotes of Ah Cum, his guide in Canton, and his shrewd observations; Oxford repeated Uncle Remus's story of the "Tar Baby" with all the grace of a veteran raconteur; Saxon gave racy hunting experiences of the days when he rode lighter; and Antiquo reminded us of the proximity of Exmoor, home of the Doones and of Lorna of that ilk. The ladies, too, added their sum to the fund of amusement, and enthusiastically joined the gentlemen in the declaration that the days spent on the road were among the happiest of their lives and worthy of being set down forever in their memories as fourteen red-letter days.

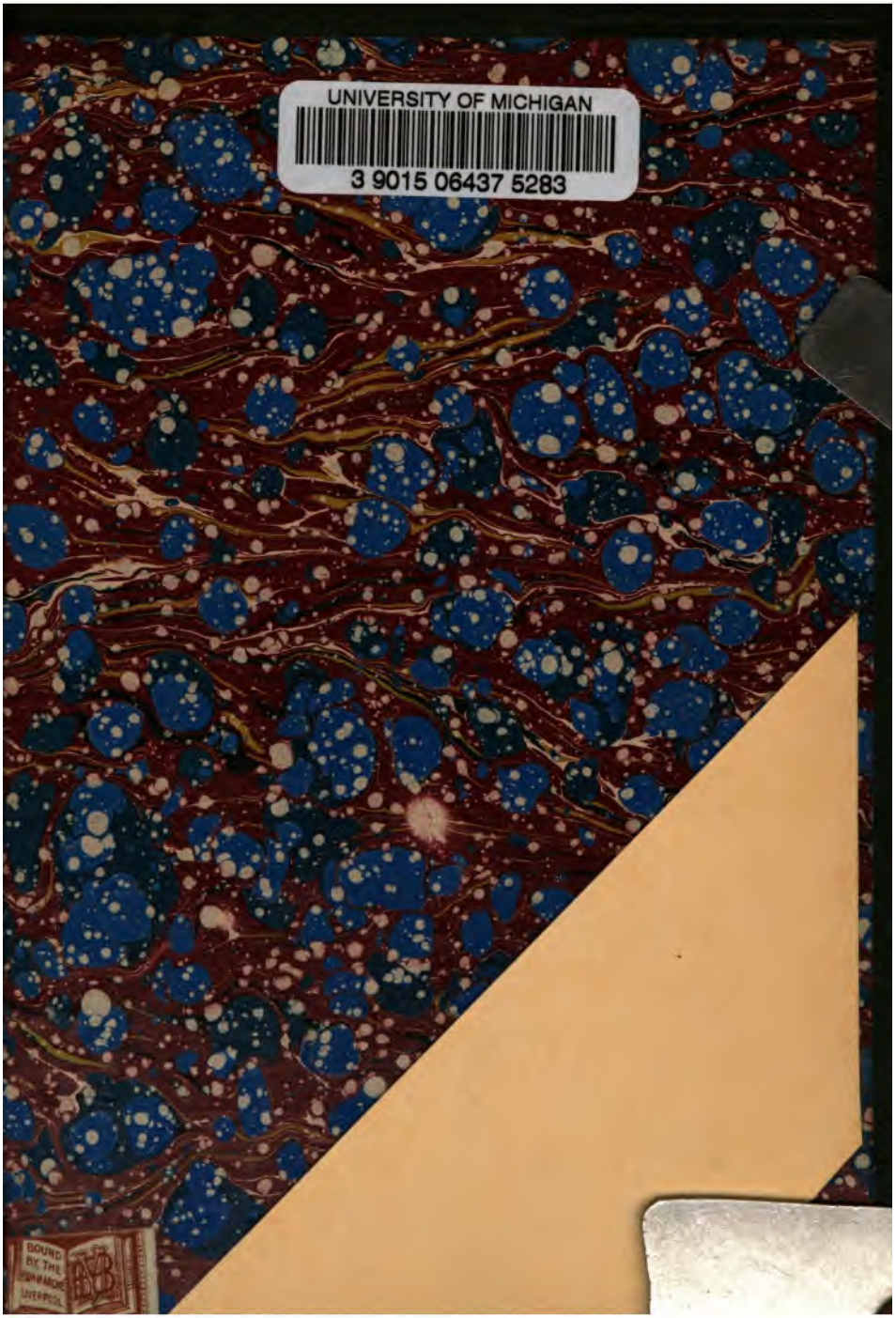
"Fourteen!" cried Antiquo. "Just the number of days of happiness accorded to Abder-Rahman!"

"Who was Abder-Rahman?"

"What a coincidence!"

"Did he own a coach?"

"Abder-Rahman III.," replied Antiquo, as a half-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